The White Castle of Louisiana

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PATRICIA.

The White Castle

OF LOUISIANA

BY M. R. AILENROC

Murrell, Cornelia Randolph
pseud.

ILLUSTRATED

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DEDICATION

This book is affectionately and respectfully dedicated to the memory of my honored Father, now with his Redeemer; and to all who have his childlike faith and bear his nobility of character.

" Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see."

ILLUSTRATIONS

OPPOSITE PAGE

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BISHOP POLK 94

BUCKINGHAM PALACE 190

THE PARROT: "VICTORIA, BURN THE LETTER!" 240

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INTRODUCTION.

This volume was begun long ago, and simply for a pastime; completed later, to commemorate circumstances and situations in which I figured slightly, and which observation showed me were unusual, and commendable in themselves: though, only to relate them in after days to the younger generation with whom I happened to be thrown.

But the voice of my heart has been urging me over and over again to disclose the good which has been hidden so long, since much has been said against a noble and misunderstood people—so much so—it will be a relief to dare and open the door, letting whatever is within take its flight, and speak to the world at large. Perhaps, like the proverbial pebble dropped in the ocean, the ripples may widen to eternity, and be of service to some, or if even one, I shall be thankful.

A life of George Eliot (a great thinker) conveys the idea that she did not suppose any one ever took the trouble to write a book without some hope of its remunerative possibilities; which is all true, but at the same time one must not think only of this, and I may have lost sight of it altogether—among those with a different point of view, but without a malicious intent—in order to give the correct idea of

these people. "He will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," as I have found by experience, and I feel that my eyes will be strengthened to stand the glare of the public; that it is the duty of each to make the best effort in his life, and I trust the noble examples herein depicted will be of service to those in doubt. And I wish all to feel:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

M. R. AILENROC.

The White Castle of Louisiana.

BOOK ONE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TUILERIES BALL.

PARIS, FRANCE, February 12, 1866.

My Dear Mother:

I told you in my last that I was making preparations to go to the Tuileries ball, to be presented to the Emperor and Empress of the French.

Now that I have been, will tell you of the impression it made on me, though I am very sleepy, as it is napping time; but there is always so much to see and to do, I am often stealing moments from my siesta.

On arriving at the Tuileries the night of the ball, we ascended the elegant stairs at the right—under the clock tower—which were decorated on either side with garlands of flowers.

The Emperor's guards, in light blue uniform with crimson revers, and their accoutrements shining—the helmets decorated with long white horse manes—were selected from the finest-looking men in the army, and one of these stood on either side the stairs on every step, to the top, some holding lighted candelabra. Their martial air and great height made the most imposing escort a ruler could wish. So still!—they seemed like statues all the way.

The crowd were assembled in a room called the galerie de la Paix to await the opening of the salle

des Maréchaux, another great room, where the Emperor and Empress were to appear later.

But the presentations were made in the salon du premier Consul (first consul), called so because it is decorated with a portrait of General Bonaparte, and where the Emperor and Empress first appeared to us.

Here were also received the ambassadors and other important dignitaries, they, with the family and personal attendants, awaiting their entrance, as well as those to be presented, like ourselves.

The Empress is tall, with a modest but imposing air; her features are delicate and well formed. Her eyes are blue, and her complexion transparent; her hair of an indescribable hue, varying in shade according to the light thrown upon it.

On this occasion she wore a magnificent Lyons silk of white, with delicate gold threads shining through. Her shoulders rose gracefully and grandly from the cloud of lace surrounding them. Her corsage was laden with gems, also her neck, and a jeweled diadem sat majestically on her head.

Her manner of salutation was very charming; so elegant and lovely she seemed foreign to earth.

Her chamberlains and equerries were appareled in blue and silver. All the court ladies were superbly attired.

The Emperor has a kindly face and a dignified bearing, but he can not be called handsome. His chamberlains wore scarlet coats with gold embroideries, his equerries green and gold, and the masters of ceremonies violet and gold.

The variety of the men's costumes made an unusual scene, for the regular court costume for the men is black, faced with white. Many officers wore white trousers with the uniform, and the diplomatic corps showed costumes of all nations; English, Russian, Persian, Hungarian, and even Chinese.

Leaving the salon blanc (white room) or du premier Consul, we went on to the salle des Maréchaux, preceded by the Emperor and Empress and suite.

"L'Empereur!" was announced in a loud voice. Several tiers of seats surrounded the immense room; the Emperor and Empress took their seats in two great arm-chairs on a dais in the midst; the dignitaries assembling around them were seated near, and the dancing began in the salle des Maréchaux and the galerie de la Paix, continuing until three or four in the morning. The music was entrancing and tingled through every fiber of my being.

The salle des Maréchaux is considered the most elegant room in the palace.

The portraits of Napoleon's marshals are in panels around the room; the gilded cupola is sustained by caryatids.

Red velvet curtains with gold fringe fall from the lofty windows.

Many invitations are issued to these balls, to make the ruler popular, and the mass in the next room—de la Paix—being anxious to get a view of the sovereign and his wife, the rush was great at first, but well regulated.

About eleven o'clock the Emperor and Empress, preceded by the chamberlains, who made a passage for them, took a tour of the rooms, saluting as they went.

A magnificent supper was then served for all, in the galerie or room of Diana.

About half-past twelve the Emperor and Empress withdrew, and the service d'honneur, or personal attendants, did the honors most gracefully.

The salle d'Apollon is where the Emperor and Empress spend their evenings when at home in the Tuileries, surrounded by their attendants.

I wish you could see it. You know you said you might come when all of your children were grown and able to do without you for any length of time.

It is grandly magnificent. It is decorated with mythological paintings. The panels represent Apollo in Olympus, surrounded by the nine muses. On the high ceiling is the chariot of the sun, and other indications of the god of day.

The furniture and the draperies are red and white, the woodwork gilded and in the style of Louis XIV.

Elegant consoles, a piano, an oblong table, chairs, and modern furniture show up in the apartment.

In the midst is a great space, supporting a perfect garden of flowers.

Three large chandeliers with wax candles give a lovely glow, besides candelabra.

The room is between the salle du Consul and the salle du trône (Maréchaux), then the dining-room, called Louis XIV room.

The Empress has a green, a rose, and a blue room, a library and an immense bedroom and toilet-rooms. Her bed is elegant and on a platform.

The green, rose, and blue rooms are gems. They open into the salle d'Apollon, and overlook the exquisite gardens. The large mirror in the green room, reflecting these gardens and the Champs Elysées for a mile and a quarter, is in itself an unusual adornment. Amid its beauty and surrounding luxury the service d'honneur assemble to await the wishes of the Empress. A fine sitting-room indeed!

The Emperor's apartments are below, on the ground floor, and there is a private stairway between the two.

Our minister has been very nice to us and we have learned much from him. He introduced to us some representatives of the different legations, and I danced as much as I cared to.

They expressed the wish to meet me again.

I wore a white tulle embroidered with butterflies, and a satin train. My costume was very much admired.

I have entered so much into detail to give you an idea of, perhaps, similar scenes in which your maternal ancestor, the Marquis, must have figured in his day, and which he gave up for his religion during the Huguenots troubles I remember your telling me of.

I am so tired, I can now only say au revoir. With love for all at the White Castle, and hoping to hear from you soon, dearest mamma,

Your affectionate daughter,

ISABEL.

Chapter II.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

"Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren" (Gen. ix, 25), against whose offspring Noah promulgated the above anathema.

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five, Nicodemus, a son of Ham, stood in the market at New Orleans to be sold, also the wife by his side, who clung to him tremblingly for fear she might not be allowed to go with him, or be sold to the same party.

She was a slight, fragile-looking mulatto, and her face had a sad, sweet expression; gentleness seemed her predominant trait, and she was about eighteen.

Nicodemus was a tall, stalwart, dusky fellow with the mien of one born to command. He might have been the son of a chief, so well did he bear himself. His arms were brawny, his chest was broad, his face of a high negro type, with strength written thereon.

There were others in the market awaiting the same ordeal, perhaps, the curse of Ham had put upon them—the curse which perhaps no human sympathy can undo, but alleviate, which no time here can end, but perpetuate in one form or another, for Noah seems to have meant it as far-reaching.

But Nicodemus and his wife were the most attractive in that pitiful group.

The man who had the most money would get him—he was valuable; for the other, would she, a

slightly built frame, be allowed to follow the man she loved—the man, gentle as she was, she ruled?

Ah! that was the question with her. The pensive air, the clinging attitude, was a picture to soften the heart.

Rachel was snatched from Jacob in the height of her bliss at bearing him a second son; Rachel, for whom he had toiled twice seven years, Rachel the beautiful, the beloved.

A study of the grand painting, No. 474, by Giambettino Cignaroli, in the Royal Gallery in Venice, depicting the death of Rachel, will greatly help one to realize the ills we all are heir to, both white and black.

"Well-favored" Rachel, though having been married over twenty years, looks youthful still, by force of the great age people attained in remote ages.

Lying on a couch, with the shadow of death veiling her charms, with poor Jacob eager to relieve, trembling, fearing the last breath; the newborn babe and a basin of water with the attendant near by; little Joseph with a look of wonder and distress on his face; the maid warming the towel at the fire, and others evidently overcome.

All is so lifelike, so pathetic, one can never forget it.

There are moments such as this in every one's life, be he slave, be he prince, be he rich or be he poor, good or bad, that we mortals are heir to, for Adam, and Eve too, received a curse which no man yet has been able to undo—except the Christ, in the future life; and this additional burden imposed by Noah will be borne more gracefully, some think, by the African if he bow his head in submission, as doth the white man and every man to the will of God in being

condemned to live by the sweat of his brow, as do the daughters of Eve in the pains and perils of child-bearing.

A Southern gentleman, a Mr. Random, was looking about for, or had in contemplation, such a negro as Nicodemus. For, while he felt a sympathy for such a condition of life, he well knew that Nicodemus would be as happy with himself as others, and after being assured of the soundness of the man he made a mental calculation that the fellow would serve his purpose and that he would give him the place of upper servant, such as was used on every plantation, supervising the other slaves, to lead them, to direct them, to exert a good influence over them.

But the little girl at his side, what could he do with her?

He had too much heart to take the one without the other, when he discerned their relations.

Fate is often unkind, he thought—inscrutable, in fact.

She even dares to separate some in high life, who never find another mate; she puts obstacles in the way of all—why should he trouble himself about this pair, the son and daughter of Canaan, who had been doubly cursed? "Why? yes, why?" a small voice within whispered over and over again. "Because," said another voice, "thou art not the Judge, and thou art commanded to love thy neighbor as thyself."

At this moment the wife, either seeing the softening in his face or fearing the fatal words which she felt might come, fell prostrate, clasped Mr. Random around his knees, and turned her gentle face in prayer to him for help.

Her appeal was not unheeded, her effort was not without avail. All were now looking on with interest; other matters were forgotten, and the light which looked from her eyes was sublime when Mr. Random told her he would let her share her life with Nicodemus. None of the three ever regretted the occurrence, as we shall later learn.

Chapter III.

THE WHITE CASTLE.

It was early summer. At a certain point, between the outskirts of a Southern swamp and the banks of the great Mississippi, looking westward from the levee (which flanks the mighty river in the low parts of its flow), broad fields of cultivated land and a growing crop greeted the eye.

A sugar-house, about a mile back, in the center of the plantation, lifted its tall chimneys midst the vast fields of waving blue-green cane, like a ship on the bosom of the sea.

Over the fields and still farther away one caught a dim outline of a low purple fringe of forest which bordered some open ground toward the swamp. A closer acquaintance showed it to be a dense copse of wood and tangled brake, where the tall switch-cane made a secure refuge for wild things, and here all the adjoining corn-field was called the "Bear-field" because Bruin came out of this convenient lair and destroyed corn every season In front, on an ample pasture, a flock of sheep were browsing, and numerous kine were quietly ruminating under great live oaks, whose far-reaching branches were draped with that long, gray, hanging moss which lends such unusual charm to Southern landscape.

A bayou through the pasture stole slowly and silently along beneath the summer sun, where the lowing herd were wont to cool their bulky bodies. Thence along, it ran under a fancy wooden fence, which enclosed the grounds about the dwelling-

place; cutting off a corner and running to the sugar-fields beyond.

The country was level—not a hill to be seen—except about the dwelling, where inventive man had devised a grotto here, a terrace there; and picturesque vistas of them appeared through clumps of trees. The grass was a beautiful emerald green, with that indescribable sheen observed only in a clime where grateful vegetation lifts its radiant head to a most genial sun. Across the public road from the foot of the levee a stately gate, with a small one on either side for pedestrians, guarded the carriage approach, which wound at leisure over the front pasture through groups of catalpa, magnolia grandiflora, and other trees, until it reached a green iron carriage gate, dividing a low hawthorn hedge, beyond which it continued its way through a long avenue of Normandy poplars, where, at intervals, stood mythological characters in marble.

When the drive left the poplars it turned around a circle leading to the mansion, and through which a narrow walk rambled—an inviting place to stroll and lose one's self beneath the trees and shrubs; or loll on rustic seats—some formed by growing vines of yellow jasmine—inhaling the delicious odor of the overhanging blossoms, while listening to the mocking-bird's sweet notes of every warbler.

The terrace was formed by what was said to have once been an Indian mound, and rose rather abruptly from the left side of the circle, shelving down to the center of it. There was a narrow walk on the highest part, running east and west, bordered by oleander trees and which dropped down toward the façade of

the house and toward the front, near the iron gate, by way of steps. Beneath it was a grotto facing the walk in the circle just mentioned. The whole gave a pretty variety to the front yard.

On the right of the avenue was the greenhouse, and near the turn of the circle on the same side was a fancy shed, used as a shelter for waiting vehicles and saddle-horses. Flower beds sprawled around here wherever it was suitable to have them. In the distance from here was a vista of majestic live oaks and a fence screening the negro quarters, from whence on a still night came the faint tum-tum of the banjo, accompanied often by a rich, sonorous voice of melody, which might have given dignity to a more classic air. On the left, a few paces from the circle, near the house, under shade trees, were the girls' see-saws; the boys' playground, partly hid by Japan plum trees and pomegranate bushes; farther front the school house, where the private teachers held sway. A stone's throw south of these was an orchard of several acres, filled with semi-tropic fruits and nut trees, and stretching on in ample proportions a garden for the plantation family of several hundreds.

Just behind the see-saw on the west was a fence, which with the aid of a row of althea trees and a tall cistern on the other side obscured the back yard, where were pigeon-houses, a terrapin pond, in which the children hunted the little dented eggs; the gas-house, other outhouses, and a commodious stable; rabbit hutches and hunting-dogs' kennels. Opening into this on the south was a generous fowl-yard; a space within inclosed by long split cypress palings,

which the negroes called a "fort" to keep young turkeys and their mothers from going astray.

The dwelling faced the rising sun; was a two-story edifice, with basement and attic; strongly built and painted white, with an immense portico in front and on the right, upheld by massive columns. Behind the columns iron balconies projected from a second story at convenient intervals, hanging halfway over the spacious gallery below, making a cool nook for those who wished to linger, en negligé, in sultry weather. The front gallery was long and high. The entrance steps leading to it were of gray granite; there was a pair of them, and they curved around gracefully like those at the palace at Fontainebleau in France, meeting on a projection of the gallery.

A tall, glossy, symmetrical magnolia grandiflora shaded one side of the gallery, its white flowers, as large as one's two hands, giving out a pungent fragrance; a group of cedars added to the privacy of the other side, neither interfering with the flower-beds which clustered around the walls. An old-fashioned pull-bell, with silver handle, at the right of the door, announced the visitor. Within, the ceiling of the long, carpeted hall was arched and supported by a double row of columns relieved in flower designs at the top; a stucco wreath formed the frieze; a mirror in the distance reflected the columns, doubling the length to the observer and giving an Alhambra effect as one crossed the threshold. About the middle of the hall, at the right, was a passage disclosing a broad, mahogany stairway, the steps carpeted with velvet. At the first

landing a stained-glass window cast a mellow light above and below, especially at evening, when the sun's slanting rays were melting into the horizon. At this season the window, being semi-open, framed a view of an artificial lake and an artistic summer house on a tiny island in the center. A little boat moored near the edge and two swans floating on the glassy surface completed the picture. From this landing the stairs turned, and continued on their way to a hall in the second story. Here stood two bronze statues of ancient warriors with drawn lances, as if to guard the shadows of the past—the portraits of ancestors on the walls. At the front window was a handsome stand of ferns, and over it a red damask curtain looped on one side, with a heavy cord and tassel. High-backed chairs and mammoth sofas stood erect against the walls, and two queer old tables (drawn to the center) which a Marquise (one of the ancestors) had used broke the stiffness in a measure, through they were staid enough themselves, even while decorated with vases of gracefully arranged flowers.

The Randoms—for such was the family name—took much pride in this hall, calling it the "Hall of their Ancestors," and such it was; *they* and some of their belongings were here together. The sword and belt of a grandfather hung beneath his portrait, betraying his vocation; an old Bible of a grandmother, evincing piety, was on a bracket within her reach; and about each was some memento he or she had prized in days of auld lang syne. The rooms opening on this hall were bed-chambers—each complete in regard to beauty and the luxury of the

day, and was distinguished either by some prevailing color or by the texture of the wood furnishing.

There was a rosewood room, which the children looked upon with something akin to awe as well as admiration, for only the most distinguished guests ever occupied it, and the superstitious darkies had tales among themselves, that were occasionally overheard, about ghosts chasing each other in and out on summer nights. The walls were white all over the house, done in plaster, as smooth as satin; the frieze, wrought in designs of flowers and arabesque, in stucco; the woodwork, white enamel finish, with panels of delicate tints. Empress Eugénie held sway in France, and all such things were à Paris and not à l'Anglaise, as at present.

French ornaments stood on the Italian marble mantels; exquisite toilet sets graced the tops of the richly carved bureaus, including the dainty puff box of silver or of ivory, holding the most essential element of the toilet. How frivolous, you may say, if you have any prejudice against these fair women; but not so, if you saw how cool they seemed a warm summer day, deftly powdered after a refreshing bath; so masterful the touch, it seemed but the pollen of the flower; and what a dainty, subtile fragrance pervaded the atmosphere as they gracefully sauntered about.

On the floor of each room was a rich carpet; the window cornices matched the woodwork of the furniture; the heavy silk damask lambrequins of the windows corresponded in design and texture with that of the cushioned chairs, bed-covers, and canopy, while lace curtains of the choicest fabric fell beneath

them. These apartments had their bath and dressing-room attached, the water coming from immense tanks in the attic, caught in a rain on the high slate roof. Each had its huge armoire for hanging clothes or laying folded ones, in the doors of which full-length French plate mirrors carried with them the elevating influence of "seeing ourselves as others see us." The beds were either Victoria or four-posters. Over the mantels were figured brackets for gas, and bronze chandeliers swung from the ceilings, with a round of stucco work at the joining. These were supplied by private gas-works; the gas manufactured by a slave.

Now follow me downstairs past the warriors bold. In front, on the right, as one enters the portal, was the library, furnished with large bookcases containing volumes of "forgotten lore," as well as that which had not been forgot. Among them Audubon's Birds, his Animals; Shakespeare's works, with fine steel engravings, bound in calf; Indians of America, in embossed leather, and all the standard works on the same order. On the center table, whose top was upholstered in green baize, were found all the leading papers of the day, including the "Illustrated London News."

Across the pillared hall, opposite the library, was the front parlor. The farther end, toward the south, curved into a bay, which could be shut off from the rest of the room by a curtain drawn at will. Encircling the bay there was an uncovered porch with iron railings. The other parlor opened on the west into the front one, and between them were great sliding doors, throwing the rooms into one if need be. Both

were furnished as one, with the massive old-fashioned rosewood that one rarely sees now except in detached portions as heirlooms, or in a few old homes in which the head is still surviving. There were paintings in oil, and porcelain collected in foreign parts; statuettes in bronze, statuettes in marble; dainty chairs of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gilding; vases and delicate articles of costly make on stands unique and rich; and silk damask curtains over sweeping lace at each window, the window sashes being composed of small panes of glass, as was the fashion of the day. On gala days some bright plant was to be seen in a jardinière at each window. On the mantels huge mirrors in gilt frames stood, tilted a little, to reflect these choice articles, inspiring a novice with a sense of bewilderment among such a labyrinth of household gems. The dining-room was back of the parlors and stretched along the rear of the hall, furnished in the same massive style, but the furniture was oak, carved in fruit mostly, with occasionally a piece of game on a door or side panel—the largest pieces capped by deer heads with long antlers. The sitting-room was opposite the back parlor, across the grand hall, and the breakfast-room beyond it. Last, but by no means least, were the culinary departments, laundry, and some servants' rooms, which ran back in a wing and joined the main building by a covered porch, which was some feet lower than the house proper. The kitchen range heated the water for all purposes; and in the wash-room—to distinguish it from the ironing-room—there were stationary tubs and a stationary boiler; the water for these and the kitchen, as well as for

drinking purposes, being supplied by three immense wooden cisterns set on brick walls five or six feet above the ground, clear as crystal and caught during the fall and winter rains by the gutters on the roof, which led to them. Under the large stairway, already described in the house, were steps leading to the ten-pin alley in the basement. Upon one occasion, when there were not enough players to make an even number on both sides, the heroine of this sketch, Patricia Random, was pressed into service. She developed such a penchant for the game that at the age of ten she used the largest balls with effect, sometimes making a ten-strike and more often a spare, and was looked upon as a guiding star whom we missed if we were playing at night, when she was called off to bed. Children were obliged to retire early in those days. Though leaving with reluctance, amid our applause, she had to be contented hearing the low rumbling of the balls until she was lost in innocent slumbers, as the young soon are.

The basement floors stood even with the ground, and were cemented. Here were some servants' rooms, the wine-room, dairy, and other rooms used for the various purposes necessary for the wants of a large plantation.

From the observatory, a tower approached by a staircase leading from the "Ancestral Hall," a most comprehensive view of the surrounding country was presented. The plantations, with their attendant cottages, gave the impression of a rambling city of vast dimensions. Numerous crafts passed to and fro. At night some majestic steamboat, plying its busy way, presented a most animated and entranc-

ing sight. Two colored lights, suspended in the darkness from the tall chimneys, appeared to be red and blue stars guiding a great leviathan, whose sides glowed with many colors as the lights flashed along the spacious cabin.

The wheels beat a quick tattoo, churning to a luminous froth the dark bosom of the stream, sending moonbeams, that chase myriads more in glittering train behind. Dark figures flitted around the lower deck in the red glow of the open furnace doors, while above trailed in silhouette against the sky a black cloud of smoke, studded with a million sparks. The throbbing engines—filling the mind with the wonder of their power—forced the delusion of beholding a living thing. The characteristics of the boats varied so one would know them in the dark unerringly by the sound of steam-pipe or whistle, as you would recognize unseen the step and voice of friends from those of strangers.

The view of the great Mississippi—truly the Father of Waters—from this outlook upon a Southern night was charming to the eye and thrilling to the soul. For the lustrous stars shone above and below in its depths; and the beautiful orb of night at its full, with its quivering rays, cast a glorious sheen upon the hasty ripples of the tortuous stream, wafting the thoughts on toward the mysterious heavens and the great unknown—a fitting place for the children to trace the constellations with their Yankee teachers. You must know that with us everything north of Virginia and Kentucky was called in round terms "Yankee."

Why have Northern teachers? some may ask. Principally because they made it an object to qualify

themselves for this vocation, as in the South the poor relations being usually supported by the richer ones there seemed no necessity for them to fit themselves as teachers; and when the planters sent their daughters and sons North to complete their education it was as much for the change in climate and scenes as for book-learning. If the North had observed a similar intercourse, the two sections would have understood each other better. At the White Castle there were at different times teachers of several nationalities—a German master for music, who came several times a week; a French master for teaching the Terpsichorean art, who came for a month at intervals; and an English governess, besides those mentioned above—all introducing some outside element, which had a tendency to broaden the views and make cosmopolitans of children yet too young to leave the family circle and become so by travel and observation, rubbing off provincialism and making them feel thoroughly conversant with the outside world. There were schools in New Orleans where music and French were easily acquired, as well as beautiful manners, and the young ladies of a family were frequently sent there after being grounded at home in the more solid branches, though I know of one family of lovely women who were almost entirely educated by the graceful and accomplished wife of Mr. John James Audubon, F. R. S., the great ornithologist. The youths generally went to one of the Virginia colleges or to their own State college; frequently to Europe and sometimes North, after being well instructed at home by tutors.

The following letters may be of interest. Cordelia was the sister of Mr. Random, of the White Castle.

BAYOU SARA, LOUISIANA.

Dear Mother:

As I have not heard from you for quite a while I will write a few lines to you to inform you that I am well and hope you are the same. I hope, too, it will not be long before you send for me. . . . Mrs. Audubon has fifteen scholars.

With love for all the family, I am

Your affectionate daughter,

CORDELIA.

Mrs. Audubon presents her respects to Mrs. Random and regrets her numerous engagements prevent her having the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Random and the family. Cordelia is very good and occupies a bed in Miss Audubon's room.

December 13, 1828.

The last paragraph of the above letter seems to be a postscript, written presumably in Mrs. Audubon's own hand.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, December 15, 1828.

My Dear Cordelia:

I received your letter, and you wrote about a great many things.

You were very punctual about doing so. After you get home and return to school I want you to write to me again.

I will go to the ball to-morrow night. I will dress in a pink silk with yellow cord and ribbon about the skirt, trimmed with gold lace.

I hope you are going to the ball too. I will be very glad if you will go. It will be great company for me.

I am already invited. They gave out the tickets to-day.

I hope you are well and all the family. I have nothing more to say.

Your affectionate friend,

E. BAGNELL.

Copy of an invitation addressed to Miss Judith Random, aunt of Mr. Random, of the White Castle:

The favor of Miss Judith Random's company is requested to a Ball at Mr. Louis Carter's on Thursday, 2d March next, at five o'clock in the evening, by——

THE MANAGER.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, February 7, 1797.

August 29, 1799.

Right Reverend Sir:

This will be delivered to you by Mr. Algernon Random, whose wish it is to become a student in the College of William and Mary. He became a member of my family and a pupil at an early period in life, and continued for four years, during which time he conducted himself so agreeably as to gain my esteem and affection in a very high degree. Since then has been at other schools, and continued until some time in the course of this year, when he again came to my house in order to be instructed in some things which were tho't requisite previous to his entering the College. He is still with me and has been for some months, and I have the pleasure to observe not only the same agreeableness in his conduct but an uncommon degree of diligence and attention to his studies. As he is a youth I set much by, I have written this to you by way of introduction, and can assure you I feel so much interest in the progress of his future studies and conduct in life that I shall consider any attention

paid to him as if paid to myself. My age and growing infirmities would have put a stop to my school a year ago had I not been prevailed on by solicitation to continue till now; but to-morrow will fill the period of my teaching of youth the Latin, etc. However, I am thankful I am yet able to attend the churches and go thro' the several duties incumbent there, tho' I find it necessary in my shattered state to curtail some part of the services.

It has been my wish to attend the conventions of our Church, but have been prevented by infirmity, and it is too probable I shall still be prevented in future.

Two copies of your last addresses came to my hand, which I read with satisfaction and have put them in the hands of others. Every one approved the contents; but how far the end designed may be answered I can not say, such a lethargy prevails, and the poison of infidelity is so much diffused as to prevent any sanguine expectations.

But tho' cast down let us not *despair*, and trust in Him who has said *the gates of hell shall not prevail* against his Church.

We can only use such means as seem best adapted to promote the interest of religion, and wait for the Divine Blessing.

With sentiments of high esteem, I remain

Yours affectionately,

DEVEREUX JARRATT.*

The above was addressed to Bishop Madison,† of Virginia, and the youth introduced is afterward the father of Mr. Richard Random, of the White Castle.

*He was a zealous divine in the Episcopal Church. A short account of his life is given in Bishop Meade's Old Churches and Families of Virginia.

†President of William and Mary College, founded in 1693.

The letter below will show the wide difference of travel between then and now. It is addressed to Mrs. Algernon Random (the mother of Mr. Random, of the White Castle), Brunswick County, Virginia, via Richmond and Petersburg.

WOODVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, February 7, 1820.

My Dear Wife:

According to my calculation which I wrote you from Huntsville, Ala., we left there on the evening of the 5th of January, and had a spell of the most inclement weather, through almost the whole way, which had been felt in that region for many years.

The ground was covered with snow when we started, and rain, snow, hail, and ice we had to encounter almost continually, accompanied with severe northwestern winds. It was prophesied by some that we would not reach Natchez until May, and a great many believed we could not possibly get down until March.

The first of February was the day I fixed upon, and accordingly we arrived within eleven miles of Natchez on the 30th of January, where we made a halt, thus making the trip in twenty-five days, with many obstructions to contend with which weather could produce.

And all arrived in good health, without any accident to even one of the horses.

I was, however, very cautious in providing everything necessary for the trip.

The continual exposure to the cold gave me the colic, with which I suffered for several hours very much, but my very good friend Dr. Egleston was as attentive as it is possible for any human being to be, and finally relieved me.

Since which I have been well, and am at this moment in as good health as I ever experienced, with

a great appetite. I have come to this place with all my negroes under the expectation of hiring them all, should I think proper to do so, to one Col. Gilbert. We had a conversation upon the subject at Natchez, where I met with him, and he was to have met me here several days ago but has not yet arrived, I suppose in consequence of high waters. I expect he will be on this evening, and if we can make a bargain I shall go on immediately to what is here called "The Coast,"* to visit that part of the country, return here, and start home about the 20th of this month. Should I make arrangements which may alter that determination I shall advise you of them.

My present intention is to be at Dinwiddie Court-house, Virginia, on the first Monday in April.

There is not, as to personal security, a safer road in any part of the United States than the Indian Nation through which we passed, nor did we find any difficulty in obtaining supplies when we chose to stay at an Indian house.

We got very good coffee in most places. No beds, but bear skins. I had a large supply of blankets, and my lodgings were comfortable.

A family might live very well by laying in a few articles, such as mattresses, wine, etc.

They would constantly get as much fine venison, fresh or dried, as they could consume, and very often beef, pork, and always chickens. By the route I expect to return I do not expect to be in the Nation more than four or five days, and every night at better stands than are generally found in traveling in many parts of Virginia. Mr. Page and the Doctor are still with me, and seem to be very much pleased with the country. It is a fine country for making money. Cotton is at Orleans from 16 to 18 cents, and as much cotton can be made here to the hand as tobacco in Virginia upon good land. . . . I have met with the

*Along the river bank from New Orleans, up a hundred miles or so.

kindest reception through the whole country here, every neighborhood insisting upon my settling in its vicinity.

Give my love, my dear, to the family.

Your affectionate husband,

ALGERNON RANDOM.

Algernon Random was now a judge, and finally moved to the Mississippi, as he was planning at the time of this letter.*

The trip to Huntsville—the halfway point—was quite an undertaking also, for from an old letter addressed by Mr. Algernon Random's wife to her mother-in-law, in Virginia, the following is copied:

We arrived here last evening all in good health. We should have gotten here sooner had it not been for the stages frequently breaking down, which detained us several days longer. I have only time to write you a few lines.

We shall have a great deal to do the short time we remain in this place, and a great many visits to make. We dine at Judge H——'s to-day, this evening we go to Mr. L——'s, to-morrow we dine with Mr. J——, and in the evening we shall go as far as old Mrs. J——'s on our way to the Mississippi, where I hope I shall hear from you all, my dear mother.

. . . . . .

Mr. Random is in good health and spirits. I am

Your affectionate daughter,

December 14, 1820. SYLVIA RANDOM.

* E. Bagnell, Louis Carter, and Mr. Page, appearing in the above letters, were members of the same families as the characters described herein bearing these names.

Chapter IV.

THE QUARTERS.

"Dat you, Sambo? Yes, I come,
Don't you hea' de banjo? tum-tum-tum."

Such as I have described was the White Castle, named in memory of the masters' ancestral home in the old country—England, though for several generations the immediate ancestors had breathed mostly the bracing air of Old Virginia. Every plantation had a name, some very high-sounding—as Waverly, Chatham, Woodstock, Dunboigne, and the like, and each was no mean representation of what the name implied. The income of the master of the White Castle was many thousands a year, owning two plantations; in each about fifteen hundred acres under cultivation and as many more in woodland—very fair dimensions as plantations go—and about five hundred slaves. He and his wife were members of the Episcopal Church, or Church of England, and their children of course were reared in the same faith. The slaves, too, for that matter. Every alternate Sunday afternoon, at their owner's request, they were instructed by the parish minister, for Mr. Random was respected as much for his piety and conscientiousness as for his wealth and intelligence. These services were held at what the negroes called the "meetin' house"—a long, low, frame whitewashed building where they also held their *own* services on the off Sundays. Then their own preacher would hold forth according to his ideas, no doubt handed

down from African traditions, as some of their antics during worship savored of savagery—many shouting themselves into a frenzy, which frequently resulted in a fainting-fit. At this day one colored woman declares she can feel no religion unless she shout. During the week the "meetin' house" was a rendezvous for the darky children of the plantation while the grown people were at work, the babies with a big sister or other child for nurse, and all placed under the care of a general manager, known as "Granny." This smacks of one of the great charities in a large city. Many poor women have no place to leave their offspring where they will be carefully tended when they themselves are at work. The "meetin' house" stood about the center of "the quarters," as the collection of cottages is called where the negroes live.

Each house consisted of two rooms, with shed in front—not painted, but whitewashed—the floors several feet from the ground, and resting on pillars of brick or log. The houses stood in even rows, interspersed with shade trees, and the darkies called the spaces between the rows, streets. They had fireplaces and were far more comfortable than the abode of some well-to-do white people in the old country. At the right side of the quarters was a hospital, where the sick went to be nursed, the family physician receiving so much a year for attentions there, and a good mulatto nurse, Elizabeth Flowers, or "Beth" (for short), who knew almost as much as the doctor, from association, looked after them. The overseer's house was a stone's throw from the hospital, shut off from view of the family residence by a tremendous

sycamore tree. The overseer was general manager, relieving the master of actual work, though acting under orders and reporting the condition of affairs as often as necessary to him, while he (the master) did the mental work and planning, which was considerable, also rode in the fields every morning for an hour or two, except Sundays, to give it a personal supervision. Under the overseer there was usually some trusted slave who saw to menial things, for sometimes the overseer and his family were very respectable, and *his* children, *while children*, frequently played with the children of the master, though I never saw a little white girl who did not prefer playing with the pickaninnies when her mother would allow it.

Either the overseer or some reliable foreman rang the large bell in the overseer's yard, which swung from a tall wooden framework, at daylight as the signal for rising. When the field negroes, and all those who were not house servants (these being served from the master's table) were dressed they cooked their own breakfast, which consisted of fried meat, coffee, corn bread, and molasses, of which they are very fond to this day. The midday meal was prepared by persons appointed for the purpose, in the large kitchen at one end of the quarters, the bread baked in an oven outside near by. At this time the big bell rang out the hour, and the meals were distributed all over the fields in tin buckets just from the kitchen. Supper was served in the same manner as breakfast, and the bell sounded the hour for retiring, giving them time for a little gossip among themselves, or occasionally a ball or other amusement. Saturday afternoon the women did the washing and

ironing for their families. All being so well looked after, without thought for the morrow, they were very dependent, and not being accustomed to care for themselves their freedom did not bring what they expected.

At the family residence there was quite a retinue of servants. Phoemie, Patsy, and Ginny were ladies' maids and did the plain sewing by hand for the family, as sewing machines were just being tried and did not work well, or take well—a little of both, perhaps. These maids did as much nodding as sewing as they sat over their work. Patsy, always complaining, was required to do very little and generally accompanied the family, or any member of it, on the various trips that were taken. Her position was a most enjoyable one for anybody, and yet she left her mistress later on, so ignorant was she of what her freedom would bring her, and died soon after in poverty. Ginny, besides her other duties, bossed the children when at play, keeping them out of harm, if not out of mischief. Phoemie, while waiting for the mistress at night, to comb her hair and attend her toilet before retiring, diverted the children at their request, telling them the story of the tar-baby and similar tales. No matter how often they were repeated, they never wearied of them. She would say:

"A man had a garden and Mr. Rabbit would slip in at night and eat up his cabbage. He set every kind of trap for Mr. Rabbit. Mr. Rabbit so smart he wouldn't go into none of 'em. Then the man made a tar-baby, so as to skyer Mr. Rabbit.

" Mr. Rabbit he never got skyud. He come in and see the tar-baby stan'in' there in his path. He say to

the tar-baby, 'Git out o' my way or I'll hit yeh.' The tar-baby never said nothin'. Mr. Rabbit he haul off and hit him, bim! Mr. Rabbit foot stick fast.

"'Turn my foot loose,' say Mr. Rabbit. Tar-baby he never said nothin'.

"'I hit yeh with my other foot.' That foot stuck to the tar-baby. Then Mr. Rabbit he say: 'Turn my foot loose or I'll kick yeh.'

"Tar-baby never said nothin'. Mr. Rabbit haul off and kick him with his foot. That foot stuck. He say: 'You better turn me loose, I got 'nother foot, I kick yeh with t'other foot.'

"Tar-baby never said nothin'. So Mr. Rabbit haul off and kick him with t'other foot. That foot stuck. Mr. Rabbit was powerful mad. 'If yeh don't turn me loose, I'll butt yeh.' Mr. Rabbit he butt the tar-baby and his head stuck too. Then he talk purty, but the tar-baby he never said nothin'. Next mornin' the man come in and found the rabbit stuck fast to the tar-baby. He said: 'Oh yes! Mr. Rabbit, I've got you at last, you been eatin' up my cabbage.' Mr. Rabbit he beg the man to turn him loose. The man says: 'No! I am gwine to kill you.'

"Mr. Rabbit he was mighty smart. He say:

"'If yeh gwine kill me, cut my head off, skin me alive, throw me to the dogs, do anything with me, but don't fling me in the briar patch, whar all the briars will stick me.'

"The man done what he thought was the wors' thing he could do to Mr. Rabbit, and flung him into the briar patch. Mr. Rabbit he jes' laugh and kick up his heels and say:

"'That's whar I was born!'"

Night after night they dropped to sleep with Mr. Rabbit fighting the tar-baby.

Melissa took charge of the dining-room, seeded raisins, washed the currants, chafed the oysters for breakfast, and did other light services. She was small and had a cast in her eye, which accounts for her shrewdness perhaps. I have heard it said such eyes indicate better heads than hearts—she was very efficient. In fact, they were all very well trained servants in manners too, hardly addressing each other in the presence of their superiors. They never hesitate to give each other the preference now when an answer is to be had.

Nelly was the cook, and such a cook! It makes my mouth water to even recall the good things she made. Priding herself on belonging to the aristocracy, she was ever—years after the war even—discussing the doings of visitors at the White Castle, and to hear her one would suppose she knew each one intimately. Her son James Madison, the scullion, was an aggravation to her soul. He was always scoffing at her for singing hymns, and once went so far as to say to her:

"Don't yeh know no niggeh eveh gits to heab'n?"

"Go way, munt, what's reason nigger don' git to heab'n?"

"Caze I neber see er picter of er niggeh angel in meh life!" This was food for thought, and the dinner may have been quite peppery that day.

Aunt (because she was old) Betsy and Clarissa did the laundry for the household.

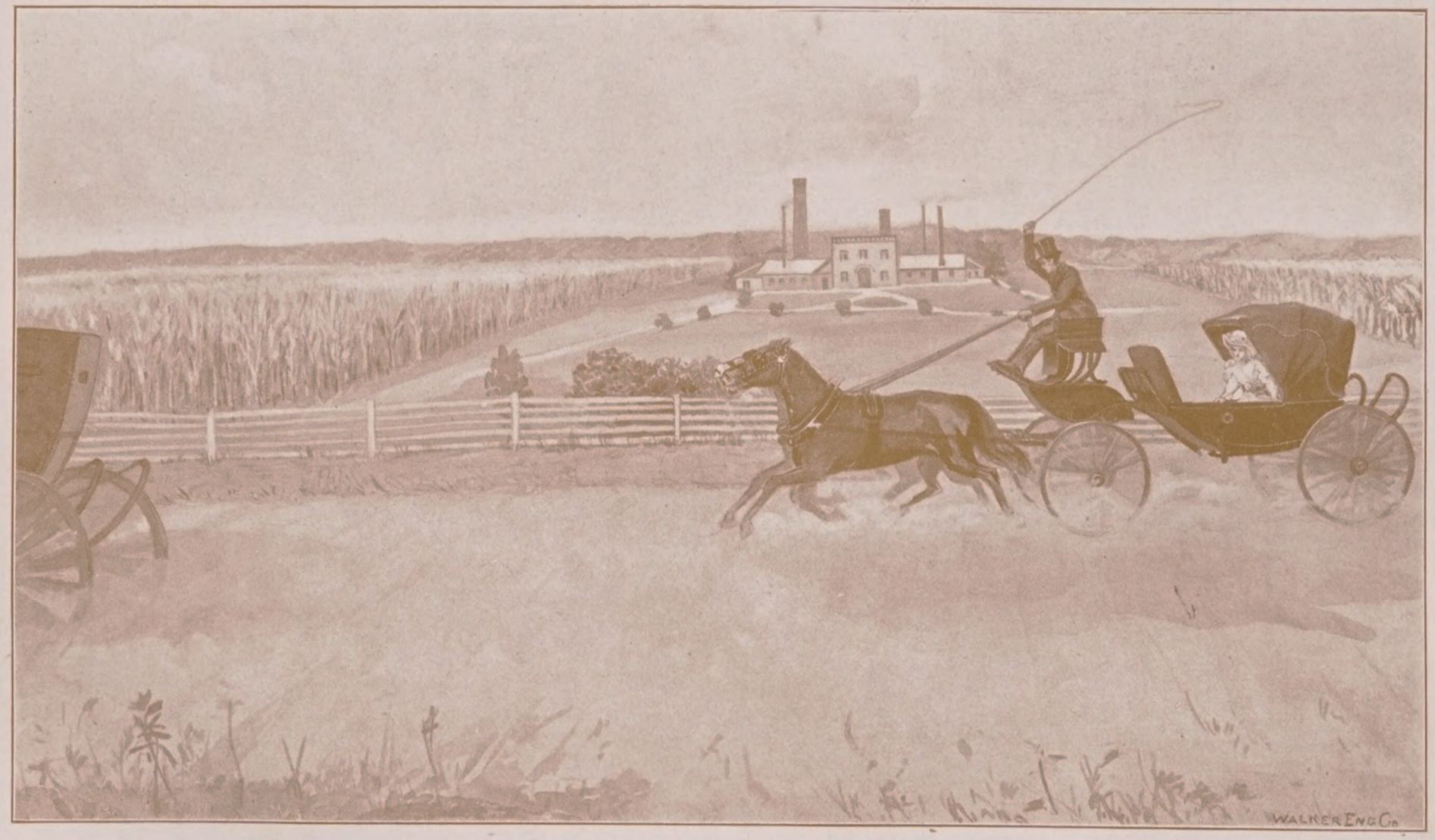
Tazewell, the coachman, also waited on the table, assisted by Little George, about fourteen—called little to distinguish him from George the hostler.

Little George followed the children as a groom when they went for a ride, and went on errands and sat behind the carriage when needed. Sancho, a bright pickaninny hanging about the yard and a playmate of James Madison (later scullion), gradually slipped into Little George's shoes as he grew older, all but waiting on the table, as George became large enough for greater responsibilities. Minerva was the nurse for each baby in its turn. She was in love with Tazewell, but feared he wanted through her the use of a yearly little stipend left her by her father, who had bought himself free in some way, and she and Tazewell never married; so you see black as well as white may learn from experience that the love of money is the root of much evil.

She was tall and very black. When she got religion she voluntarily clipped off her long hair, she said because she was vain of it; thought it was a sin to play the piano or dance, and frequently spoke at the "meetin' house" on Sunday—but no one thought of calling her a "new woman." She dressed well, using her little legacy mostly for that purpose. In summer she usually wore white Swiss muslin on Sundays, making her ebony skin, which she often remarked was "smooth as satin," show up to perfection. She hated to be black, and hoped she would be white in Heaven. She was continually reading the Bible, which she learned by rote, from perseveringly asking the words of the children. They would get nonplused at times. She once asked them what S-t-e-p, step, h-e-n, hen, spelled without showing them the book, and they had to give it up. While it seemed simple enough, they reasoned among themselves that

there was no such thing as a step-hen. They had never heard the word divided in that way, and could not make it out, though they were not stupid children. They had the same difficulty with bishop, she spelling it out as bis-hop. My heroine loved Minerva, and called her "Mammy." When she was just learning to talk, she told Minerva she was "a brown-skin white lady." This pleased Minerva mightily, and her heart was won from that time on. Amy took charge of the dairy. She looked fat and well, but all times of the day she was complaining of "the misery," and no one ever knew what it was. She lived a good while, scrubbing at her milk-pans and her dairy and keeping them spotless. Henry made the gas and did other chores about the place. He was much given to flattery and display. When Tazewell was sick or absent he would be called upon to hold the reins, manifesting his satisfaction or delight in making the horses "spin" to outdo the neighbors.

He would say, "Talk about yeh Pages' coach and team! Git along hyeh, Tom," with a drawing-in of the cheeks preparatory to chuckling the horses on, "Spread yehse'f, Jerry, they ain't nowhar!" raising his whip and tossing his head in disdain at the other carriage. Old Reuben looked after the vegetable gardens, with quite often some of the field hands to help him. He had been bitten by a snake, and one leg was bent at the knee. He used a stick and limped when he walked. Rosetta had only the fowl-yard to care for as her share of the work. She was a picture when, with a motherly anxiety, she chased through the rain to gather the young turkeys, the upper part of her body hidden by an umbrella with ribs



"GIT ALONG HYEH, TOM—SPREAD YEHSE'F, JERRY!"

projecting here and there (the whole the worse for many such excursions), her skirts held high, her stockings over her shoes displaying her thin, bare legs. Occasionally she used a china egg for nesting, when there were not enough to go around. Some one had given it to her to darn her stockings on and she "set great store by it." One day she spied a snake in one of the hen-houses struggling to get out through a crevice which seemed too small for its egress. Taking a stick lying near, her first impulse was to kill it, and upon going nearer noticed a large lump inside of it, which acted as a sort of stopper. In great wonder she beat and whacked until the reptile fell to pieces, and out tumbled her white china egg she had missed from a nest. Words are inadequate to describe her joy and amazement. Its reputation grew, and it was guarded as a precious talisman. There was a white gardener who had full sway over the flower-beds. He and his family lived in a little house near the entrance gate, which served as a lodge. Henry helped him with the flowers. The field negroes' clothes were cut out and made for them by negro women whose business it was. Sometimes the mistress did the cutting, which kept her busy, with all her other household cares, and the hospitalities which she was expected to maintain. Any of them now living, I am sure, feel it a relief to have the care of them off their hands. When the clothes were finished the darkies put them on and went to the mistress to express their satisfaction or pass their criticism on the comfort and fit. The house servants made their own garments and dressed well, often remodeling the cast-off clothing of the

family, which was probably only slightly soiled, and because of their fine feathers thought themselves above the field hands, and were inclined to put on airs, forming the aristocracy of the black population. Sunday developed their resources in finery. Meely would mince along looking, or trying to look, very coquettish under a pink silk parasol given her by "young miss," and beaming with smiles, hanging on the arm of "Yaller Jack," who was sporting a silk hat of "ole marsteh's" and twirling a cane cut from the osage hedge that skirted the plantation—in fine, aping the gentleman. They were field hands, but called in the house or yard in emergencies. Saturday night those who wished could dance in the "meetin' house" to the tune of a fiddle, but if those danced who belonged to "de chuch" Minerva would expose them and administer stern justice by "turnin' 'em out."

Chapter V.

JUDA.

Meely had many admirers among the negro swains in the quarters, and was the cause of much jealousy among them. Minerva had outlawed Meely, and fully expressed herself about "that gal's outdaciousness." Bill Bilups and "Yaller Jack" both suffered at the hands of their rival, Juda, and trouble for master and slave was the consequence. Juda was forbidding, with big lips and sullen eyes, but withal a fine specimen of young negro manhood, and because of his strength and bad disposition all the negroes stood in fear of him, and said he was a "bad nigger." Mr Random bought Juda, paying eighteen hundred dollars for him, as a rough carpenter.

His duties did not throw him in contact with the other negroes, but he was a source of discord among them and an annoyance to the overseer because of frequent complaints from others by reason of his interference in their affairs. Juda was punished for his repeated misbehavior, the direct cause being complaints from "Yaller Jack" and Bill Bilups, whom he threatened to kill if he ever found them going to see Meely. In consequence of these complaints Juda was whipped, and harbored revenge against both.

Catching them coming out of Meely's cabin, he felled Bill Bilups with a blow from a hatchet, and after chasing "Yaller Jack" through the quarters' streets, buried the blade of the hatchet in his shoulder. The alarm was given, and the two young

negroes were conveyed to the plantation hospital and the doctor called to their assistance. Bill Bilups had been struck with the butt of the hatchet, and his woolly hair on a thick skull saved his life. "Yaller Jack" was more seriously wounded, and his life was long in the balance; finally he recovered. Juda made his escape in the dark—the ground seemed to have swallowed him up. A reward was offered for his capture, but nothing was heard of him for a long time. The negroes either knew nothing or would tell nothing they knew, and months passed with no tidings of Juda. It was settled in the minds of the white people that he had secreted himself in some passing steamboat and made his way to Illinois or somewhere out of the State. "Yaller Jack" had mostly recovered, and the all-absorbing discussion of Juda's whereabouts was dying out of the plantation talk, when the sugar-house on a small place far back from the river was burned and the residence of the planter robbed while all the family were out of the house, attracted by the fire.

No clue connected Juda with this deed directly, but the impression that he was the incendiary grew, and he came in for much discussion. When the negroes were questioned all they could say was: "He mouter done it"—until the impression became so fixed in the minds of the planters that he or some runaway negro was the cause of the fire, a posse with the sheriff started a hunt for the culprit, whoever he might be.

In the morning, some hours after the fire, some dogs, whose delicate sense of smell enabled them to follow a trail, were brought and their noses placed in

every suspicious track. They followed one and then another, proving a barren search, until the sheriff took them off some distance and circled around the ruins of the burned sugar mill, when Queen, the leader of the pack, running with nose close to the ground, suddenly stopped, raised her head, and gave a howl. At an encouraging command from the sheriff, with a sharp yelp she brought all the dogs in haste to her side. She led them—yelping every few yards—to the mill, all circling partly around it, while now and then some individual dog, by a howl or peculiar yelp, seemed to dispute her leadership. She showed determination to deserve the encouragement of her master, disdaining to be led off by the others, continuing to run sniffing in and out, now and then stopping and raising her head to howl.

Running out some distance, she opened her mouth with yelps which brought the whole pack to her heels, when she again led off to an abandoned brick kiln, several hundred yards away, an arch or two still standing. In front of this she stopped long enough to utter a longer, sonorous note, then with a nervous cry of certainty she dashed through and on to the house, stopping at a back window, sat down, and commenced an uninterrupted series of howls, the other dogs by turns replying. The sheriff followed and lifted her on to the window sill. She sniffed around, jumped into the room, baying at a trunk which had been rifled the night before. The doors were opened to her and she moved from room to room, out and in, finally to the back porch, on into the yard and back again, retraced her steps and smelt about. Encouraged by the sheriff, she cau-

tiously circled out and seemed confused at the border of a shallow drain running across the yard. The sheriff's experienced mind soon divined the cause. The criminal had used the shallow water course to baffle pursuit, but his footsteps could be seen at intervals, and the intelligent bitch was led along with the other dogs, hunting for a scent where the offender must of necessity leave the water, the drain running under the fence bordering the lane. True to his surmise, Queen yelped when she smelled the cross-rails. With a little help she was over in full cry with every dog scrambling over and through the fence to follow. The sheriff, knowing that at least for the time he had a clean trail, hastened to his horse and with his posse was soon following at a gallop the yelping pack down a back lane on toward the Tigris Swamp. After three miles of rapid riding, at the fork of the road they came upon a low, unpainted frame building with a porch running across the front and covered by the extended roof. A grass-grown path, flanked by rows of garlic, ran from it to a small picket fence which shut it off from the lane save where a half-hung rickety gate stood partly open, long past usefulness, evidenced by the beaten path around its open end. The whole fence was festooned with black moss, which had been hung to dry by the occupant, whose business was making horse-collars of the long moss gathered in the adjacent woods. The sheriff hallooed, and a little sallow Frenchman came out bowing, and returning the salutation with his "Comment ce va?"

With the half-French the sheriff knew and the half-English the Frenchman understood, an agreement

was soon come to that he should accompany the party as guide to the swamp country he was thoroughly familiar with. Hastily saddling his "tacky-pony" he was loping after the sheriff, who pushed on through the Bruslé settlement, the direction indicated by the excited little Frenchman and the faint notes of the hounds. After an hour's ride through a woods' road, hedged on either side by canebrakes alternating with low swamps, they came up with the dogs, baying on the edge of a clearing, in the center of which stood an abandoned sawmill. The dogs were gathered around the edge of the bayou, where a sunken flat (barge) was partly projected on to the bank. The party halted here at the end of the open trail for rest and consultation with the Frenchman. What to do was perplexing. Nothing but the keen scent of the dogs gave any clue to this point, and here their powers stopped. Evidently the fugitive had taken a boat, leaving no trace of his destination.

Monsieur La Breaux coming up, the party picketed their horses and prepared to lunch. After a mixed conversation of patois French, gesticulations, and English, the sheriff agreed to let the Frenchman proceed up the bayou to "Blow-Gun" John's, a Goula Indian living on a cane ridge some distance up the bayou, to seek information and canoes. The little swamp pony, well used to picking his way through tangled vines and over fallen timber through the low sloughs and mire, carried his rider with an ease far greater than his appearance indicated. After a mile of such going, the Frenchman arrived at John's camp to find him absent, which he was made to understand by his squaw, but she was looking for him.

With much impatience La Breaux waited. Ere long the sound of breaking cane denoted the approach of a large animal through the thicket. With a deer strapped across his back came a horse led by "Blow-Gun" himself, dressed in coarse pants stuffed into his boots and a shirt of blue flannel. He was a small, sallow man of pure Indian type, and spoke broken French. With a promise of reward he told of a camp not far from there, where Bayou Tigris empties into Grand Lake, and where were several black men and one white man. He agreed to rent them two canoes, or "dugouts," and deliver a hindquarter of venison at the sawmill in one hour. His mission so far successful, the little Frenchman hastened to report to the sheriff what he had learned. He had not long arrived when the Indian paddled up, dragging the extra "dugout" and venison within. Being further questioned, having by signs and broken French been made to understand what was wanted, he directed them how to proceed to locate the runaway camp. Pointing to the afternoon sun and shaking his head, they understood that a farther progress must be delayed until morning. Regretting the necessity of a delay, the sheriff and party proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the abandoned mill, where the plans of the morrow were discussed and provisions prepared. The horses were to be kept there, and all but Queen and Rover of the pack, because of the light draft of the "dugouts," one carrying only two persons comfortably. As soon as it was light enough, the sheriff, La Breaux, a deputy, and the two dogs were at the old flat-boat prepared to descend the bayou, a shallow, slow-moving stream

not more than twenty yards wide, winding between low banks which were covered with a thick growth of cypress timber, gum and swamp saplings, and dense masses of fan-shaped palmetto circling the pools that stretched out into the forest from the stream, filled with projecting conelike cypress knees—a swamp impassable to all except those who knew the ridges which lap around through the woods, or by following the tortuous stream—no easy matter—since fallen timber often required the boats to be shoved under or dragged over these obstructions. The way was plain to the old French woodsman. Taking the direction given by "Blow-Gun" John they paddled on without incident until the trees grew smaller and all undergrowth disappeared. He recognized that they were nearing the lake. As the sun came up they could see the open water, fringed around with the dwarfed trees, some of which they had just paddled out of. Glorious was the sight as the sun tinged a pure amethyst the forest shelving from the water and framing the silver lake, studded with clumps of green rushes, the mist now gradually wearing away like an old veil of diaphanous tissue. Here the deputy came up with Rover and a consultation was held. It was decided to paddle out beyond the fringe of rushes, where a wider view could be had of the banks. From the Indian's description the camp was located on a cane ridge, where the bank was high and the timber tall and projecting out into the lake. Off to the left they saw a promontory they judged to be the point, and the surmise was strengthened by a slender column of smoke which rose above the trees.

Chapter VI.

THE RUNAWAY CAMP.

Paddling in closer to the rushes, they followed the irregular line through the little canals formed by their separation where the waters deepened, the rushes concealing their approach until under the rising bank where the camp was from which came the smoke. Queen was becoming restless, and sticking her head over the side of the canoe she sniffed the air and whined. Leaving her in the boat with La Breaux, the sheriff crawled up the bank, cautiously advancing along a narrow path through the tall wild cane, when there came into view a long, low shack composed of poles resting in the forks of stakes driven in the ground, covered and walled with the reeds cut from the small open space about the shack. Squatting in front of it was a group agreeing with the description given by the Indian—a powerful black and two smaller negroes, with a white man of unusual appearance. The last was of strong build, his head covered with a red and yellow cotton handkerchief (arranged turban fashion), giving color to a dark sunburnt face, with heavy brows and black eyes and aquiline nose lending greater force to this countenance of a desperate cast. His muscular torso was covered with a red flannel shirt, open in front, showing a broad, hairy chest. The sleeves rolled up above the elbows displayed brawny arms, covered with tattoo marks. The legs were bare nearly to the knee, where his blue trousers were rolled. Innocent of socks, his feet were covered with a stout pair of shoes.

Around his waist was a heavy leather belt, with a sheath for a dirk-knife and a pistol holster attached, and carrying these weapons. The sheriff was forced into action by the yelping of Queen, whom the Frenchman could not control after the sheriff had disappeared in the cane. He stepped boldly into the clearing, covering the group with his gun, at the same time commanding them to throw up their hands.

Taken so completely by surprise, they jumped up and faced the intruder, dazed by the suddenness of his appearance. The big negro and Dago standing between the sheriff and other two gave the latter an opportunity to dash behind the shack, which they took advantage of, and went crashing through the canebrake with Queen in hot pursuit. The deputy and Frenchman were soon with the sheriff. The two captives, standing with their hands raised above their heads as commanded by the sheriff, were at once shackled together and securely bound. The sheriff left the prisoners in the care of his companions and hastened in the direction taken by the escaping negroes, following Rover, who was leading over the trail.

After a sharp run, stopping to listen, he heard both dogs and dashed on, thinking he had the fugitives at bay. On coming up with the dogs he found them standing on the edge of the lake yelping at the rushes beyond, the intelligent Queen going partly in the water and looking back to tell as well as she could of their escape that way. Surveying the ground critically, he soon determined that the negroes had taken to a boat at this point and were beyond pursuit.

Returning to the shack, he proceeded to investigate the contents, finding it well supplied with skillets,

pots, and commissaries of the coarser kind. Several hams hung from the cross-poles overhead; fish heads and scales were in evidence everywhere around the open space.

Where the men had been gathered when surprised, on an outstretched sheet lay a promiscuous assortment of ladies' silk dresses and finery. Tied in a small lace handkerchief was a collection of watches and jewelry.

"A pretty good haul after all," said the sheriff. Turning to the turbaned prisoner, he demanded to know what *he* was doing in this camp. The fellow only shrugged his broad shoulders. "Can't you talk English?" asked the sheriff.

"Notte muche," looking defiantly at the sheriff, with another shrug.

"Can you parlez vous?"

"E leetle."

"What are you, Spaniard, Italian, or just Dago?"

"Me no Dago, me Italienne," his eyes flashing hate from their fiery black depths and his face flushing with intense anger, a scar across it becoming purple. "You turna me loosa, you no talka to me so."

"Ah, Mr. Italian, you can talk better than you let on; for so sensitive a gentleman I found you in very bad company this morning, and from what I learned you have been hanging around here some time with these runaway niggers."

"Na, me justa coma, my schoona right out da," pointing with his unshackled hand toward the lake.

"Go, Alex," said the sheriff to the deputy, "and see if the fellow is telling the truth." The deputy did as told and returned in a few minutes, reporting

that he could see a small mast off in the direction indicated, but that the boat was hidden from view by the rushes.

"I understand—this fellow was here trading with the runaways," the sheriff said, half to himself. The Italian catching his remark was quick to reply:

"Me no buy, me sell—me no buy."

"I understand. I will attend to your case after awhile." Addressing the negro for the first time, he asked: "Whom do you belong to, boy?"

The negro looked up from under his lids but would give no answer.

"If you would call him a Dago maybe he would talk," the deputy remarked dryly.

The negro's face relaxed, bordering on a smile, but he would not answer. The Frenchman, gradually comprehending the sally of the deputy, burst into a hysterical laugh, slapping his knees in glee. Good humor commenced to take possession of the captives. The sheriff remarked that they had not been invited, but he thought they might as well help themselves to some breakfast, as their own had not been over-large. They proceeded to replenish the fire and cook such things as they found at hand. When through eating the Italian was released, the charges removed from his pistol, which was returned to him; he was told to go, and warned to leave the lake. The negro, still shackled, was put in the boat with the deputy and Rover and they started off. Then the sheriff and the little Frenchman gathered up all the stolen property of value and placed it in their boat, set fire to the shack, left the blazing camp and followed the other canoe. Soon the blaze was roaring in the cane,

which was popping from the heat like a thousand muskets. When well out in the open waters, looking back, they saw the little one-masted schooner spreading her sail.

The sheriff remarked that the Dago was no doubt an instigator of the robberies, but under the circumstances he could not bring him out. "These rascals know the inlets and lakes like muskrats and carry on their thievish trading in comparative safety," he said, but he thought they would not hear of this fellow again for a long time.

It was near ten o'clock and the mouth of the bayou was not yet come to, where the hard work was to begin over its obstructions. They hoped to reach the sunken flat by late noon, which they did without special incident.

The Frenchman proved a good guide in directing them into the channel, which was not always easily defined. When the negro was taken out and that part of the pack which had been kept at the mill was brought up by those who had them in charge, the dogs sniffed about the negro and began a medley of howls. Then he spoke for the only time, saying: "Go way frum me, dogs, doncher be tellin' no lies on me."

"You are the negro who burned that sugar-mill and robbed that house, certain!" said the sheriff. The negro became sullen and did not again speak until brought into the presence of his master.

A few nights after the fire, the children having all long since gone to bed, the older members of the family being seated in the library at the White Castle, yawning and ready to retire, there was a great

barking of yard dogs outside. Soon Little George poked his head in the door and gasped out:

"Marsteh, dey done cotch Jude, en dey wants you!" He was evidently excited and out of breath, losing no time in breaking the news. Mrs. Random started and remarked that she had hoped they would never hear of Juda again. Mr. Random looked worried and hastily followed Little George to the side lane gate, where the sheriff and deputy were with the negro. Little George announced his master, and the sheriff dismounting approached Mr. Random, saying he believed he had one of his negroes, from the advertised description given of him some time ago, but that he could get nothing out of the negro himself, and he had brought him for his identification. Mr. Random then came close to the small two-wheeled cart, peered at the bound giant in the body of it, and asked if that was Juda.

"Yes, Marsteh, dis iz Jude. Marsteh, I neveh burnt no sugar-house en neveh stole nothin' like dey say! Fo' God, Marsteh —"

"Shut up, you black rascal," said the sheriff, "did we not find the plunder in your den?"

"Fo' God, Marsteh —"

"That will do, Jude. Come, gentlemen, we will not argue the matter here. I expect your patience has been sorely tried, so if you will go on to my manager's house he will take charge of Juda, and then I will be glad to see you at the house, where I will care for you to-night and we will go over this matter more at length." Later Mr. Random and the sheriff held a long conference, and were in earnest conversation again the next morning after breakfast,

when it was decided that Juda should be conveyed to the Parish jail, the evidence against the negro being sufficient, on so grave a charge, to warrant this transfer from the master to the State; Mr. Random becoming in this relation of master and slave the defender rather than the judge. The negro, protesting his innocence, devolved the duty upon Mr. Random to see that he should not be punished until proved guilty before the law. In due time he engaged a lawyer to defend Juda, but the evidence was considered conclusive, and Juda was sent to the State penitentiary.

A year or two after, he and the other inmates were liberated by the Yankees when they took possession of the capital, and Juda was seen dressed in a "military suit" and said he had "jined the army," so it was reported among the negroes at the White Castle. Meely ceased some of her follies after Juda's assault on "Yaller Jack," and in the course of time gave him the preference, whether out of sympathy or mere wantonness, no one knows.

Chapter VII.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PLANTERS.

The owners of plantations in early days were mostly traveled, intelligent, and well read. The men had collegiate educations, and the women were well taught.

Having abundance of time to devote to such culture, they were social and fond of giving dinners, in which they excelled; fish, ice, and oysters in season being sent from New Orleans regularly, with other good things. The men adhered to the old English custom of rising with the ladies after dinner and reseating themselves to exchange thoughts over their wines and crack jokes with their nuts after the ladies had passed into the parlor, where coffee was handed by slaves.

The children were not allowed wine, but as I was sometimes one of the last to leave the table—knowing and loving children well and watching for them—while going out of one door I would observe a little saucy girl or boy slyly run in another and tip the glasses before the servants came in to remove them. I smiled at the thought of what mamma would do if she only knew.

In the good old days these people spent much time riding and driving, having fine saddle and carriage horses.

In summer—about sunset—was a favorite time for the ladies to drive; without hats and attired in light fabrics they appeared very dainty and attractive, bowing and smiling as they passed friends and occa-

sionally stopping for a chat with them. In this circle of society there was a sprinkling of French Creoles. Ah, how merry they were! What fine dinners they gave! Most of them were Romanists. A pretty custom among them was to dedicate a little girl to the Virgin Mary for a certain number of years, during which time she wore only blue and white.

Among them I once witnessed a touching and tender demonstration from youth to youth at a young girl's funeral. As the pall-bearers lifted the casket from the hearse, about a half-dozen intimate girl friends of the deceased, who were assembled in the country church-yard, came forward, each prettily dressed in white, symbols of youth and purity, and took an end of a bunch of white ribbons starting from a common center in the coffin-lid, accompanying it thus outside the pall-bearers to the church door and later to the grave.

The elder French ladies wore what they called a blouse, and what resembled a Mother Hubbard of to-day. One dear old lady had bowers of roses; in escorting a favorite lady visitor to the carriage she would call to a darky (some of whom were always peeping around from behind places) to bring her a pair of garden shears; stepping blithely hither and thither from bush to bush, like a humming-bird among the flowers, clipping the choicest and piling them on a salver which the slave held, then gathering them up in a bunch, she laid them herself on the carriage seat inside, to be taken home with the caller. Though polite to all, her extra touches gave shades of meaning. She never let one go without refreshments, a glass of cordial and some cake in winter or cool orange-flower water or lemonade in summer.

Indeed, this last feature was customary with all, and seemed a part of one's hospitality. My French lady was so fond of perfume she kept a jug of cologne water in the bath-room to sprinkle in the bath. She reserved a cottage near the public road, apart from her dwelling and its immediate surroundings, for wayfarers. Of course these occasionally included tramps who might want a night's lodging. Imagine such a kind heart! Indeed, her very name was Amour (love). Her great parlor, upon which every room in her house seemed to open, was decorated with handsome old family portraits which alone might have attested her right to be classed among the aristocracy, yet so general was her kindness, when she died there were few in high life so deeply regretted by all classes.

In those days when anybody died in the neighborhood a boy on horseback would leave what was called a funeral notice at the house of each friend. The notice was a sheet of paper bordered with black, having a tombstone and a weeping willow printed on it, with the name of the deceased and the date of the burial below. If the bearer seemed to be hurried some one of the family who happened to see him coming in would be ready to meet him, read it and hand it back to him if he said he did not have enough to go around, and he would go flying off to the next neighbor until he had invited, or informed, all he thought necessary. In addition to this, a notice was tacked in a conspicuous place at the post-office, a custom which obtains at the present time in small places.

Fishing and hunting were the sports of the men. Bear and deer abounded, as well as other large game;

partridge and woodcock in the fields and duck on the lakes. A roasted bear's-paw was said to be a great treat by the hunters, and if its flavor is to be gauged by the peculiar way it was prepared for eating, it must have been delicious.

One old hunter said his receipt for cooking it was to dig a hole in the ground and make it red-hot with live wood coals, put the paw in this, properly dressed, and keep it there several hours cooking slowly but surely under more live wood coals until done to a turn, and that it was good, with a capital G.

There were quite a number of what were called "free negroes," enough to form a little circle of society among themselves, for though respected they did not mix socially with the whites. They had the same advantages as the upper circle, owned slaves, had large plantations—some of them getting educated in France—and were so wealthy that when the daughter of the most prominent was married her father presented her with an eighteen hundred dollar bedstead and a thousand dollar bracelet.

The German professor who made the rounds in the neighborhood as music teacher gave her lessons on the piano, and remarked that she had talent, but her hands were too small to stretch an octave.

She had a nice wedding, but the beautiful bedstead with its four elaborately carved posts and damask canopy was too high for her room in the low French house, and the attic floor above had to be raised to admit it. Such is the story as the professor gave it.

These colored planters were acquainted with French literature and spoke the French language

among themselves; were known by their first names, without any prefix. Of course when they lost their slaves, like their white neighbors, they lost their all. Some of them were quick to seize the opportunity politics offered. Being educated, they became prominent leaders among their race, and drew the salaries of honorable positions, with large perquisites never before or since known to belong to the office. The more scrupulous fell back upon their various accomplishments to make a bare living for themselves.

Richard Random, the owner of the White Castle and the broad lands I have described, was commanding in height, with the air of a patrician nobly defined, and of a Saxon type. To describe his true nature I can best use the words of a friend and close observer.

"Among characters, one who my experience of life and people has taught me to esteem at his full value is the master of the White Castle; imbued with pride, yet unpretentious, thrifty, purely honest, and shedding all the sunshine of his nature into his own home and upon his own family. The very simplicity of his character invested it with greatness. Others laid claims to fame, but when Justice places the wreath of nobility of character she will lay it upon the grave of this one." As for the mistress, Dean Stanley once met her and remarked that for elegance of bearing and grace of manner she equaled any English duchess he had ever met. In repose she was stately, otherwise vivacious, with a remarkable degree of energy and courage, which the war developed to a heroic point and belied the

prevalent Northern idea of the indolent Southern women. She was descended from the French marquis mentioned elsewhere. Without any apparent effort she had full command of the servants, impressing them so forcibly with the idea of her vigilance they said she seemed to have eyes in the back of her head. Yet she was so kind in all their troubles they looked on her as a friend. I have seen her sitting up at night, after the war, making clothes for negro babies whose mothers were shiftless.

There were nine children in the Random family, Robert and Algernon, eighteen and sixteen respectively, Patricia and Penelope, eight and five, children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Random; two of Mr. Random's orphaned nieces (his sister Cordelia's children), Adelaide and Isabel, sixteen and fourteen, and Richard, Eugenia, and Bertha, ten, five, and three, motherless children of Mr. Random's brother William and Mrs. Random's sister Bertha. Mr. William Random was consul in foreign parts. Julia and Richard came between Algernon and Patricia, but they died in their infancy. One can easily conceive how happy and prosperous was this family when the storm broke upon the South, changing all the old ways, making them but a vague reminiscence.

Chapter VIII.

RUMORS OF WAR.

There were *rumors* and *rumors* of war and the superstitious thought it was predicted in the sky, for one summer night the whole canopy of the heavens was obscured by mottled clouds which were tinged with color as red as blood. Such a phenomenon had not been seen before by those who saw it then, nor has it been seen since. Then there were comets which the negroes were quite sure would end the world, and so it seemed—for them—for subsequent events opened up a new world they had not hitherto dreamed of. Speaking figuratively, the ominous clouds burst and deluged the beautiful land with blood.

When Mr. Random heard the enemy were near he took many of his slaves to a secluded spot in Texas, to keep them together until the war should be over. He also took some furniture and handsome glass and china, to help establish another home in case of necessity for his family during this time. On his arrival he purchased a place in the interior, upon which he and his slaves lived comfortably. He then told them that he would let the issues of the war decide their final disposal, that he in the meantime would be a good master to them and hoped they would give him no trouble, that some of them were separated from their families just as he was from his, but that all who wished it would be reunited in due time.

Mrs. Random remained on the home plantation with the children and continued to carry it on with

the remaining slaves, hoping their presence would save it from destruction. When she saw the great armed ships moving stealthily along the river, viewing their recent acquisitions, she put a dagger in her belt and went on the front gallery to watch the unknown foe. Some of the officers were later entertained and cordial relations established, to be followed up after the war. Mrs. Random was not without trepidation herself at this time, however, and the children were quite sure all their heads would be cut off, though they went out to look on too. For the present nothing was molested, but when some Confederates passed in front on the public road—then the bombs burst around the house, sending a bullet crashing through a window with such force it went through the wall on the other side of the room, and putting several in the posts on the veranda, also scattering them over the floor, where they fell rolling around the occupants' feet. When the shelling became too fierce the basement was sought as the safest place—there was company in the house, as there usually is in a Southern home. When they heard the cannon booming and saw the ground torn up around them, the children, who were out in the meadow with old Minerva, began to cry, so she tucked them under a bridge near by, thinking it a safe place, and got under herself, cautiously peeping out to watch the situation from time to time.

The shelling followed the troops, who were passing, and later the bombs fell at some other place, when Minerva with her frightened brood saw her way safe to the house and arrived (breathless with excitement) much to the relief of Mrs. Random.

Affairs soon grew steadily worse. All the sheep and cattle were driven away and Yankee soldiers became frequent visitors, spying over the place to see if anything contraband was hidden, taking every shotgun and pistol to be found, leaving no firearms about the place as a protection against marauders, and often roughly demanding that the ladies' wardrobes and bureaus be opened for inspection. The ladies did as commanded and looked on with disdain, while the children made faces, which so embarrassed one of them he called the search off. Of course it does not seem zealous or courageous to a prejudiced mind to be routed by a few women, but show me the man who has any sort of gallantry that does not succumb before *one* beautiful woman, and two of these were bewitching damsels, Adelaide and Isabel. They were said to be descended from General Washington's brother Charles, and had all the fine bearing of the General, combined with the grace and beauty of several generations of elegant mothers. The officer in question so manifested his dissatisfaction at doing his duty he generously handed his beautiful silver-mounted weapon to Mrs. Random when she complained of having nothing to defend the family from undue intrusion. If he ever reads this book he will know that a chivalrous deed is not forgotten. The disdainful girls, even, wished he was on *their* side. That night some thieves were making encroachments on the chicken-roosts when Mrs. Random fired three successive shots, dispersing them—they throwing themselves across their saddles without taking time to mount, and letting their horses have full rein.

In the household was a Northern governess whom the children saw waving to the gunboats when they first appeared, and thinking it a bad sign they, in their enthusiasm, refused to be taught by her any longer. While humoring them in the matter Mrs. Random continued to be courteous and made them so, giving her a pleasant home for some months—until it was possible for her to go through the lines to the North. She had been in various branches of the family for years, received as one of them, but she never became quite Southernized like many others from the North, and always sent her money to be invested there.

One day two Confederate guerrillas came dashing in, following in pursuit two Federal marauders, and after a few shots exchanged disarmed the Federals and presented their weapons to the ladies of the house. But they were not of much service to the ladies, who were afraid of the enemy finding them in their searches. Not wishing to pay the penalty of having such tell-tale articles about, they returned them to the captors, thanked them for their good intentions, complimented them for their prowess in arresting the prowlers, and gave them a good dinner as a reward for saving the chicken-roost and other good things the prowlers might have demanded, though the latter got some dinner too.

Once the ladies were subjected to the most unpleasant situation of having a negro guard around the house for a day. They thought this the greatest indignity of all. All persons owning property were compelled to take the oath to save it from being foraged.

One French girl made a great to-do over it, and proposed getting out of it by reminding the provost marshal that she was a *lady* and *could not* swear. But in spite of all her protestations the enemy insisted and she had to *swear*.

Chapter IX.

THE TRIP TO ATTAKAPAS.

Mr. Random's two nieces, Adelaide and Isabel, had lived at the White Castle from infancy. Everybody called them Adelaide and Isabel Random, but Random was not their real name. It was Thornhill, Thornburg, or something with a thorn in it, though they resembled roses rather than thorns. I never heard their last name called but once—when I heard the story relating to it. Mr. and Mrs. Random, it seemed, did not want them to know that they were orphans until they were old enough to feel no pang of sorrow over the matter, and one day when a garrulous neighbor informed them, they became furious and said the name of "Random" was good enough for them and that they did not want any other "pa" and "ma," so this settled the question at once, and no one ever disputed their right to the name of Random.

From Mrs. Random's point of view, she must have looked upon the enemy as similar to some in ancient history, where they made unwilling wives of those who suited them. As soon as she could, after the enemy's approach in 1862, she hunted up a former governess who was fond of adventure—having fled from New Orleans up the Mississippi in a skiff when it fell—equipped "Little Billy," the white cooper on the plantation, and Cæsar, a herculean slave much trusted, and started them off with Adelaide and Isabel to the interior, or the Attakapas country.

In a carriage, with a cart for trunks, bandboxes, and so forth, they set out. After driving many miles over a well-worn road through a tangled Southern wood (for many traveled covertly in those days, and Mrs. Random had given them directions), they reached a comfortable-looking dwelling, where they stopped and a nice elderly lady bade them welcome.

Mr. Random had previously passed here on his way to Texas, and upon learning who the parties were she tendered them the utmost cordiality; after giving them a good night's rest, reluctantly saw them depart.

They met with a similar reception from another party who lived near the waters of Grand Lake, and who was accustomed to having travelers stop in this friendly way during the war. Next day "Miss Mary" (as the young ladies called the governess), themselves, "Little Billy," and Cæsar reached the borders of that weird lake in the depths of the cypress forest. Miss Mary felt for the first time the burden of her undertaking. Until now she was spurred on by excitement and the novelty. Having the firm earth beneath and an occasional habitation to give assurance of succor in case of need, the little party enjoyed the experience. But with a threatening cloud and this expanse of water confronting their way, the gloomy forest bounding all, the low trees at the water's edge, gray with festoons of moss, gave a somber promise of a safe passage to the distant shore. None to help save the sturdy black and "Little Billy." Her heart almost failed her. The boats looked so frail and small that were to bear them out among the rushes—cutting the waters into irregular

pools of various sizes—and it seemed such a bewildering labyrinth, such a tangled way.

There was no dearth of sounds, but all were wild and uncivilized. The fish-hawk circled, and startled all things into silence with its piercing cry—hushed the water-hen's plaintive "pooldoo" and the chirp of insects that filled everywhere with uncanny sounds. Blue cranes flapped lazily along overhead or stretched their long necks up with solemn manner from tangled sea-grass or from where the water lilies grew among their spreading leaves floating on the shallow water.

All seemed to these frail women to add despair to the undertaking. However, they took skiffs to the opposite shore, "Little Billy" rowing one with the trunks and other baggage, Cæsar rowing the ladies.

The cart-driver was to remain until Miss Mary, "Little Billy," and Cæsar returned in a few days.

As they rounded the first clump of rushes they discovered a huge alligator, slimy with mud, blinking its little bright eyes and sunning itself on a projecting snag. It slid hurriedly into the water as all the ladies screamed, and was seen no more.

Ere they reached the center of the lake the clouds began to gather, and there seemed to be an affinity between them and the waters; the waves dashed high to meet them and the boats rocked from side to side. It was a desperate time. Each felt his or her doom was sealed, but not a word from the ladies nor a sign from Cæsar, though "Little Billy" was making *sui generis* demonstrations through it all. Cæsar said as long as he could see something little and black in the distance sitting erect he knew

"Little Billy" and the trunks were safe, and had hopes for all.

"Little Billy" was a character; in honor of the occasion he wore a black frock coat and tall silk hat. He kept house and raised chickens with his friend Mr. Cross. On accumulating a certain number of eggs, their old darky said "Little Billy" would show them to Mr. Cross and tell him "If he would take out his he would know which were his'en."

By the grace of Heaven the party at last gained the other side, where another kind family took them in, this being one of the usual stopping-places on the route. They reached here just in time, for it immediately began to rain in torrents. The two young ladies had been most luxuriously reared, having had a maid to even hold the cup while they brushed their pretty teeth, but they put on brave faces and seemed to relish the novelty of the route, when there was no danger in sight. When the storm passed, after a drive of a few miles the journey was continued by rowboat up the Tèche—that beautiful bayou, where the tall trees with long beards of moss meet and form a sylvan arch above, where scents of flowers mingle between the high sloping banks, the long green of shrubs mixing with their brilliant hue; the bright-plumaged birds sing and flutter in and out their leafy haunts, and where large and imposing habitations stand stately in the distance, fringed still farther on by field and sugar-house.

The smooth gliding of the boats upon the waters, where here and there rays of sunshine glistened across them in daytime, the picturesque bridges over the silver-gray bayou, and deep shadows at

nightfall when all nature was in repose, when nothing varied the stillness but the splash of the oars and an occasional song, or bark of a dog from the shore, inspired a sentiment which awakened the ladies to the romance of the situation. In her attractive way "Miss Mary," who was an accomplished lady from Boston, pointed out the living pictures of still life from Longfellow's sweet strains, and accompanied her hand as she shifted it now here, now there, with the most appropriate words from the poet. Soon they reached the uncle's house—before the lights were out. This was to be the young ladies' abiding-place until all danger was over at their own home; then they were to return by New Orleans, the usual way.

When Miss Mary, with her escort, started back from this peaceful home on the Bayou Tèche a box of homemade candied sweets of guava, citron, lemon, fig, lime, and orange, gathered on the place, were sent along.

These delicacies were greatly appreciated, and Mrs. Random was thankful for the happy termination of their adventures, but grieved to learn that the furniture, glass, and china had been destroyed or confiscated by the Federals in a raid through the parts where they were stored by Mr. Random on his way to Texas.

But greater trials than the loss of household furniture, valuable heirlooms though they be, were engrossing her mind. Her noble son, Robert, had been killed in battle and filled an unknown grave, bringing far deeper sorrow to that once happy family. Separated from those she loved, with little communica-

tion, none to lean on, dreading the worst, hoping and praying for the best, Mrs. Random braved it all, proving the heroic mould Southern women were cast in. Mothers of as brave men as ever battled in defense of inherent rights, and when time shall extinguish prejudice and justice establish truth, monuments will find the unknown graves of their sons, and a halo of glory encircle their own names because they called them mother.

Chapter X.

JUST AFTER THE WAR.

When the war was over, the slaves free, and all the preliminaries of peace gone through with, there was nothing observed to demonstrate the fact in the remote parts of Texas—nor any one around to enforce it—and one day when Mr. Random was sitting on the porch of his log cabin smoking his pipe, bemoaning his losses, and thinking how the sudden freedom of his slaves would have a tendency to narrow his already depleted purse, a man from Cuba, Don Antonio Daselio, whose acquaintance he had previously made, appeared in the gate, making a low bow as is the custom with Spaniards.

Mr. Random rose to greet him, giving him a cordial shake of the hand, and begged him to be seated. When he had settled himself in a comfortable rocker and discoursed on the weather and minor topics a little, he said:

"So, Mr. Random, the war is over."

"Yes, and I'll be glad to get home."

"What will you do with the niggers, Mr. Random?"

"Take them along, too."

"Sacre! Whew! what great expense! What sacrefeece!" (Don Daselio, like many foreigners, lapsed into broken English when he was excited or off his guard.) "De nigger is happier when he slave, happier dan in Afrique—I give you two hundred tousand dollar for dem, Mr. Random. Nigger die if he free, nigger no know how to take care of himself, nigger surely die, Mr. Random. Your kindness is mees-

taken, sir, meestaken. I give you de money in gold, sir, in gold, cash, sir."

Mr. Random went on smoking his pipe, which had gone out and been relighted during the conversation, looked at the Don out of the corners of his eyes to see if he could discover any indications of insanity, and remarked quietly:

"Negroes are of no value now, Don; you must be joking."

"Yes, yes, dey are—dey are in Cuba. I ship dem dare. Jus' sell 'em. I'll tak' de responcibeelitee. You pay for de nigger, you never stole him, you have right to get your money back."

"How much did you say?"

"Two hundred tousand dollar, gold, cash."

"That's a big sum these hard times, Don."

"Yes, and you go home and feex up your place wid de money and lib lak a preence—on de odder hand you may struggle for years and never be reech."

"Well, Don, your offer is tempting. I was thinking just such things when I saw you enter; take dinner with me, and I will see what I can do for you," which so elated the Don he did not notice the brown study his host was in the while.

After dinner Mr. Random had the darkies assembled and presented them to the Don, told them the issues of the war, the offer of the Don (whose eyes were sparkling), and before their dazed minds could plunge from the hope of freedom to the abyss of Cuban captivity—or were even able to recognize the magnanimity of his character, he told the Cuban he had never broken his word to any man, that he must abide by the decision of the war, as he had told them

he would—that he would not sell them. For a moment there was silence. Then a great shout arose. The sturdiest men of the dusky group took the master on their shoulders and paraded him around, with wild songs of happiness, and gave themselves a grand jubilee. Even the Don's eyes were misty, and he joined in the shout. Much of our unkindness to others is a lack of knowing their heart's desires rather than direct cruelty, and it was not long before Mr. Random left for Louisiana with those negroes who wished it.

After his return he reinstated himself upon his plantations, hoping in a few years, with care and economy, to be fairly comfortable.

All the people of Louisiana, after the war, taking heart from the fact that they had a better outlook than those in the States which were more the seat of war and devastation, got what they could together and started afresh. At the country stores, on the steamboats, and wherever it was convenient to gather, the conversation always drifted to the war and the changes it had wrought.

At the White Castle, ever an interesting center, the family associates and their guests assembled and related their various experiences around the winter hearth.

One evening in the early fall, following the war, the family, including some friends, were in the library, according to their usual custom; Adelaide and Isabel sitting comfortably about with their shapely heads resting against the big chair backs, Penelope and Eugenia giggling in one corner, Bertha playing with some cats on the hearthrug, Richard reading

near by, and Patricia with some embroidery in hand. Algernon and the older people, including Mr. and Mrs. Random, an elderly neighbor, Mrs. Hastings, a Mrs. Johnston from New Orleans, and the boys' former tutor, all seated in rocking-chairs before the crackling fire—for the Randoms burned wood in the library. The tutor was relating his war experiences. He was originally from Pennsylvania, was rather quick-tempered in school, for he thought nothing of catching the boys by the collar and shaking them against the wall when he got out of patience—so it was whispered among themselves.

He was too conscientious. He kept the boys in on the slightest provocation, *they* thought. Old Dan, who drove the dogcart every afternoon for a neighbor's boys, would get so tired waiting he would say: "Dat teacher might's well let 'em go, 'tain gwine do no good, nohow." And subsequent events seemed to verify that statement in regard to Dan's young masters. But the tutor loved the South so well he fought and suffered for it, and I believe the boys forgave him his shortcomings in the schoolroom when they heard of his hairbreadth escapes in behalf of the Cause.

Through friends he made during the war he became very prosperous, when he afterward went into business in Memphis, Tennessee.

Presently the door-bell rang and in walked Leo Carter, who was admitted by Penelope and Eugenia, both running to see which would get there first, when they heard footsteps on the gallery. Leo was the son of a bosom friend of Mr. Random's, and had lost an arm at Gettysburg.

"How are you, Leo," said Mr. Random, rising. "I heard you had reached home, and am sorry we do not see as much of you as formerly," glancing grimly at his armless sleeve and shaking his hand vigorously.

After greeting every one, Leo took the vacant chair near Mrs. Hastings. This lady had gotten so in the habit of knitting socks and other articles for the soldiers she could not readily give it up entirely, though she laid the knitting aside until the greetings and expressions of pleasure at seeing the young hero were exhausted.

On seeing her take the knitting up again, Leo turned to her and said it brought to mind a true and very amusing incident concerning which some one had written a poem called "The Rebel Sock." She asked him to repeat it. He said he would, what he could remember of it.

THE REBEL SOCK.

"The day wore on to afternoon—
That warm and drowsy hour
When nature's self doth seem to feel
A touch of Morpheus' power.
A farmhouse door stood open wide,
The men were all away.
The ladies dozing in their rooms,
The children at their play.
The house-dog lay upon the steps,
But never turned his head,
Though crackling on the gravel walk
He heard a stranger's tread.
Old grandma in her rocking-chair
Sat knitting in the hall,
When suddenly upon her work
A shadow seemed to fall.
She raised her eyes and there she saw
Our Federal hero stand.

His little cap was on his head,
  His sword was in his hand;
While circling round and round the house
  His gallant soldiers ride,
To guard the open kitchen door
  And chicken-coop beside.

"Slowly the dear old lady rose,
  And tottering forward came;
And peering dimly through her specs
  Said, 'Honey, what's your name?'
Then as she raised her withered hand
  To pat his sturdy arm,
'There's no one here but grandmamma,
  And she won't do you harm.
Come, take a seat, and don't be *skeered*—
  Put up your sword, my child,
I wouldn't hurt you for the world,'
  She gently said, and smiled.

"'Madam, my duty must be done,
  And I am firm as rock.'
'Yes, honey, I am getting old,
  And for hard work ain't fit,
But for Confederate soldiers still
  I thank the Lord, can knit.'
'Madam, your *work is contraband*,
  And Congress confiscates
This rebel sock, which now I seize,
  To the United States.'
'Yes, honey, don't be *skeered*, for I
  Will give it up to you,'
And slowly from her half-knit sock,
  The dame her needles drew,
Broke off the thread, wound up her ball,
  And stuck the needles in.
'Here, take it, child, and I to-night
  Another will begin.'"

They all laughed heartily over it, and Mrs. Hastings asked Patricia, Mr. Random's eldest daughter, if she had ever knit any socks for the soldiers.

"Yes, Mam," she said proudly, "I knit on one till I got to the heel, mother turned that, and then I got her to narrow the toe; somebody made the other one, and I put them in the box for the soldiers. I made a helmet, too, all except the mouth, and sent it in the box with the grown people's things." Mrs. Hastings smiled and said: "That was doing very well for one so young; how old were you then?"

"I was about eleven, and I would have made some more," answered Patricia, growing animated with the thought of her part in the war, "but I tried to dye my yarn with poke-berries and pumpkin, which spoiled it, and before I could get any more the war was over."

At this juncture, in the freshness and beauty of young life, Harold Page and Claud Hastings (neighbors' sons) came in, followed by the same little girls who had appointed themselves doorkeepers. After shaking hands all around they seated themselves by Patricia. Claud was Mrs. Hasting's grandson. Here Leo asked Mrs. Johnston, to whom he had been introduced as coming from New Orleans, if she had participated in the Battle of the Handkerchiefs fought there Friday, February the twentieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

She answered "Of course" she had, and as poetry was the order of the day, she could best tell it in rhyme written soon after, but for a fuller understanding of it she explained it was on the occasion of an exchange of prisoners. In a clear ringing voice, with all the excitement of one who had participated, she began:

THE GREATEST VICTORY OF THE WAR,

(La Bataille des Mouchoirs)

OR

GENERAL BANKS' CHARGE ON THE LADIES OF NEW ORLEANS

"Of all the battles, both modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told,
Of all the routs that ever were seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne,
Or all the victories later that rumor won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run,
All, all must hide their fading light
In the radiant glow of the Handkerchief Fight;
And a pang of joy must thrill the land
When they hear of the deeds of Banks' band.

"'Twas on the levee, where the tide
Of Father Mississippi flows,
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great victory o'er their foes;
Four hundred rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia's shades,
When down there came (you'd scarce believe)
A troop of children, wives, and maids,
To wave farewell, to bid Godspeed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as their meed
Of praise to soldiers' hearts most dear.

"They came in hundreds; thousands lined
The streets, the roofs—the shipping too;
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.
'Twas then to danger we awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng,
And beat them back with hearty stroke
Till reinforcements came along.
We waited long, our aching sight
Was strained in eager, anxious gaze;
At last we saw the bayonets bright,
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze!

The cannon's dull and heavy roll
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear,
Then fired each eye! then glowed each soul!
For well we knew the strife was near,
'Charge!' rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes!

"As seas in stormy fury lashed,
Where e'er the tempest blows,
Like chaff their parasols went down
As on our gallants rushed.
And many a bonnet, robe, and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed,
Though well we plied the bayonet
Still some our efforts braved,
Defiant both of blow and threat
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rolled the din,
When 'Charge!' rang out again,
And then our cannon thundered in,
And scoured o'er the plain.

"Down 'neath the unpitying iron heels
Of horses, children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheels
Mowed roads on either flank.
One startled shriek and hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then
Huzzah! the field was all our own,
For we were Banks' men.
That night, released from all our toils,
Our dangers passed and gone,
We gladly gathered up the spoils
Our chivalry had won!
Five hundred handkerchiefs we had snatched,
From Rebel ladies' hands,
Ten parasols, two shoes (not matched),
Some ribbons, belts, and bands,
And other things that I forget,
But then you'll find them all
As trophies in that hallowed spot
The Cradle—Faneuil Hall.

"And long on Massachusetts' shore
Or on Green Mountains' side,
Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
And by the Hudson's tide,
In times to come, when lamps are lit,
As fires brightly blaze,
While round the knees of heroes sit
The young of happier days,
Who listen to those storied deeds
Of praise to Banks' band—
To them sublimely grand—
Then glory shall award its meed
And fame proclaim that they alone
(In triumph's loudest note)
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat."

As she finished there was a loud applause, and young Harold Page said: "That must have been the most brilliant battle of the war," and asked Patricia if she would not sing the song of "The Conscript" for Mrs. Johnston, that he and Claud would join in the chorus.

THE CONSCRIPT.

"Oh, dear! I am a conscript, and they say the law is out
To take all those who wish to go, and those who wish it not.
They say the man who hastens us to fight in glory's cause
Is coming down the public road without the slightest pause.

CHORUS.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
Oh, dear! what shall I do
To save my own dear precious self
And serve my country too?

"I am sure he's coming straight for me. He knows this house contains
The ablest-bodied man on earth, and a man of clearest brains.
I'll prove my able-bodiedness by knocking down the man,
I'll prove the clearness of my mind by staying where I am.

"It is not that I fear to fight—I'm bravest of the brave—
And I would face the cannon's mouth my country's cause to save,
But I am thinking of my friends; the neighborhood would be
The dullest place on earth, I'm sure, if it were not for me.

"'Tis true that all young ladies say 'To war you'd better go,'
But then I find they're very glad to have me for a *beau*.
They say that when this war is over, a soldier lad will be
The only one to get a wife; but wait awhile, you'll see.

"And there are several minor things, my darkies and my crop,
My house and land, my own dear self, and everything I've got.
And if I go, all these are lost. Then is it right to go?
And camp is such a horrid place, and I love my comfort so.

"But as I am talking all this while, old time rolls on apace,
And if I wish to stay at home, I think I'd best make haste.
There is a snug place in the woods, far from the eye of man,
And to the sylvan dell I'll haste, with bread and water-can.

"There I can sit and dance and sing, while soldiers search for me,
And when I am sure that they are gone my smiling face you'll see,
I'll mount my noble steed, and haste to call on ladies round,
For there'll be many, without doubt, who are glad I was not found.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!
I know what I shall do.
I'll save my own dear precious self
And let my *country go*!"

This caused unusual mirth. Finally Mr. Bagnell, his daughter Miranda and son John, a few years older than Penelope, were announced by Penelope and Eugenia, who, it seemed, liked to go to the door in the evenings, which was all very well, for the servants wished to be dismissed as soon as tea was over, after the war. Mr. Bagnell and Miranda shook hands all around, Miranda taking a seat near Adelaide and Isabel, whom Algernon joined; Mr. Bagnell, as usual, sitting or standing where he could best

be seen and heard, and they both immediately asked Leo all manner of questions concerning his campaign. John went with Richard and the little girls, Penelope and Eugenia. Leo had heard of Miranda's daring, and in his turn inquired of her jokingly how she had kept the Yankees "from appropriating her pa's molasses."

"Oh, that was easy enough. When I saw the gunboat about to land I thought they (meaning the Federals) were coming after the molasses on the levee waiting to be shipped, and I went out with my pistol, which I usually had about me in those days. Jumping on the first row of barrels, I told the men who came off for the purpose to touch them at the peril of their lives, and they didn't do it either," she said with flashing eyes.

Of course this announcement would have startled a stranger, but Miranda was naturally brave, and having this quality strengthened by her helpless position when her father was off to the war, none of the company were surprised, but rather applauded her spirit.

Mr. Bagnell now said: "This is all very amusing, but I can tell you some heartrending circumstances which happened in Virginia."

The young people listened and caught the intense feelings that were wrenching the hearts of the elders and treasured them in their memories. He went on to tell of a noble old gentleman whom Mr. Random knew well, and who returning when the enemy had retreated after a fight around his cherished home, found the fences leveled and burned, the shade trees cut down in his yard, the fruit trees barked by their

horses as far as they could reach, the gravestones of his loved ones defaced and broken—every evidence of wanton destruction, while in the house the furniture was hacked by axes, the feathers in the beds and pillows scattered on the floors, lard thrown all over them from his storeroom, the family portraits slashed and punctured.

While viewing these evidences of fanaticism, looking into his parlor, where had been an old Colonial mantel, and its over-mirror now lying on the hearth in fragments, he heard a groan, and straining his old eyes discovered a Yankee soldier, wounded and left alone, prone upon his back.

Approaching nearer, he heard him faintly pleading for water. Turning and glancing around on the scene of destruction, he left him, found a vessel, descended the long hill to the spring to bring back the first bucket of water he ever carried in his life, knelt by the side of the enemy, raised his head, placed the fresh water to his lips, and said: "God forgive you." As the sun was dropping behind the Peaks of Otter that evening, with such aid as he could summon, he wrapped the dead soldier in his U. S. blanket and buried him in the corner of his garden.

Mr. Random said it was a hard situation to be placed in, and that it was the right course to have pursued, but how few would have done it, and that he was a veritable apple of gold, one with the utmost polish.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bagnell, shaking his head, his remarks taking a wider range. "The Yankees forced the war on us and have set the negroes free, breaking up an institution with much concrete good

to redeem it, thereby creating a more complex problem, with no reason in its defense, only an abstract theory founded on a false premise of equality, at the cost and sacrifice of so many and better lives that the whole negro race can never redeem the debt."

"Though I do not think," said Mr. Random, "negroes and whites will ever be equal, socially, I do not think war is right, nor do I fully approve of slavery, though it has been the means of elevating and Christianizing savages in a degree, but I think a great injustice has been done us by giving this hoard of ignorant people absolute freedom, depriving us of our vested rights without any sort of compensation, with old and helpless negroes on our hands to be cared for. I think, like John J. Crittenden, arbitration would have been much better than all this mad sacrifice of life and treasure, but this is not the first time in the world's history great wrongs have been done in the name of liberty, and our duty now is to go forward and do what we can to bring order out of the chaos which surrounds us, my friend."

Mr. Bagnell was so eager to speak he could hardly wait for Mr. Random to finish, and as was his habit when excited, he rose from his chair and walked around the room.

"Why, Random! you do not believe in war, *you*? when you let your slaves build railroads and dig nitre for the cause, while you might have raised cotton and sold it at fabulous prices over the border. *You* do not believe in war? Ump!"

"Well, Bagnell, I don't, but I had to be loyal to the South, and do not regret it. I have ever been for

peace and did not think secession would help us—but I did hope to thrash the Yankees, as long as they brought us into it, and go back into the Union of our own accord."

"Well said! Well said! I think better of you, indeed I do. Good night. Come on, Miranda," and with a flourish of his cane he always carried at night he bowed himself out with Miranda in the wake, the latter laughing with all her might at her "pa's" ire. John was to remain all night with Richard.

Algernon saw them to the carriage and thought Miranda's outline, which he saw in the half-light, very charming as he lifted her in. He felt the magic touch of her little gloved hand in saying good-night. The stars looked brighter, the whole world seemed enchanted. When he again entered the room Isabel smiled at the glow still on his countenance. Not that he wore his heart on his sleeve—he was too much like his father for that—but what he did was done with all his heart and soul. The whole Coast knew that Algernon was in love with Miranda—and she? How can any one tell this about a woman like Miranda?

She was slender and pretty, but had a hidden force felt by all who approached her. Mr. Bagnell was fond of his "little girl," as he called her, and she loved the lop-sided old man.

He was a tall, elderly gentleman of the old school. His deep-set eyes were shaded by heavy eyebrows, and the very fly of his coat-tails when walking showed the predominant trait of the man—energy. He was a believer in ghosts, or pretended to be. He could talk for hours about them. He said he never passed

a graveyard one did not jump up and ride with him, he generally using a one-seated open rig. One ghost in particular accompanied him on long drives, telling him where to find a large sum of money hidden on one of his places. He never found the money, but eventually became rich again through industry.

Before going to war he said he went out one dark night with Mrs. Bagnell to hide a couple of thousands. In a suppressed whisper they were discussing the dullness of the implements they had brought along to dig with, and the advisability of getting others, when the following words from the shrubbery over the fence startled them no little:

"Marsteh, yeh want me to git er spade?"

Chapter XI.

THE PUGILIST FIGHT.

Mr. Bagnell was jovial and fond of a joke, high-tempered to a degree, ready to fight when offended, though not quarrelsome, was a great talker, and the superiority of all he possessed was the burden of his conversations. His imagination was so vivid, his harangues were a source of much entertainment. To be considered first in everything was his ambition. Be it having the fastest horses or giving the largest contribution to the church, was much the same to him, and all were ready to listen to his orations without daring to disagree with his dictum. The only person he was ever willing to defer to was Mr. Random, whom he held in the highest esteem. He was very much enthused over a pugilist encounter about to come off on the Gulf Coast in Mississippi, near New Orleans. The Bishop and ministers preached and talked vigorously against the proposed contest, but the excitement of it was too much for a man of Mr. Bagnell's temperament. He went off secretly and viewed the prize-fight with bated breath, and when the vanquished fell it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from taking a hand in his behalf, so it was said.

However, he had seen what he went to see, and had much to tell his hearers in a store of the little village where he spent a part of every day to unburden himself of his ceaseless flow of thought. Among the listeners was an old bachelor whom the young folks called "Cousin Ran," and his intimates called "Ran,"

his real name being Benjamin Franklin Rantiford. He had a small plantation and a nice home, with trees and an old-fashioned garden around it—a sun-dial in the midst—where he sat much of the time when at home, reading his books and papers and entertaining his friends, giving them tea or any other beverage they might fancy.

As for himself, he was so devoted to tea he never went to a friend's for a stay of several days that he did not take along his particular brand, spirit lamp, and kettle, which enabled him to supervise the making himself. "Cousin Ran" was in high favor; whenever he was invited to tea some one was willing to go to the pains of pleasing him in this respect. A pot to his own liking—if it could be had—was set beside his plate. At home a good colored woman and a man waited on him. The only share he took in the housekeeping was to carve some of his watermelon-rind preserves. He etched on them camels and giraffes under palm trees, elephants, peacocks, and the like in such an artistic manner a favored guest hesitated to break the charm by eating, but "Cousin Ran" said they gave him hours of pleasure, and it would only contribute to his enjoyment. He was fond of his friends and gave parties to all ages and sexes, but fonder of his jokes. While he listened to Mr. Bagnell on this occasion and chewed his quid (for he had that bad habit), his wits were at work, and walking away at the finale, he smiled to himself.

Several days after, Mr. Bagnell was standing up gesticulating and spluttering away in the aforesaid store beyond his usual limit, telling his listeners about a letter he had received from the Bishop.

"Hi there, you, Ran!" hallooed Mr. Bagnell, getting out of the door, as he happened to look out and catch a glimpse of him, and waving his arms to him. Cousin Ran drew up expectant, wondering what was coming, and Mr. Bagnell said:

"What do you think? I received a long letter from the Bishop, telling me he was surprised that I had been to a pugilist fight, that I had done wrong, and ought to send him a check to even up things. Get down and I'll show you the letter. I thought I'd slip down there and he never would *know*. I'll be hanged if I know what to say to him!" though he seemed pleased that the Bishop should have singled him out.

In spite of his failings he thought well of religion, and wanted to be a pillar to the church if money could help. He wrote the Bishop in reply making an elaborate excuse, and ended by saying he might balance it up with the enclosed check, a sum of one hundred dollars.

The Bishop answered that it was the first he had heard of it, and returned the check; then Mr. Bagnell knew that he had been tricked, and his wrath was intense.

Not being able to discover the perpetrator he changed his base and went smilingly up to all he met, pretending he thought it such an excellent joke, and only a bright fellow could have done it, and so on, asking *each* if he knew who wrote that letter. But nobody knew. Then the old man indulged in his wrath again. "Cousin Ran" was not a coward, but he was nearly scared out of his senses. He had written the first letter for a joke, trusting to Mr.

Bagnell's egotism to believe in its authenticity, and if Mr. Bagnell discovered it, his shotgun might come in play. He did not want it generally known until Mr. Bagnell's death—did not consider it safe, so his confidants were silent on the subject.

In the winter following the war, Algernon married Miranda and took her to live on his father's other plantation. Mr. Bagnell said *he* had three crests in *his* family and Algernon had only two that he knew of (though he did not think it worth while to mention that Algernon's ranked higher than his), but if Miranda had to marry any one Algernon was the man.

Adelaide left her heart in the Attakapas country when she returned to the White Castle from that place, and not many months following the close of the war a handsome young cavalier in the shape of a Confederate officer—though in citizen's clothes—came to claim her. Isabel had a similar romance and wanted to take the same step as her sister, but Mr. Random said one wedding at a time in the family was enough, and that she was *too* young. Isabel went out and paced the terrace in suppressed excitement. Then she mounted her steed and rode for miles like the wind, whacking right and left at the shrubbery with her riding-whip about the path, when she dismounted an hour later and retired to her room, to be seen no more till next morning.

Her uncle was obdurate, so she told him she would like to take a trip abroad, which he thought better of. She went with some friends to her liking, and remained nearly a year. She was peculiarly fortunate in being able to do this so soon after the war, but Mr. Random, having her means and her sister's in

trust, had invested them in London at the beginning of hostilities.

The most notable experience she had was a ball at the Tuileries Palace, where she was introduced, with some friends, by the American Minister in Paris to Emperor Napoleon III and his graceful and beautiful Empress, Eugénie. She wrote wonderful letters home concerning this function and her other experiences. At the ball the maze of brilliant lights, the mural decorations, the frescoed ceilings and gilded outlines, the tall, high, long ball-rooms, the equerries, guards, pages, footmen, and gorgeous display of every conceivable luxury, made her artistic taste cry out with joy. The music was incomparably delicious, enchanting—there is no adjective to describe it. The Emperor, calm, pale, and dignified, fonder of literature than military tactics, his charming wife's ensemble enriched by her surroundings, jewels, and grand apparel, with their attendants, represented France in her latest glory, he smiling more than his usual wont in sheer joy of the admiration given the beautiful and gracious woman at his side—while she, all life and animation, disabused one of the idea that royalty is stiff and uncompromising when it is not necessary to be so. How travel broadens the mind, throwing us in contact with those we sometimes scorn, only to admire when we meet! Outside, the streets had not two lines of light, merely, as one drove along and as one perceives in most cities, but myriads upon myriads here. The Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, were wonderful to behold.

The Tuileries, as every one knows, was at its zenith at that time—when France was lavish in all that

seeming prosperity and money could acquire, hiding the decay beneath, which not many years afterward developed, and the beautiful Tuileries was mostly destroyed and only partly rebuilt in later years. History says even Queen Victoria, when visiting Napoleon and his Empress in Paris as early as 1856, was charmed with the luxury, beauty, and comfort of the apartments assigned her. The Queen's visit then was most perfect, and no doubt Isabel opened *her* dazzling eyes, though she was a person who took things as her due, and did not think it remarkable that she was enjoying so much. She did admit that she was *terribly* stuck-up afterward, but she was so sweet and natural no one believed her. Her letter, which we have already perused in the opening chapter, tells her thoughts.

Chapter XII.

THE GHOST AT THE D'IBERVILLE'S.

"Penelope! you and John quit talking so much. The ghost will never come if you do not," said Amentine d'Iberville to them as quite a crowd of guests were congregated in the sitting-room of the family residence, awaiting a sign from an expected ghost. Amentine was a friend of Patricia, who was now absent from home.

Some said the ghost first appeared to Mr. Bagnell (who to all appearances believed in the supernatural) and informed him that when he used to roam around with the first d'Iberville he lived in the little house in the back yard at the present d'Iberville's, which was built by the first one for his own comfort; that he still liked to roam, and that he came for no evil purpose, as most people thought ghosts did, but only for companionship, and the first thing anybody knew he was frequently heard knocking around the d'Iberville residence.

Sancho enhanced this story and spread it among the other colored people, and the excitement with hem was great.

On dark nights the darkies would not go near the old d'Iberville house, and had not the negro family living in it not had a pater familias with a very level head the little house would have been closed.

The d'Iberville family were thought by their neighbors to be very charming. Now they had more company than ever—every night the believing and the unbelieving among their associates.

The most of them came out of curiosity at first. Afterward none knew what to think.

"He is not coming, any way," said John Bagnell, Penelope's chum among the boys, "and I am going downstairs to see what all this foolishness is, about his walking up the steps," and was bounding off, boy fashion, when the rector called out:

"Wait a minute, John, I'll go with you."

"Yes, sir," said John, halting at the threshold till the rector caught up, and both went out the door of the room, through the hall to the front gallery, thence into the yard. The steps were high, at the foot of which they awaited the ghost. Presently tip-tip-tip, and so on, was heard by both, though they saw nothing.

John's hair stood on ends almost. His bravery had departed, but he made no sign of it. The minister's voice was husky when he said:

"Come on, John," taking John's cold hand in his, "let's follow," which invitation was accepted with alacrity.

John had an investigating turn of mind, but needed a man's experience and steadiness of nerve to carry out his determination.

On they went, following the "tip-tip" up the steps, over the gallery, across the front door, on through the door leading to where the assembled company stood in almost total darkness, the rector still clasping John's hand firmly, appreciating his endeavor to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"If the ghost is present, pull Mrs. Random's skirt," said Amentine.

A scream from Mrs. Random showed that the ghost had obeyed.

When this excitement had subsided, a great crash, as though a window in the room were shattered, reverberated through the place. This had a tendency to make all present nervous.

"Miss Clemence," said Winnie, Madame d'Iberville's maid to her, with the privilege of an old servant, as she came quickly but quietly in, "You better let dat ghos' 'lone, he schuying Miss Celeste to deaf, she's gittin thinner and thinner evehy day heahing about him; she's in bed now cryin' en wants you."

"I'll go, too," said Penelope, who was devoted to her friend Celeste, as Madame d'Iberville excused herself.

"Oh, mamma, I hear the ghost walking round and round my bed. I do not like him, he scares me so."

Madame d'Iberville took one hand and Penelope the other.

"I do not believe it is any ghost," said Penelope to comfort her, though she was impressed by it.

"It is something, anyway, or people would not be coming here so much to hear it," Celeste gasped between her sobs.

"It could not have been here," said Madame d'Iberville. "It was in the sitting-room when you thought you heard it walking around you."

"What is all this, Clemence?" said Monsieur d'Iberville, who had just come in from a little business he had driven to a friend's to attend to, as he went first to his wife's room, where she, Celeste, and Penelope were.

"Oh, papa! the ghost is haunting me," cried Celeste as soon as she heard his voice, "send it away."

Just then Winnie, who had gone for a drink, came in.

"Yes, Marster, de Bible done say have nothin' to do wid fumillia speerits. Send him away."

"If there are such beings as spirits, Winnie, they are not necessarily evil ones. It may be some poor fellow wanting to be comforted, but if Celeste is getting ill over it I will send him where the little girl of the family likes him better. Cheer up, sweet," said he, kissing her and patting her cheek, "Penelope and Winnie will take care of you while mamma and I go in to see how we can dispose of the ghost."

Celeste was not their own child, but the child of Monsieur d'Iberville's dead sister, taken very young at the death of her mother, her father having died first, but they loved her well and she was happy, having known or remembered no other parents, though she kept her father's name, La Farge.

As the two entered the room, Monsieur d'Iberville turned up the lamps and shook hands all around, asking the guests to be seated.

"Oh, papa," said Amentine, "you scare away the ghost; lower the lights again."

"That is just what I have come to do, to scare away the ghost, and I will not turn down the lights," he said with decision.

"Why, everybody seems entertained," said Amentine.

"Yes, it is very pleasant for a person of my social nature to have my neighbors around me every evening, and I hope they will continue to come, but this ghost business—whatever it is—must be stopped as far as our family is concerned; it is making Celeste

too nervous, and I fear the remainder of us will get into the same state if we do not discourage it."

Here Mrs. Random spoke up and said she agreed with M. d'Iberville, and that she and her family would never again mention the ghost to Celeste.

"Tut, tut, d'Iberville," sniffed Mr. Bagnell, "can you not teach Celeste that the ghost is some poor soul needing rest, and still let him come?"

"No!" answered Monsieur d'Iberville. "I have done all I could in that way, and I do not want to lose my child or make her a nervous woman."

"Ah, d'Iberville, maybe you are right—maybe you are right," shaking his head. Mr. Bagnell loved children, and softened when their troubles were mentioned.

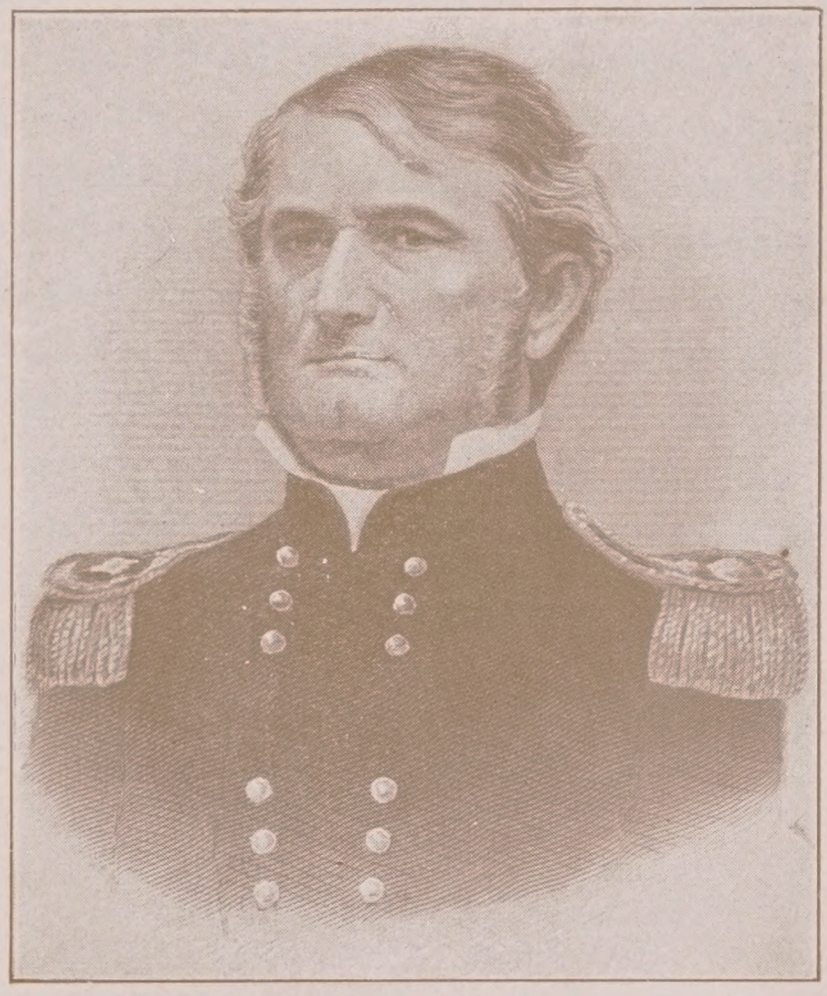
Just then Winnie and Chloe brought in refreshments (fresh iced figs with sugar, cream, and cakes), Penelope staying with Celeste, and having her there the ghost was forgotten for the time. There were no more meetings to hear the ghost, and he appeared no more among the family.

Amentine loved Celeste and gave up the excitement for her sake, with some grumbling, but Celeste was always more or less nervous or timid and never altogether lost the effect of it.

No one ever discovered how the ghost originated. Even John and the rector still wonder.

Some said Amentine was a ventriloquist, as the ghost had appeared in summer, when the windows were up. Others wondered if she had not done it with her riding-whip.

Some said it was a real ghost, and had disappeared because it was not welcome. They called it "he"



BISHOP POLK.

because Mr. Bagnell talked so much about a male ghost, and the presumption was that this was the same fellow.

Sancho said he "seen him often afterwards at night sittin' up in Mr. Bagnell's buggy waitin' fer him to come out at de White Castle to drive home wid him en talk."

Also said: "Nothin' on earth would'a made him stay roun' dar till Mr. Bagnell come out de house at de White Castle 'cept dat dime he always ghin him," that he turned his back to keep from seeing the ghost, but he could not help from peeping sometimes, and "de ghost would be turnen summersets" all over the terrace, waiting for Mr. Bagnell, "den if he (the ghost) felt like he could'n wait no longer he ring de front doh bell, en when dey come to de doh dey didn't seem to be nobody dar, but it would start Mr. Bagnell."

Chapter XIII.

A FEW YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

In the course of a few years prospects began to brighten for the planters, as far as getting up their places was concerned; but the negroes, getting accustomed to their freedom and influenced by the demoralizing politics of the day, became lazier each year and imposed on their former masters, refusing to work if they did not feel in the humor, though they lived in the owner's cottages and raised their stock and fowl at his expense, finding it easy to subsist (which was the only ambition of most of them) with a cottage, garden, stock, and fowls in a balmy climate.

They lounged around luxuriously, hanging over fences as is their way to this day, strolled leisurely over the green fields, wandered aimlessly through the woods, picked the banjo, and thought life at last worth living. The planters were not in circumstances to afford such trifling, and did not value their own lives very highly if such proceedings continued to be the order of the day, and searching far and near for more ambitious tillers of the soil, finally availed themselves of some Chinese coolies who seemed to be giving satisfaction in the West Indies and California.

To give them a trial, at any rate, would be no less disastrous than the present situation, and in due time a large number were installed on many of the plantations at very high wages, always in gold, and one of the number was paid to do the cooking. These worked in gangs of from twenty to forty, or

even fifty; wore Chinese costumes, carried tea to the fields, and drank it all day instead of water. They always had a kite flying, and took it to the fields with them. This kite had a bow on it. When the kite darted around the bow-string, made a noise, then the Chinese all looked up and said something.

At night the kite was tied to the gable of the house. Inside they had a little joss with a taper burning before him at all hours, and when any one of them died they covered the grave, or mound, with cooked food. The house they occupied at the White Castle stood in the pasture, and the hogs had gotten under it, infesting it with fleas.

A Chinaman went to the overseer and told him there was "too muchee buggee" in that house. When the overseer finally understood what was meant, he asked him why he did not catch them. The Chinaman replied: "Too muchee jumpee." The Chinamen did not answer the purpose. If they found the crop in grass, or grinding season coming on, they did not regard their contracts, but struck for higher wages. They thought so much of their comfort they used fans continually. Even when they were plowing they had them stuck up their backs, under the shirt, where they could conveniently reach them.

About twenty of them would crowd in three rooms, making their bunks over each other against the wall, with a piece of matting put down for a mattress, and two blocks joined by a plank for a pillow. They ate with chop-sticks out of a bowl and used benches either side of a long table—instead of chairs—squatting upon them. They ate rice principally, and anything else they could find. Some turkeys

died of cholera. Upon their request for them being granted, the Chinese cook served them for a meal. Excuse the feeling this gives rise to, but it is true.

All meats were chopped fine and cooked in a pot together. Instead of skinning a rabbit, the cook singed all the hair off and stewed it. There was trouble with house servants, too. In most families the old ones left sooner or later, "to taste of their freedom"—as they termed it—which the very sight of "old Marsteh and Mistis" kept some from realizing, and a change of scene was thought necessary to complete the happy dream.

There was a gradual awakening, and after many changes a large part returned to their old homes and sought employment with their own "white folks"—as they expressed it—whose ways they understood.

But the change of condition left many vacancies, and their efficiency without control was gone. The most of them were like so many children, and could not take care of themselves. During the upheaval of this change a friend of Mrs. Random's, having two "little niggers" sent her to hire, inquired of them what they could do.

Lady: "Can you cook?"

Darkies in chorus: "No, marm."

Lady: "Can you wait on the table?"

Darkies in chorus: "No, marm."

Lady: "Can you sew?"

Darkies in chorus: "No, marm."

Lady, in a fit of desperation: "What can you do?"

Brightest darky: "We neveh done nothin', 'cep Mandy hyeh, she kept flies off ol' Miss en I hunt ol' Marsteh's specs."

Lady, soliloquizing: "What have I come to? I can no longer 'say to a man,' with St. Matthew's centurion, 'go, and he goeth, and to another, come, and he cometh.'" What did she do? Why, she went to work, like a brave woman that she was, and did it herself until she found servants who knew something about the matter. Of course, it was extremely hard at first on delicate hands and feet, but what else could she do?

After having been accustomed to doing a few things only, in their slave days, it was a difficult task to teach the negroes to do a variety of chores, which was necessary, as they wanted good wages, and few planters, if any, could afford just after such a disastrous calamity as the Civil War to indulge in as many servants as formerly, and it yet remains to be seen how this perplexed question is to be untangled.

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My heroine was not a model child; she was once known to say "damn it" when Phoemie caught hold of her to smooth her curls for dinner—her hair was so curly and tangled, and Phoemie may not have been as gentle as she ought. However, Phoemie thought it only an indication of superior wit, and related it afterward with great gusto in the kitchen, being more considerate in the future.

Patricia *would* go horseback riding when her mother repeatedly said she was too small, and insisted on boarding the boys' raft in the bayou. The water was not deep enough to drown any one, but she usually came in wet and muddy from one of these adventures. She could scale a tree

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like a cat later on, and the nursery-maid said she was the ringleader of the gang—meaning the children she played with.

She envied Phoemie the skillful manner in which she picked a live snake up by the tail and whacked its head against a tree, bringing certain death at one blow, but I do not know that she ever tried to emulate this hazardous feat. However, she was kind and merry; life was one grand sunbeam for her. Her melodious laugh rang out the joy of her heart from morn till night, unconsciously gladdening the hearts of others.

At this stage of my narrative, as a friend of mine expressed it, "she had attained an age when a young girl is just budding into womanhood, and is attracting unusual attention. The little curls grew lightly around her forehead, the waving tendrils framed her brow—neither blond nor yet brunette, but with a clear fair skin, a healthy red in her cheeks, eyes full of honesty and laughter—the eyes that belong to the girl, pure, sweet, and warm-hearted."

Patricia had a soul in her eyes. She was tall and graceful, even at this age; her head rested nobly on her perfect neck. With a sparkling vivacity there was a singular softness that fanned the flame of many admiring hearts, and her parents saw fit to transplant this opening rose, for fear it would bloom too soon and fade ere it had reached maturity, or be plucked by some ruthless hand ere it knew its own value, but Patricia was stronger-hearted than her mother even knew of. When she was only seven years of age she made a resolve to be good, no matter what came, and I shall let her tell her own

life, or as much of it as she chooses, as we can better judge of her temptations and struggles in attaining the desired end.

She had been christened from a silver bowl (an old family piece) by an intimate friend of the family, Bishop Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana, that tall, dignified, handsome, beneficent Christian soldier, who thought God had given him "a charge to keep" in fighting for the South, and who, as all know, became a great General during the Civil War—dying for the cause.

Patricia had been blessed at her mother's request before leaving for school by the daughter of Mrs. Lawrence Lewis (Nelly Custis), the daughter being an intimate friend of her mother's, and she had been confirmed by the lovable, venerable Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana. Altogether, she intended to profit by these favors if it were in her power, and after the death of each resolved to so rule her life that each might be proud of her attitude here, should one be able to look down unseen upon weak humanity below. She felt that they were watching her; that they were holding her up to the mark, and she hoped that in the future, if not then (she thought in her innocency), to merit the love they had for her when living.

BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER I.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY."

"Will you go down to dinner with me?" said a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked damsel at my elbow, as I was standing among a crowd of girls at the head of the stairs leading to the refectory of a large, select boarding school in the North, that our Southernized Yankee rector, whom we all loved at home, had recommended to my parents, and who though a red-hot Southerner after dwelling in the South for several years, still remembered some good things he had seen in the North. The girl mentioned above was a Northern girl, and her name was Helen Hancock. I had been here but a few hours; not long enough to make any selection of friends, but she being one that would attract attention in a crowd, I accepted the proffered arm, which was soon put around my waist, I following suit; so here we were, a little Confederate and a little Yankee embracing one another, only a few years after the war. In this manner one of my lifelong friends was made. Later she introduced me to her cousin, Ethel Banks, and we formed a trio of friendship. It is so much easier to make a friend than to give one up, should one discover her afterward undesirable, that I took my mother's advice in parting, and was rather chary of falling right in with strangers at once, but I have ever been glad that I followed

here my animal instincts, which, according to Mr. Darwin, we all possess (?) to a certain degree.

After grace had been said and we were all seated at the tables, I took the opportunity to observe my surroundings, as I had not yet caught the drift of the favorite topics of the girls present and was not much interested in their chatter, though I did not mind in the least seeing things lively, for I had heard that at some schools the girls were not permitted to speak at table, and I did not doubt that I would do my full share later on.

There were three immense tables, arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, at which far more than a hundred girls were seated every day.

I did not know whether to feel honored or not, according to my way of thinking, when the girls told me that Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, had been educated here, but imagined from the gusto with which it was told that I *ought* to feel so. In due time they also made me aware of the fact that it was the first girls' school which England had recognized as a *school* in the United States, and tried to emphasize it by getting one of the teachers to show me some pieces of silver for the church we attended in the village, which had been presented by Her Royal Highness, Queen Anne, she having taken an interest in the church, with which the school seemed connected.

Whether either of the Queens had anything to do with it or not, I was very happy there. Possibly their good angels inspired me with a wholesome feeling, for we read of the worthiness of both.

There were hard lessons to be learned and a difficult course to be pursued, rules to be obeyed for the

easy working of the school system, and I can truly say I never saw such a well-regulated household, nor can I imagine a better. The teachers commanded our respect by their learning and refinement, and the girls, catching their courtesy, were companionable and obliging. I never felt more at home anywhere.

About every six weeks a concert was given, and soon after my arrival I was called upon to play on the piano as a test of my ability and progress, rather more than for the pleasure they knew I might impart, I imagined, but I awoke next morning to find myself quite famous among the girls as far as their appreciation of my music was concerned, and after receiving some nice compliments from the teachers I was translated to the parlor for my music lessons, which was the acme, and the professor was to instruct me. Not until then did I realize what my German professor at home had meant when he called me a "fine performer." And as the years roll on I appreciate it more and more, for it was so much more genuine than the hollow praises of the outer world, that are more often prompted by selfish motives than from a true knowledge of the subject.

Many and many a time did a friend break the rules and slip in my music-room during practicing hours to hear what she said she *thought* was the sweetest *voice* in the world—though I did not pride myself on that—and in my innocent vanity, reader, I sometimes wished I could—for awhile—be some one else for the purpose of listening to myself, I loved music so. In after life, when my heart at times was sore with the ways of the world, and hope forbade me be sure there was a better, it was a comfort and solace, also a

spur, to look upward, to revert to the life I had led at this institution, based entirely upon the footsteps of "The Master," each rewarded first for her goodness or pretty conduct, next for her intellect, drawing out all that was noblest and best in each individual. And I honor the strong men and women who took the lead in this good work; forming women who developed a fine principle, a self-poise and an equanimity which dreads no future, shirks no duty, but ever looks with trusting heart for the glories which await them beyond and the "well done, thou good and faithful servant," which after the pomps and vanities of the world have been tasted seems the true pleasure.

Of course, the Northern girls wanted to know all about bloodhounds and ku-kluxes, and really viewed me with wide-open eyes when I asseverated that I had never seen any, and I really believe I lost a part of my prestige from my assertion of the fact. They wanted to know if our houses were plastered, if we had oysters and ice in the South. I wondered if I looked such a Hottentot, to elicit such surmises.

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Flags were flying, and the usual demonstrations of the Fourth of July were in progress. As the South had not taken much interest in it since the war, I was not enthusiastic, but simply looked forward to a holiday which had some pleasant functions in view —nice walks and talks, free from the usual restrictions of school life, on what we called "The Circle," a large plot of ground at the back of the building, with a lengthy walk sweeping around. After breakfast and

the usual morning services we went over in a body to the Bishop's residence, a few doors from ours, by invitation. This was always one of the features of the Fourth, and a pleasant one.

I had often looked up at the noble edifice in passing along the walk on the green sward of the banks of the curbed river, and wished I might ramble through it. The tower above it made it enticing, and lent a romance which is always alluring to youth. The gracious lady, the Bishop's wife, was at the door to receive us, and we wandered around freely downstairs, admiring our surroundings, then went out to the lawn by the back door, where we walked about till noon if we wished, or passed on back to the school again. I never got up in the tower, though. The Bishop's wife was amiable to a degree and would have taken me there, no doubt, but I hesitated to have any seeming partiality shown me. After dinner we went out under the trees. Helen Hancock and Ethel Banks, my chums, and myself were arm-in-arm walking along discussing the different affairs of the day when I noticed the United States flag floating over our path, but we had not yet reached it. Stopping suddenly, I told them I was not going under "that flag." I always wanted to be courteous, and up to this time I had said or done nothing (which could be noticed) to dash cold water on the day. They both seemed surprised, and said that they did not know I had any such foolish prejudices. I said: "It was *no prejudice*, but a *principle* with me," and that I would walk around it and meet them on the other side, proceeding to do so. Some other girls coming along, my decision was communicated to

them, as I walked slowly myself around, outside of the flag, for I was interested to know what the outcome would be, and listened the while.

By the time I reached the other side my weakness, if they chose to call it such—though it required much strength of purpose—was known all over the grounds, I could tell by the commotion.

As Helen and Ethel now hastened up to join me, a shout of applause from a sprinkling of Southern girls, who had been indifferent or devoid of daring before, greeted me, and the Northern girls said I was right plucky and that they did not mind, though some of them tried to pull me under the flag for fun, and others slyly endeavored to make me forget and walk under, but I was wary and never did. Still I wondered what the teachers might think when it got to their ears, as most everything did. One of them was kind enough to say if I adhered to every principle in future as firmly as I had to this she had no fears for me. She being the *leader*, I was much relieved, as I did not wish to hurt any one's feelings.

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It was too warm to go South in summer after a winter North, so I remained there, and the latter part of my vacation was spent in company with Helen and Ethel. The former's life was much interwoven with my own, and I shall now describe her. Blue were her eyes and black her hair, with the fair complexion one sometimes finds in this combination, lithe, willowy, and laughter-loving; a mouth a little small, but well shaped, and might have been an atom—mind, just an atom—sweeter if she had shown her white teeth more when she

smiled. For occasionally when one caught a glimpse of the lower ones, they were as evenly set as little pomegranate seeds in their cells, and looked as wholesome and dainty.

Ethel was more handsome than beautiful. Her character was lovely and superior, and I only say less about her because Helen has more to do with my story. Ethel's parents were among the most charming people I ever met—in daily life carrying out the Gospel, yet were so bright and free from that cant and assumption which makes some religious people so oppressive and devoid of influence. While they enjoyed beautiful things, they encouraged one to be beautiful within.

Now, oh reader! did you really ever consider how difficult it must be to describe one's self? Think of it and deal leniently with me, and remember that for every good point mentioned, there may be an indifferent one to balance it, though I am too good a friend of my own to divulge it. My complexion rewarded the nursery-maid for chasing me over the yard at home, in the sunny South, to keep my sun-bonnet on, which she frequently threatened to sew on to keep in place, and my mouth was perhaps too ready to smile. At school I was surprised to hear that my features were classic in repose. At home, when a child, I made so many grimaces I was repeatedly reminded that my face would assume some of those grotesque shapes if I did not desist. But you can imagine my horror when one of the girls at boarding-school asked me if my teeth were false. At first I thought it an insult, but my curiosity getting the better of the other feeling, after a flash

of anger (which I swallowed)—I asked her "Why?" She had the tact to reply: "Because they look so even and pearly." Some one had said that my hair had "that tinge which the air takes at eve in September, when night lingers lone through a vineyard, from beams of a slow-setting sun."

I had one feature, however, which I knew the full value of—my dainty foot. In this day and generation, oh, would I had more substantial feet! My personal charms (?) had already been the subject of lovers' ditties, as young as I was, but lovers are partial, so I shall not bore the amiable reader with their notions of me, but consider Helen's charms and tell you I was not surprised when Dr. Leigh, the most desirable parti about, fell a victim to them. How could it be otherwise than mutual? Nous verrons.

One day while at Ethel's an invitation came for us to take tea that night with a neighbor. She had a nice home, was fond of good company, and of course had many friends. We accepted, and had happy anticipations, as it is with the young. An hour we spent curling and twisting our hair, now this way, now that, to arrange it becomingly; another hour adorning our persons, and must have been rewarded for our pains.

We had no lack of attention that night, for there were others invited; some coming in later. Helen was more than brilliant—her beautiful eyes danced with fun, her rich, soft locks were confined by a golden shaft in a loose coil at the back, and a bright glow flickered upon her damask cheek as her interest was excited. Dr. Leigh was surely fascinated and

entangled in the meshes of her charms, but Helen—alas! her little imp of badness must have whispered in her ear; I never saw her so coquettish, so flippantly engaging. She was singing love-songs at the piano for the delectation of rather an interesting dude (fops, such beings were called in those days), and looking into his eyes the while as though her own expressed the musical sentiments. Now, this may have been harmless in itself, as viewed by some, but Dr. Leigh was watching, and did not relish it one bit. From previous manifestations, he thought he had a right to presume *he* was the favored one.

In my zeal to recover what seemed her lost ground in his esteem, I sauntered toward the piano, making it convenient to accidentally overturn a chair near the dude, hoping to create a diversion, but as he turned hurriedly to replace the chair, being nearest to it, the legs touched an easel standing near, and down it came, whirling the picture on the fop and striking him such a blow that he fell over on the piano-stool, from which Helen had just bounded, and for a minute seemed stunned. To make matters worse, Helen pretended to be unduly concerned about the fate of her luckless friend, and Dr. Leigh looked graver than ever.

Much to my satisfaction afterward, when I had the opportunity to think of it, neither the easel nor picture were damaged and were set up again by some thoughtful persons, while I apologized for my awkwardness. By the way, the picture was a rare one, having been evolved from some ingenious Mexican mind, and was made entirely of different colored feathers, representing a beautiful landscape.

At the time of the accident there was an awful pause and a shriek from Helen, while the dude lay sprawling on the floor. I was so much concerned it did not take me more than a minute to bring a glass of ice-water. On my return the silence was changing into a moment of excitement, and I saw Dr. Leigh bending over the young man as I approached with the water.

The hero soon revived enough to go upstairs, with Dr. Leigh's assistance, and I followed in the wake to know the utmost of my share in the incident or catastrophe, and stood outside the chamber door awaiting Dr. Leigh. Not long after he came out, stopping and telling me kindly not to be uneasy, that "Richard would soon be himself again."

As soon as the guests found that it was nothing more than a slight cut on the forehead they were relieved, and the youthful ones began to titter over the comical appearance their young friend had made; the place grew lively once more. Dr. Leigh seemed suddenly more than charmed with *my* society, and went so far as to escort me home. He had not come with any of us. It was early when we entered the house, and we needed no escort. Helen, Ethel, and I had come together, but it had been surmised by me that he would be Helen's escort home.

Chapter II.

A HASTY EXIT.

The next day, Ethel wishing to finish a book she was reading, Helen and I went for a stroll, and who should we meet but Dr. Leigh. I bowed most cordially, hoping he would join us, that I might get the two together and leave them on some pretext that my brain must devise in the meantime.

He greeted us pleasantly enough, but looked at *me* and walked by *my* side instead of Helen's. She became quite silent at this unexpected turn in affairs; she had never dreamed of me as a rival. After inquiring about the welfare of the hero of last night's exploit I tried to extricate myself from this unfavorable position, and got up some excuse to go into a store on the opposite side of the street.

"One moment, Miss Random; may I have the pleasure of taking you for a drive to-morrow afternoon?" he whispered as the sudden start on my part threw us a little ahead of Helen.

What should I do? I did not wish her to feel that it gave me pleasure to accept attentions from her supposed lover, and having no plausible excuse to give I hesitated and made some remark to the effect that I did not trust his horses, and turned away with rapid strides. Looking behind me, I saw Helen tearing after me, and not seeing the Doctor I said to her when she came up: "What has become of Dr. Leigh?"

"I do not know and I do not care," she said quite coolly, and tried to appear very indifferent all the

way, but I do not believe she slept much that night, as I heard her tossing on her pillow; it was an unusually warm night, which may have accounted for it, however.

There had been a slight shower in the early morning, only to make a beautiful day, and I wondered if he would come and what I should do in such an event. I tried to get up a headache, but never felt better in my life, and in the afternoon I longed for a drive, but I longed more for the renewed love and trust of my sweet friend, and while pondering upon the matter I heard a tap upon my door.

Presently in walked Bridget, the maid, bearing a deliciously cool looking cluster of roses. I peeped through the blinds before taking them and saw the grays, and my heart yearned.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," said a small voice within. "I think you are mistaken, Bridget; are you sure they are for me?" I took them and looked at the card; on it simply Dr. Leigh's name. What a temptation to send the flowers to Helen, who was in the next room with the door ajar, and let her go down; he would be obliged to ask her to drive, but I was afraid of complicating matters, as I had done not long since.

I went down, on Bridget's assuring me that they were for me and he insisted on my going; for appearance' sake I went. Oh, those grays! How they pawed and pranced! But I felt as though I was doing something mean, so tender was my conscience. The wondering how Helen felt alloyed my pleasure. My joy in the drive, however, must have peeped out, for presently Dr. Leigh said:

"You do not seem to be afraid of horses after all. We are spinning along now at a rapid rate, and there is not an atom of fear anywhere about you. You are as expert in making excuses as you are in overturning easels and other things."

"For shame!" I cried. "How dare you reproach a penitent sinner?"

Looking intently at me, he said: "You tried to mend matters, but you turned the wheel of fortune in a better direction at all events, and I thank you for your share in it, else I would never have known the nobility of your character."

"What has an accident to do with the nobility of one's character?" I replied. The grays were going more slowly now and we were getting out into the country.

"Accident, indeed!" Then he whipped up the grays with a short, quick snap, like a man does when he has nothing more to say on an irritating subject, though I thought it a pity to make the poor *horses* suffer.

I treated all his compliments on the way with mockery. When he left me at my friend's door he wore a grim smile. But he came often after this, and my conscience reproaches me for all the fabrications I invented to keep out of his way.

One morning the other girls were out, Helen now naturally being more with Ethel, and I went to the library to get a book, not knowing that Dr. Leigh had just entered, for as Bridget went up one stairway to announce his arrival I came down the other.

"Excuse me, Dr. Leigh, I had no idea you were here!" I said, very much surprised, as I saw him coming toward me from the front room.

"No, I can not excuse you; you have been excusing yourself too often already, and when Bridget told me you were the only one in I knew then I would get the opportunity to say what I wanted." Going to the door between the two rooms, after returning with me to the other room, he closed and leaned against it, caught me by the hand so that I could not get away without making a fuss and attracting attention.

"If you think you are serving another in avoiding me, you are mistaken," he said. "What do you care for her opinion? She is not worthy the consideration of a sweet woman like you. Would she have appreciated me? and do you think I shall ever again subject myself to her freaks?"

He exhibited great excitement and I trembled for him, and realized in that moment that it was *pride*, and not *love*, that had turned the wheel in my direction, and was just about to tell him so, but he drowned my words in his vehemence.

"At first I fancied her; first thoughts are not *always* the best, and though you have thrown every obstacle in my way I am too much in earnest to be so easily thwarted. Will you be my wife?"

"No! no!" I screamed, under my breath. "It can never be!" I felt an instinctive desire to escape, and looked anxiously around. We were still near the door of the adjoining room through which I had entered, and he was bending over my still fettered hand when the other door leading into the hall opened, and I was so overcome at the sight of the object there I knew no more for many minutes.

Chapter III.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

When I first became conscious, I saw Dr. Leigh leaving the room and my hostess, Ethel's mother, sitting near me, while I lay on the lounge.

My first thought was of what had transpired—of what I had seen in the doorway ; that noble face, which vanished as quickly as it came, had a hurt look upon it that stabbed me to the heart. Had I believed in ghosts I would verily have thought this was one.

I wondered what reason I could give those around me for having fainted. I concluded to tell Dr. Leigh the secret, for such it was, and get him to explain everything satisfactorily without betraying me. I would beg him to attribute it to indisposition, for Helen and Ethel had gone to pass the day with a relative, and knew I was not well enough to take the long drive. Bridget, being fresh from Ireland, must have indicated the door without opening it and passed on, for she did not appear at any time.

All this I thought in a shorter time than it takes to relate, and asking quickly for Dr. Leigh, he re-entered the room. I asked him in my hostess' presence to remain with me until I should feel better, and requested her to bring me a glass of water. As soon as she left us I hurriedly asked him not to tell what he might have suspected, but to give some trivial reason for my swoon, and that I would tell him more at a suitable time, which soon came.

I found I had made a faux pas, for in the excitement he had not noticed anything; not wishing him to think it more unusual than it really was, I told him with much hesitancy that previous to my leaving home I had a lover, but my parents thought me too young to come to a decision on that subject, and would allow no engagement until I should finish school; that we did not correspond, and that I was taken off my guard completely seeing him appear and vanish in a moment. Dr. Leigh seemed a little incredulous, but promised not to betray me, and made me feel that he was my friend, though he seemed much downhearted at such a turn to affairs.

. . . . . .

A week afterward my lover came again. This time he sent me a card. The girls were all excitement to know who he was, but I did not gratify them; I was in such haste to get down I simply threw them the card, and asking Bridget to get me some rose geranium and a few rose buds, I decked myself out in some finery. Though I flattered myself I had little vanity, I looked in my mirror with some complacency. My dress was pure white, the sleeves disclosing arms he had always insisted were the most beautiful in the world, and I went forth dreaming of nothing but success.

"Oh, Miss," said Bridget in her inimitable brogue, "how beautiful you are!" as I met her with the flowers.

In another moment I discovered that I was in the presence of a still angry lover, which it took but a glance to know, so I advanced without a word and offered him the flowers, which I thought was

making concessions, as I knew I was not in the least to blame.

He did not appear to notice the flowers, but said in an injured manner: "You have ruined my life."

Roused in every fiber, I retorted: "How dare you talk so to me? If you cared for me you would listen to me."

"The tableau explained itself," he returned angrily.

"Very well, if you are satisfied, I am," and I had just turned to leave the room when I saw my hostess coming to us from the opposite room with Dr. Leigh; so I had to introduce "my friend, Mr. Harold Page, from the South," while I glanced at Dr. Leigh, who understood, though maintaining his composure, but my lover's eyes flashed as he measured him from head to foot, though unobserved by the others.

At that moment dinner was announced, and my hostess pressed Harold so cordially to remain he could but do so. Helen and her cousin entered while this interchange of politeness was going on; he being introduced to them, they immediately relieved me by taking possession of him.

At the table he was seated between Helen and me. I had Dr. Leigh on the other side of me, who already knew enough to observe matters were not as they should be between us, but Harold acted the well-bred gentleman, and made himself very agreeable to all except Dr. Leigh, whom he scarcely appeared to notice after the formal introduction, hardly recognizable though, by those not looking for it, so nice were his distinctions.

In truth I never admired him more. His eyes were dark and mellow, with a latent fire in them which animated conversation developed; his curling lashes were brown, as well as his hair, which fell in short ripples over his well-shaped head; his features of the Grecian type; a soft, brown mustache.

The poise of his head combined elegance with ease, which with a surpassingly fine physique and a most graceful carriage, in a youth just in the bloom of manhood, made him appear in the eyes of a maiden the symbol of manly excellence—a very Apollo.

To elderly ladies his deferential courtesy was most pleasing, and in him the gentlemen recognized a true worth which won them completely. To all appearance, I was not paying much attention to what he was saying, and perhaps encouraged Dr. Leigh a trifle for the first time, but while I paid much attention to the well-turned sentences of the latter, I kept an ear open for my lover's words, whose manners were such to me no one would have suspected that he was my lover, so well did he act his part, and had there not been an undercurrent of coolness to Dr. Leigh, I truly believed the Doctor would have thought me jesting about our love affair. As well as I could judge from the conversation, it seemed Harold was traveling through the North, and took me in at the start.

After dinner, Dr. Leigh, elated by my unusually pleasant manner to himself, asked me to walk out on the lawn. We went out and sat on a bench.

"Your lover (emphasis on the lover) seems to know how to play the agreeable to the ladies," he curtly said.

"Remarkably so," I added, "and Helen seems much pleased with him," with a searching glance.

"Yes, some ladies are always pleased with a new toy."

From me, "It is natural for one to like variety."

"So it seems; you ladies can not get along without it," he said a little bitterly. And I, with a curl of my lip:

"You gentlemen, too, seem to like it quite well."

While we were exchanging lances Oliver Gorden, a young English officer whom we all liked, came in just as I made my last remark, and called out gayly:

"What are you two fencing about? In the name of Her Majesty the Queen I have come to arrest you for riotous conduct."

"I thank you," I rejoined, "I owe no allegiance to your Queen."

"Miss Random, where's your usual graciousness? I wonder if your sweetheart has deserted you. If he has, I shall be rejoiced to take his place."

"I would not have you under any consideration," I cried, and walked into the house, taking a seat at the piano, trying to pound out my ill-humor on the keys. I could have choked myself for the blush I felt mantling my cheeks, instead of replying laughingly to Oliver's facetious remarks.

Gradually they all came in, for they had followed Dr. Leigh and myself out on the lawn. I played on until Harold arose to say good-by. I stopped then but did not rise, and every second would strike a note here and there at random, wishing to appear very indifferent, but I heard him tell Helen that he would go South in a few weeks, and after making a

few polite speeches in regard to the pleasant time he had had (I thought of the scene in the parlor not long since), and bidding Helen farewell with a cordial shake of the hand, as well as the others, came over to me (I had by this time risen from the piano) and offered me his hand, for the sake of appearances, I was quite sure.

"Good-by," I said, taking it with supreme indifference.

"Good-by," he said coldly, and passed out of my sight without looking at me.

"You do not seem to appreciate your friend, Patricia," said Helen to me in Dr. Leigh's presence just afterward, "I think he is delightful."

"Yes, he is a perfect gentleman," I said demurely, for by this time I had cooled down some.

"Where does he live, and how long have you known him, Patty?" inquired Ethel.

"He is a young planter living not far from us, and I have known him from my childhood," I answered most naturally.

"Strange you never mentioned him before. If I had known him I would have been talking about him ever since," put in Helen. All laughed but Dr. Leigh.

Chapter IV.

"I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE."

My vacation was over and I returned to school. The months went slowly by until the end of the school year again. I was told by the principal some time before that I had been chosen valedictorian, an honor conferred as a reward of merit. This had been hinted to me by the scholars, but I had never once thought of such a thing, and was more surprised at first than gratified—such an undertaking! I thought.

But I soon realized the value of it, for father, who came on in time to hear it, said how much he appreciated the honor. And the idea of my being the first among so many, and most of them Yankees, too, made his heart swell with pride. I was finally aroused to the pleasure of the situation when I received so many warm congratulations upon my essay, which I had feared might be a very ordinary affair.

After many sad farewells I bid adieu to those pleasant associations, and started with father to complete my education by travel.

I wanted him to take me straight home, but he did not think it advisable for me to go during the heat of summer after being so long North, and concluded by quoting a passage from his favorite Shakespeare to the effect that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and we must travel until it got cooler.

Among other things, he told me Harold was going to Europe, and had come to bid them good-by, and

looked at me keenly though furtively; but I was my father's own daughter and never a sign made I, though I was quite stunned at the announcement.

Whenever I had allowed myself to dwell upon this subject, I looked for a reconciliation among the old haunts and trysting-places, where the mocking-birds sing so sweetly and help to inspire one's heart with hope and cheer. And now! Why, I thought something very naughty. I wished Dr. Leigh had never been born. He was put in the world simply to annoy me and for no other purpose, because he was of no benefit to himself or any one else except the sick, and in an evil hour I doubted his worth to them.

But the hopefulness of youth and the diversion of travel kept me up. Father said he found me quite a congenial companion, as I truly did him.

Toward the latter end of our trip, while traveling through New York, we tarried at a beautiful spot to rest a day or two and get some glimpses of country life. We had heard of the place through the recommendation of friends, and knew we would find good accommodations.

As the train pulled up, the sun had just begun to glow upon the mountain tops, casting a golden light over the high range opposite, while a lower intervening one cut off the glow at a certain point, making such a distinct line of light and shadow along the side that the observer was fascinated by virtue of its weirdness; and *I*, by the very novelty of the scene, for I had hitherto seen mountains only in the distance on the route as I came North; now I was face to face with them, and was quite impressed with their grandeur and im-

mensity. Getting down among them, my first impression was that they were coming closer and closer to me every minute, finally to hem me in completely. Then I felt that I was annoyed by having my view so entirely bounded, and imagined one would feel freer to live on top than at the foot or on the sides; down among them I had a stifled feeling. Near Ithaca we idled for several days, getting acquainted with some very agreeable people, with whom we formed a party one day and went to the picturesque gorge near Cornell University. Here gigantic rocks towered on either side, with here and there a fall of fleecy water.

Often we climbed a steep ascent along the edge of a dizzy precipice leading to some lovely glen, or crossed a yawning chasm over a rustic bridge where lingered an interested couple; giving an air of beauty and life where all else seemed ruggedness and silence. On leaving the gorge we stopped at the place where we met a wagon, by appointment, which took us down the mountain to our hotel by another and less precipitous route. We were somewhat fatigued, and it was such a relief to take in more of nature's beauties without the exertion of retracing our steps down the gorge. We were quite hungry after the jaunt, and enjoyed the nice dinner prepared for us. Next day we went with our newly made friends to gather chestnuts, climbing the mountain side to reach the nuts. It was full of pleasure.

The trees were clothed in brilliant array, it being autumn; the mountain slopes seemed decked in raiment of gold and scarlet, this wealth of color flecked with wandering sheep, and the passing clouds casting weird shadows made a picture so fraught

with strength and beauty that I wished more than once I could emulate a wonderful artist and hastily fasten the transient scene on canvas, to exhibit to my Southern friends, whose eyes were too familiar with a monotonous level. They would appreciate the change.

After rambling about and getting chestnuts we returned to our hotel and enjoyed the fun of roasting some before the open fire and boiling others in a pot, and enjoyed eating them as well. I had never seen any but the large Spanish chestnuts that are roasted and sold on the streets of New Orleans, such as marrons glacés are made of.

Before reaching this picturesque spot father and I had made the rounds to Long Branch, Saratoga, and other leading places and were now on our way to Niagara—then home, having gone down the Hudson in summer.

Niagara impressed me so with its beauty, volume, strength, and grandeur I can truly say with the old Indian: "There must be a God, or its wonders could never have been brought into existence!" The Hudson was like a beautiful dream, scenery, history, and romance combining to make it a river of delight, of memories, and of fascination as the great panorama glided before us.

Chapter V.

WE STOP FOR ETHEL.

Near Philadelphia we stopped to visit Ethel, who was to accompany us home, which she did.

On reaching New Orleans we remained a week or more, wishing to show her something of the beauties of the Crescent City.

We went to aunt's, where we knew we would *all* be welcome. Finding the gate to the high iron fence locked, as it usually is in this city at most of the homes, I pulled a bell-handle near by. Ethel expressing surprise at having to ring a bell to get into the yard, I explained to her that it enabled one to leave the house open, admitting the air, without danger of intrusion. While telling her this a maid opened the gate for us and we went along the walk, among the blooming plants and up the front steps, while she ran around to admit us, also to tell aunt. Some of the family, aunt said, had been to meet us, but the train being late, and having father with us, we could find our way readily, and she hoped that we would feel none the less welcome.

Dear, delightful New Orleans,—the capital of vast *old* Louisiana,—founded by Jean Baptist Lemoyne de Bienville in 1718, a Canadian Governor of the French Colony (planted by his brother d'Iberville, near Biloxi, in 1699), began her hospitality at an early age, receiving the refugees rescued from the Indians at Fort Rosalie, or Natchez, only a few years

after her settlement, and the Acadian exiles some years later.

Alternately dominated by French and Spanish, then American, its architecture, gardens, and streets in the oldest localities are extremely unique; houses in stucco and imitations of stone, mingled with the American style; inner courts seen through gateways, with palms and flowers rendering them more enticing for the little peeps one gets into them in strolling, and side by side with rich modern gardens, create a variety that suggests an interesting history to a thoughtful mind.

The Roman Catholic buildings are a world of interest in themselves, and the old St. Louis Cathedral, in the French part, touched Ethel's artistic nature much.

Here the city has an ancient tinge, especially in midwinter; the streets narrow, old and rusty-looking houses refreshed by no blooming climbers or other flowers, the gloomy aspect of the Cathedral accentuating it, and Jackson Square looking dingy, still wearing its air of antiquity, shorn of its floral beauty.

But at high noon, on a bright spring day, the dark cathedral spires ascending against the clear blue sky, and the shady garden in the rear (in the mind's eye), the quaint Cabildo (supreme court) with its tiny side balconies, on the right; its twin, the Governor's Mansion, on the left; the whitish walls of both glistening in the dazzling light, present a pleasing accompaniment to transformed Jackson Square, decked in brilliant array of vividly colored flowers and showy with tall bananas.

Pleasant breezes blunt the sun's piercing rays, the tower bells clash out as the Cathedral clock points the hour.

Entering, one feels sobered in the cool atmosphere, the mellow light and somber silence, and turns to holy things.

The central altar is fitted with the usual appurtenances. On the right is one sacred to the memory of St. Francis—he, garbed in monk's habit, appearing among the boulders. On the left our Lady of Lourdes is dispensing her blessings—some think—in healing waters beneath.

In the floors are stone slabs with inscriptions of sainted people supposed to be buried there. All express an air of age and solemnity not seen often in the New World, for it was erected many, many years ago, though modified several times since.

Jackson Square was the old Place d'Arms, in and about which all the colonial history of the Crescent City had transpired. The bronze statue of General Jackson, to honor his immortal name, in the center, afterward took the place of the arch of triumph erected just after the battle of New Orleans in 1815 through which he passed in state—thus honored by a grateful people. Though the battle took place six months after the war—news traveled so slowly—the glory of it was not dimmed, for it showed the man and his power—pointed to his future greatness.

We showed Ethel the cemeteries, where people are buried in tombs above ground. Some of them are grand and costly, of stuccoed brick or stone, and the long walks among these tombs of every variety are shaded by rows of cedars and magnolias in proces-

sional precision. Other trees stand sentinel-like; all giving a feeling of weird personality to the surroundings, which are cheerful and attractive in spite of the uncanny aspect, enhanced by the subtile influence inspired by that mysterious link between the mortal and the higher element (unseen humanity liberated from the dust and dross of earth, with only the character and noble impulses in some for adornment and the infinite love and forgiveness of the Redeemer to shine, and atone for the past in those who repent).

One sometimes comes suddenly upon a cemetery in the residence portion of the city, enclosed by a high, strong wall with no adornment except in the arrangement of the brick, and the view through the iron carriage-gate is all one gets of the interior in passing except the domes and crosses appearing above, among the tips of the trees.

The most interesting of the cemeteries is the Campo Santo. It is used as a burial-ground for the different Roman Catholic orders.

Within is the Chapel of St. Roch, actually built by the hands of a "Father" of a church, in fulfillment of a promise to St. Roch (the patron of health), who, it is reputed, immuned this pastor's flock from the plague of yellow fever in 1866, in answer to prayer.

Around the Campo are the different "Stations of the Cross," and many pilgrims make the novena—alms and prayers in the chapel, and the circuit of the Stations in a devotional frame of mind.

There are many thank-offerings in sight to testify that prayers at these shrines have been favorably answered.

St. Roch was truly a kind man, and though he died in 1327 A. D., his influence from the unseen world may still be felt.

Ethel was relieved at the sight of ice factories—she knew she need not despair of a cool drink. We took in her company a trip to that romantic-looking spot, the Spanish Fort, at that time an attractive pleasure resort upon Lake Pontchartrain, not far from the city.

We had a delightful sail from here. We drew near the shore on our return about eight o'clock in the evening. The place was beautifully illuminated; the myriads of lights reflected in the waters were bewitching; the shadowy dimness of nightfall lent a mysterious beauty to the outlines meeting our vision; the chords of our responsive souls vibrated with pleasure, all recalling to our minds some of the tales of Spanish romance in the beautiful works of Washington Irving, and the time when the Spanish dominated here. After our sail we took one of those celebrated fish and oyster dinners—which New Orleans is noted for—at the Fort. Sitting on a pier over the water, as we partook of its delicacies, its soft lapping to and fro beneath, with the balmy air, soothed the soul and left its door open for dreams of bliss, while our palates were charmed with their unsurpassed flavor. It is related that when Thackeray was lecturing in the United States, and took in New Orleans, just as Ethel was now doing, he wrote: "How hospitable they all were, those Southern men! As for New Orleans in springtime, just when the orchards were flushing over with peach blossoms, and the sweet herbs came to

flavor the juleps, it seemed to me the city of the world where you can eat and drink the most and suffer the least." . . . The bouillabaisse so pleased him he mentions it in a choice bit of verse. . . . And George Augustus Sala, an eminent London journalist, ate bouillabaisse and courtbouillon. He liked the bouillabaisse, a sort of fish stew, made—so it is said—with white wine and colored yellow with saffron, and courtbouillon with red wine, garnished with slices of tomatoes. They *are* delicious. He seems to have been the means of introducing the latter into notice outside of New Orleans. Since these, many masters of all arts have tested the good cheer of the Crescent City and pronounced it most enticing and free from any deleterious effects next day. The biscuit (a unique ice) and candies are perfect.

I wanted Ethel to see the St. Charles Hotel,* where so many assemblies of grand people had been in the great parlor, and among whom my parents had mingled. So we hied ourselves one bright day to that handsome hostelry. After inspecting the exterior, with many flattering criticisms from Ethel, we went inside and walked up the winding stairs to get the best view of the surrounding size and contour of this popular hotel, but decided to take the modern innovation—the elevator—down.

Seeing the elevator open, and thinking Ethel and father were behind me, I had just raised my foot to enter, as I thought, in an absent-minded way as one sometimes does, when I heard a voice—it sounded like Ethel's—say, "Oh, Patricia!" in a tone of calling me back. Turning, I noticed they had strayed

*The old St. Charles.

off and were busily engaged in conversation, and were not even looking at me. However, I was so impressed with the voice I called to each separately, if either had spoken to me, being quite tired and not wishing to take more steps than necessary. Coming toward me then, they both denied having spoken to me at that time, and on looking down again, having moved a little way from the opening as I addressed them, and about to attempt another entrance, I discovered to my horror that there was no elevator. Seeing the elevator door open, I had carelessly supposed the elevator was there waiting for us. Whether it was the voice of God, as some may think, or the voice of a loving ancestor in the spirit, I know not, but it saved me from a terrible accident, and I was startled at my narrow escape and at the manner in which it was evaded.

After seeing all the sights, we took a steamboat for the White Castle at evening, just at sunset. A glittering moon was rising in the east.

"Oh, Patty!" cried Ethel, "see the beautiful moon! What a lovely rose tint!"

"Yes," I replied, "it is not often like that," and turning to father, inquired of him the reason.

"Well, you know red rays are more penetrating than others, and are the only ones which reach us in a certain density of the atmosphere, but I am surprised at you young ladies having to be informed after graduating in so many sciences," he answered teasingly.

This was too much, and we marched into the cabin on to our stateroom to hide our confusion, and laid our hats aside.

The boat was very handsome. A beautiful carpet of a light ground and showing delicate sprays of wild flowers scattered in careless profusion covered the floor of the long saloon or cabin, large mirrors in costly gilded frames at each end, a grand piano near by to while away the time, surrounded by luxurious chairs and sofas; above, elaborate chandeliers.

Gilding and fretwork adorned the door panels and frames, the ceilings frescoed; a carved table with marble top to receive a large silver salver and silver ice-pitcher with a silver waste-bowl, and cut-glass tumblers.

Well-trained darkies, attired in fresh, white linen, served at table. The silver tea-sets shone brightly, the table linen was soft and snowy white. The supper was delicious.

The air being pleasant enough, we went out on the guards after supper, and father entertained us talking about Louisiana and the river we were on, mostly because everything was new here to Ethel. After touching delightfully upon how De Soto, the Spanish grandee, with a company of other Spaniards, had found the river, during the reign of Charles I of Spain, in 1541, at the point where Memphis now stands, in his search for gold, how he was buried at the mouth of Red River in the meeting of the waters, how La Salle with his company explored it in 1682, and named the whole country from the Alleghanies to the Rockies — from the Gulf to Canada — Louisiana, in honor of his sovereign, Louis XIV, and how Napoleon I, being at war with the European nations, needed funds and sold what was left of it in 1803 to the United States.

He enlarged upon the rapid changes in New Orleans and St. Louis—both daughters of old Louisiana—though the latter was given up to another State. He was so entertaining over what I had always considered a threadbare subject, interspersing it with anecdote and romance, descriptions of dress, manners, and modes of living—a generous flow of jewels of thought handsomely set in words of gold—a spell of enchantment was over me; so realistic the whole, I seemed to be living with the people in that tale of yore. When father said it was bedtime I rubbed my eyes as if I had just awakened from a dream.

Have we ever thought of what we owe De Soto? Rich in South American mines; able to have ease and luxury, does any one ever wonder at his daring and hardihood? In passing his watery grave does a Romanist ever lift his hat in memory, or does a Protestant give thanks for the way he has shown us?

And La Salle, who ever thinks of him—the great explorer to whom we owe the knowledge of the grand port of New Orleans and other good points along the river?

Napoleon the Great, too, steeped in blood as his reign was, do we not owe something to him for giving up this extensive country? Not much, I fear; he was only an instrument in the Great Creator's hands for giving to us a land of freedom of thought, word, and action, of which alone we mortals will have to give an account to Him. When we reached our stateroom, Ethel said: "My! how charming your father is. I wish I could find a *young* man like him!" I was too sleepy now to reply, but laid it up for future

use, to tell mother or father when I wanted specially to keep them in a good humor, and we were soon slumbering in the land of Nod, for our stateroom was so large and dainty we were thoroughly comfortable—the finest linen on the beds, heavy damask towels on the racks, pretty Brussels carpets on the floor, beautifully frescoed walls and ceilings, and a complete little set of furniture.

We landed about dawn, after a sweet sleep on the delightful beds. While father was looking to see if all the baggage was there, Ethel and I ran up the levee, or bank, which keeps the Mississippi within its prescribed limits during high water. For in the spring this mighty river rises and rises, the water roars between its banks above the land for weeks, and during a storm the waves dash over. Once I saw a crevasse, where the river had torn through its banks. This is something disastrous usually, but can be checked if handled skillfully and before it gets too wide. The planters were vigilant in our neighborhood, and it was the only one I ever saw. The roar and rush were appalling, and in its immediate vicinity the devastation great before it could be checked.

On reaching the house, what she first wished to see was the orange trees. We put on our sun-shades (only children wore sun-bonnets) after breakfast and went out. The oranges were changing their coats of green for yellow ones, but there were some sweet enough to offer, though not fully ripe.

I consoled her by saying that in a week or two I would give her some of the best flavored and the juiciest she had ever tasted; that if she would remain

until spring she would view a novel sight—flowers and fruit together—and could also eat some of our delicate river shrimp, caught in abundance at that season from the Mississippi.

Now let me tell you how very happy I was to be home. I nearly ate mother up, and Penelope was so glad to see me she followed me at every turn. Just before I left school Uncle William Random had married again, and his business necessitating his living abroad, he took Richard, Eugenia, and Bertha with him and his newly wedded wife, making quite a change in the size of our family, Penelope missing her playmates greatly. Isabel had married soon after her return from abroad, and left the State. Father said though she was still young in years she was much older in experience, but he gave his consent reluctantly, remarking that as soon as a girl leaves school and has time to be companionable some young fellow wanted her.

All the old darkies came up to say "howdy" (those whom I had known and were still there) from time to time. The men wanted a "dram" thrown in, but the women just wanted to see me, whether prompted by love or curiosity in every case, I know not. In fact, there was so much to say on all sides Ethel said it was nothing but chatter, chatter, all the time.

We had not left her out; she was part of the family while under the roof, and seemed to feel at home as soon as she arrived. Mother saw the boat landing, and was ready to receive us, as early as it was, and we had a hearty welcome, I assure you. Ethel was very timid about riding horseback and wanted to overcome it, so we went riding together considerably

To give her a full view of the river and surrounding country, we rode our horses sometimes up the levee, which was against the law. She made a great to-do getting up and down again, as she had never ridden horseback much; but after many efforts on her part, and much laughter on mine—in which she would join—at the ludicrous attitudes she assumed, she learned to be something of a horsewoman.

Ethel pretended to be very much surprised not to find alligators "prowling" around, as she termed it. As I had seen only a small one in a New York museum, I was as well pleased as herself on being told that a fisherman had shot one in the river and drawn him up on the bank. I suggested to her imagination that alligators were so mortified at themselves for being so homely they generally kept their places in the swamp in the mud, but this was a fine brave fellow going out in search of adventure whom she could have as a memento of the South; that she might take his skin home with her and have the whole family supplied with shoes.

Indeed, we discoursed so much on alligators an acquaintance sent Ethel one as a joke by a messenger. It frightened her so it was a good while before I forgave him the thoughtless manner in which it was done.

It came in a box addressed to her, without any indication of the contents on the outside except some air-holes, which would lead only an experienced person to believe there might be a living thing inside. The box was not nailed. All she had to do was to lift the lid; it being so mysterious she hardly dared to. Finally curiosity got the better of her.

She tried the lid gently, wishing to peep in only, at first. It was tighter than it seemed—it had to be opened with a jerk, which sent it sprawling wide. In a twinkling the young saurian made his escape from the box, and resembled a big lizard running about. Having no teeth at this stage of its life, it was harmless, but neither Ethel nor I was aware of this, and she screamed with terror.

Whereupon, the alligator trying his best to get off, I called to Sancho, who had his head around the corner to witness the fun, to catch him and take him to the river, which he was glad to do after having his laugh at our expense.

On about the first of October what we call the grinding season begins. Soon after we reached home the sugar-house was in operation. Every day we drove there or walked, whichever Ethel preferred, taking oranges and lemons along to mix with the hot cane-juice, which drink is both wholesome and palatable. Ethel thought sugar-cane resembled corn growing. It does, but the blade is narrower and the stalk has more leaves. When it is cut, topped, and the leaves trimmed off by the cane-cutters with their curious shaped knives, it is put in wagons and carried near a moving slope, called a carrier, at the sugar-house, and dumped down under the large shed over the carrier and a surrounding space, then picked up by others and put on the carrier or slope in even armfuls.

The carrier then takes it up to two powerful iron rollers, crushing out the juice, which runs into great stationary kettles, where it is cooked to the proper consistency and drawn off into wooden boxes, in

which it cools. The hot juice in the coolers, after being stirred with a large wooden paddle, at a certain stage forms a crust on top and leaves a deposit of molasses. At a prescribed time the sugar is spaded out and packed in hogsheads with holes in the bottom which allow it to drain, the hogsheads sitting on latticework over large cemented basins which catch the drippings. The molasses in these basins, or cisterns, is called "cistern bottoms," very good if clean and unadulterated, but does not compare with the cooler molasses. The juice of the sugar-cane is said to be fattening.

Ethel was persuaded to remain with me until after Christmas. About this time we had something unusual—"a snow storm"—we called it, in honor of Ethel, and a freeze of three days, in which everything outside was covered with ice. Every twig on every tree, and every blade of grass, was encased in ice, the ground like a white sheet, and the housetops with big cushions of snow on them.

The orange trees were protected, being in an angle on the south side of the house. The banana trees, having frames around them in winter, fared well too. They are a very odd and pretty sight in bloom later, and we were very careful of them. The lake around the summer-house was frozen hard enough to stand on, but alas! no one expecting such a phenomenon, we had no skates. Usually when it snows in Louisiana the feathery flakes melt before they touch the warm earth.

I told Ethel the elements even were trying to show their hospitality by making her feel at home in giving her a little snow.

Chapter VI.

"Did you ever see the devil," etc.

"Did you ever see the devil,
With his wooden iron shovel?"

I must go back a month or more. Soon after my arrival my parents gave me a large entertainment. The house was in a blaze of light. Chinese lanterns swung beneath the trees all the way out to the big entrance gate. It was late in October, but as is often the case, many flowers were in bloom. The roses, sweetest of all flowers and the most satisfactory, were flourishing under the smiles of the balmy Indian summer; the banana trees were flapping their wide, long leaves in the semi-summer breeze; the fragrant honeysuckle permeated the air, uniting its perfume with the cape jasmine and that of the oleander.

The supper was served under the trees, on a carpet spread for the purpose. The tables were luminous with candles set in bronze and silver candelabra, and decorated with low dishes filled with natural flowers. Green garlands, with roses, reached from the candelabra to the low boughs above, and sweet music from behind the shrubbery floated on the night air, while we laughed and chatted, ate dainties, and sipped rare wines at this sumptuous feast.

There were boned turkey, roast pig, chicken salad, pickles, sandwiches, oysters, sparkling jelly, numerous kinds of cake and ice cream. In the center of the main table was a beautiful nougat from New Orleans, made in the shape of a fancy basket and holding

confectionery. I was afterward told that one of the guests, as she was getting into her carriage to leave, overheard one coachman exclaim to another:

"I tell yeh whut, dat vitt'als was obnoxious!" using the largest word he ever heard to express his pleasure in having had a good time eating.

My heart was full at the beautiful toasts offered at my shrine, but I gave more than a passing thought to Harold and wished he were among the number, as well as in his normal senses. The gay repartee upon my lips, the rippling of my laughter beneath the leafy boughs, never breathed a sign of it, though.

He should never dream a shadow crossed my brow on his account, and I hoped to look upon him some day (not far distant) as a selfish man not worthy of a thought.

Among the guests were Mrs. B——, the daughter of Mrs. Lawrence Lewis (Nelly Custis), and our devoted friend, whose noble face resembled that of her illustrious uncle, George Washington, and whose elegance was always a criterion for every one; her husband, the Colonel, the good Bishop, his wife and daughter; the Duke of Mannerton, whose father-in-law, Don Manuel del Monte, an intimate friend of father's, had introduced at the White Castle, and whose daughter (the Duke's wife) had chummed with Adelaide and Isabel in their girlhood, before her marriage, when my cousins went to visit their grandpa on a small picturesque lake in North Louisiana where he resided and where her family spent some part of every year, Don Manuel residing on the sugar plantation, not far from the White Castle, only when business required him to; an

ex-Governor of fine parts, and others the world held in high esteem.

It may not be uninteresting or improper to add that once at church, during the war, Mrs. B—— caught me glancing (surreptitiously perhaps) at the holes in her worn silk mittens, and putting her hands out for closer inspection took one of mine in hers, saying (smiling sweetly and solemnly): "I am proud of them, my child, I am proud to wear them for the Cause." Her beloved and oldest son was killed at Shiloh, and her heart was almost broken. The Lost Cause nearly completed the wreck.

Colonel B—— had acquired his title in the Mexican war, where he served with distinction. He, his wife and family, lived some miles from the White Castle, in a handsome house set in the midst of tall live oaks, interlaced above. On one side of this shady yard was a two-roomed cottage the Colonel called his office, where he wrote letters—which was quite a fad with him—to his heart's content. He informed me once in conversation that he wrote to Queen Victoria. In a corner of one room he had a little iron bed he used while camping in Mexico.

Mrs. B——'s bedroom was furnished with some old-fashioned claw-foot furniture that had belonged to the Washingtons. In the back parlor, facing everything, was the lovely portrait of her mother, a facsimile of what we see in print. All about the house had that air of elegance and repose which one associates with President Washington, and there were many articles of interest here, besides those I have mentioned, associated with him; some of them have since been sent to Mount Vernon.

My gown (dress, we called it then—only those things we slept in were gowns) was a rich creation of pineapple mouseline. I was partial to the different shades of yellow, and wore them much. On my arms were bands of gold beautifully enameled. Before the guests arrived I went to show myself to "mammy," Minerva, the nurse.

I knew she would approve of my appearance if no one else did, though I had a secret notion that she would not be the only one. She gazed at me rapturously, raising her hands in admiration, and exclaimed:

"I know the beaux will think you an angel from Heaven." Everything she liked resembled something in Heaven. From my youth she was ever admonishing me to pray. I had gotten into such a habit of praying from her urging, that when a child if running a race I would pray to beat; if I got into a scrape I would pray to get out. The habit is still with me. To-night I prayed to be happy, which comprehends everything—it is safe to pray to be happy.

"Ah, honey, how purty you does look," was mammy's comment again as she turned me round and round.

During the evening, when I was sitting on the gallery with a partner after a dance, behind one of the big pillars, I heard an old lady say: "I wonder why Harold is not here to-night. They were great friends before she went to school. Poor fellow, I reckon she has forgotten him. He was always devoted to her."

I could not hear her companion's reply to this thrust at me, but from the same old lady:

"Foolish girl! I have watched her to-night, she could not be happier." How well I must be concealing my feelings! I was pleased to think.

Same old lady: "She has not much judgment to let him drop."

"But where is he?" I heard the other lady (who had now become interested enough to respond more loudly) say.

First old lady: "I did hear he had gone to Europe, but he has had time to return. I shall warn his mother of her flirtatious propensities. He shan't waste his time on her"—the last word with emphasis. "She is a glorious-looking creature, but seems heartless." Having heard enough, I proposed going in. Arthur Harcourt was the person sitting with me, and I stopped our conversation to listen. Very naughty, but doubtless pardonable under the circumstances.

"How some old ladies do trouble themselves with the affairs of others," he commented.

I walked up to the cross old lady and told her very sweetly that she might add a postscript and say: "Miss Random is the happiest of the happy." Then I gave Arthur one of my brightest smiles and walked away with him, not lingering to see the effect of my speech.

Of course she made a long story of it and had it wafted across the ocean as soon as it could get there. Ah, Mr. Page, you shan't flatter yourself that I am wearing the willow for you. That night, or morning rather, as I lay my head upon my pillow I felt happy in my triumph—such is the vanity of youth—and slept sweetly for hours, though unseen wings and

cloven feet were battling for the supremacy in the guidance of my life.

After Christmas Ethel said she *must* go home, so I escorted her to New Orleans, saw her safe on the train, and wired her father. I missed her companionship greatly and was easily persuaded to remain and visit my aunt, mother's sister, in New Orleans, my cousin Valerie being her daughter, and fine company in which to dispel my gloom at Ethel's absence. This was the same aunt whom I visited with Ethel, at which time Valerie was away on a visit, but met Ethel later at the White Castle.

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The first day of January, at aunt's, the parlors were ready for receiving at eleven o'clock; the damask curtains fell in graceful folds to exclude the light, red coals glowed in the grates, hot-house flowers clustered in the vases, easy chairs were scattered around carelessly, the gas was lighted.

Long before the callers were expected I was ready. Taking a seat on one of the low comfortable chairs near the fireplace, I looked into the fire and soliloquized—aunt thinks she will carry out her plans for me with Arthur Harcourt; he is a nice fellow, but, but, but—?

Still, I enjoyed admiration, as most young ladies do, and almost every one for that matter—I had not lived long enough to be satiated with it, and was quite ready for more.

Getting tired of waiting for the tardy star-eyed Valerie to appear, I arose and walked about the room to quiet my impatience, looking behind me to view my train.

My dark blue velvet was simple and close-fitting in its elegance, relieved by costly lace. I wore no ornament except a cloth-of-gold bud, half-blown, with a few of its leaves at my bosom. Girls of my age in New Orleans did not usually wear velvet gowns at this period, but they looked very elegant on the Northern girls, and it was my fancy to have one.

Arthur had given me the bud, with the wish that I wear it. It set my gown off to such good advantage I did so. Arthur was Valerie's cousin, her father and his being brothers, and was adopted by her father at his parents' death. I looked upon him as a cousin.

While contemplating my train, in walked Sir Arthur, as I playfully called him, and caught me spreading it out, first on one side then on the other, as girls always do until the novelty wears off.

"You peacock," he laughed, "how many hearts do you expect to slay on this New Year's Day?" and coming around to confront me with an admiring gaze said half to me, half to himself: "You are lovely," and dared to kiss me on the cheek before I knew what he was about.

"Arthur, you will disarrange Patricia's lace. I am surprised at her for allowing it," said aunt, coming in at that very moment.

"I did not want him to, aunt; he did not tell me he was going to," I muttered petulantly in my ruffled state of mind. Now, this was so silly it made aunt smile, and after arranging something she went out.

"Well, sir," said I with some dignity, "I hope you will know your place in the future. Excuse me while I go to wash it off," as I disappeared. Soon aunt, Valerie, and the young ladies who were to

receive with us went into the front parlor, followed by me, and from that time—all day long—till twelve midnight, with few intervals, we were entertaining callers. An elegant repast was prepared and set out in the dining-room, to which each gentleman was invited as soon as the greetings were over. Some had partaken at other houses and declined, but there were many who accepted.

On this day I made the acquaintance of the élite of the city in the shape of the masculine gender (ladies not being expected; it was not the custom), and many of them invited me to the various places of amusement.

Among the upper ten it was not en règle to attend such places or go out at all alone with a young gentleman not related to one after nightfall, but we arranged always to go in company with Valerie and Arthur. I had never been to the opera in New Orleans as a young lady, and my anticipations were more than realized. The first night we occupied a box (aunt's box) in the most prominent part of the dress circle. We were in full dress, and so was every one in the circle; all the boxes here were open, and the sight was dazzling. Between the acts the gentlemen visited their different friends in the rounds of boxes, offering them bonbons very often, and if one tired of sitting, there was the foyer to promenade in. In the closed boxes (l'orge greyer) below, the lattice might be drawn or not, as one wished, and a good supper had unobserved while enjoying the play.

Another time we had seats in the proscenium box. I was so near Mephistopheles in Faust I was fully imbued with the spirit of the occasion. I almost

felt a sinister influence, as did the people in the play, when he threw his dark glance in my direction, which he did several times, giving me the creeps and a desire to get away.

It was an honor to be taken to a proscenium box, also an education to have seen so beautiful a play rendered in so excellent a manner, and my breath was fairly gone with the intoxication of it for a few minutes. After the curtain fell at the last, I heaved a long sigh of farewell and returned to my own world, during the commonplace interval of putting on cloaks and overcoats.

A few days after the opera, aunt came in our room with invitations (cards) for a lunch, a ladies' lunch. It began at four in the afternoon. As we entered, masses and banks of flowers held up their glorious heads as if to view the coming flowers of more substantial growth; *id est*, ourselves—the ladies.

The dining-room was so profusely decorated one felt almost transported to a rose bower, such as one sees in the country during the spring. At each plate was a handsome souvenir and a cluster of Parma violets tied with blue baby-ribbon.

We sat here nearly three hours, enjoying the numerous courses provided for the occasion by a French chef, or caterer, while choice music mingled with the ebb and flow of laughter and conversation; at times gracefully covering a pause—a hostess dreads above all things—then floating along softly with the breath of the flowers and the voices of fair women.

Two large nougats in the most fanciful shapes were set on the table for our delectation, before they

were taken away and dismantled to serve as one of the last courses.

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Thus the time went pleasantly by, and Lent was drawing near to admonish us that life must not always be such as this; that we must take time for reflection; time to improve our hearts and prepare ourselves for that happier world to which we all most dearly wish to go.

Some think Lent is useless, but how can we tell what it is to hunger unless we fast, how can we know what it is to long for something if we never deny ourselves?

There was one more sight to witness, one more ball to revel in, "The Mystic Krewe of Comus."

This was and is still the grandest ball of the season, where all the élite, all the youth, beauty, and chivalry of the Crescent City are wont to meet. Matrons decked in flowing velvets or cloth of gold and costly gems, young girls in fleecy white drapery accepting homage from courtly maskers who mix among the throng.

This night the procession started at eight o'clock and preceded the ball, as it usually does. The subjects are on a literary or historical basis, and one has to read up, if not already posted, in order to discuss them or enjoy them.

They were such as the Bible, The Aryan Race, Spenser's Faërie Queen, The Feast of Epicurus, and to-night we were to see the Aztec People and their conquest by Cortez.

Valerie and I went with Arthur and a friend to the club of which these young men were members,

and had excellent views of the floats as they lumbered along.

There were sixteen of them, preceded by Comus in a chariot, bearing in his right hand a flaming torch. They were all magnificent, having, I was told, been made to order in Paris, France. As every one knows, great crowds are drawn to the city to witness this grand parade, and several others which have been recently added to the repertoire of the city's amusements during the week before Mardi Gras.

Next day everybody was reading the story of Cortez' conquest of Mexico, to better discuss the subject, which was impressed upon the memory by the excellently executed floats.

All the clubs are illuminated Mardi Gras night, and crowded with the ladies and gentlemen who go there to see the procession pass. Those who are not so fortunate as to belong to them, or who have no friends to tender invitations to view the procession at the clubs, must stand on the streets and wait for it, or drive in carriages, following it up. In some places there are stands, but one has to start very early to secure a seat.

That morning our party went to the club for the day procession. While waiting here, we danced in full dress and had a pleasant time. Refreshments were offered at luncheon hour, and we passed the most of Mardi Gras day here.

It was King Rex's procession we saw during the day. "He had come in with great pomp and ceremony the evening before, and he must needs show himself, in all his glory, for the city had been delivered up to him pro tem," the newspapers said.

At night, as soon as we had seen the Aztec People pass, we took a carriage and went immediately to the Opera House to secure our seats for the tableaux and the ball. No seats were reserved; first come, first served; the crowd was so dense, though the invitations were limited and only the crême de la crême expected, the ladies only could be accommodated—the gentlemen had to stand.

About eleven o'clock the curtain rose, and all the participants in the procession formed in two or more tableaux.

After the last tableau the maskers slip in among the crowd (who gather upon the floor), to dance and promenade with them. We were among the first to go upon the floor. A fine-looking Aztec made signs to me up in a box to come down to him—which was quite the thing—and Arthur escorted me below to him and followed with our party. I danced among the maskers, who had other ladies as partners. What a queer, gruesome feeling it was—dancing with people who had been dead years and years ago!

They troubled me in my dreams, but going to church next morning, it being Ash Wednesday, restored my usual composure.

Chapter VII.

ARTHUR.

Soon after Mardi Gras I went home. Arthur accompanied me. Valerie was to follow later with a friend.

There was quite a fluttering of mouchoirs and waving of hats as the boat backed out from the wharf. A number of friends had come with flowers and things to see us off. When we had fairly started and gotten out of sight of friends and city we took seats on the guards and chatted merrily.

True, it was Lent, but we had not yet lost the effect of a brilliant season in the Crescent City. One who has never experienced it can hardly surmise how exhilarating it is, and most of our conversation was confined to this topic, recalling first one incident and then another, until supper was announced. Afterward we resumed the same theme out on the guards, until we had well-nigh exhausted it.

Then came a pause, in which Arthur seemed lost in reflection, and as I glanced at him in the twilight thought what a striking picture he always made. His eyes black as sloes and soft as velvet, his hair blue-black or like the raven's wing, his nose a little large, but a good mouth and strong, even teeth, which barely showed when he smiled for the dark mustache; about twenty, tall and slender, apt to inspire one with confidence at first sight; a pleasant conversationalist, and enjoyable company.

A successful life, all things being equal, is to have a goodly number of agreeable, intelligent friends to

assist one in enjoying it, or to be near when one most needs sympathy—carrying out the divine command to rejoice with those who do rejoice, and to weep with those who weep.

Arthur's father had left him considerable means, and he thought he had his hands full attending to this business. He seemed much older than he was, possibly from having such responsibilities at so early an age. Finally Arthur broke the silence.

"Patricia, what has become of Harold? Wherever he is, you do not seem to care much. I thought him a splendid fellow, but I am rejoiced that he did not win you."

"What do you mean, sir?" with mock anger. "Do you not think me fine enough for him?"

Though Arthur had been attentive to my wants, desires, and wishes while at aunt's, I preferred to attribute it to the cordiality shown a favored guest, and I took care to seem unaware of his true meaning.

"Do not get ready to annihilate me," he laughed, "I only want you for myself."

"Only!" I deigned to reply. "You speak as though it were a small consideration. How dare you come with me and be so presuming?"

"Why did you wear my bud New Year's Day? Why did you put it in Moore's poems to press it if you did not think something of me? Why did you refuse that nice fellow in town? I hope I am not conceited, but I judge a woman by her actions, never doubting her until I have cause."

"I did not press your rose for the reason you think," I whispered, much surprised and drawing back a little.

"I never imagined you loved me, but the action bade me hope that a kindly regard might develop into love, as the bud expands into the flower."

All this trouble about a rose, indeed!

"Can I not press a flower if I wish, without being cross-questioned about it?" and wondering how he knew so much. I immediately said, with visible excitement:

"Who told you I had put your bud in Moore's poems, and what if it were another one and not yours?"

"A lady told me she caught you at it, and that you remarked the giver was as charming as the gift."

Aha! well, I must make the best of the situation.

"Is that all? Might it not have been some other bud?" I persisted.

"Was she mistaken?" he asked. "Honor bright?"

"You have no right to question me so closely," with indignation.

"Very well, I shall not question you any more, but wait and see what your object is in keeping me in the dark."

"I am not keeping you in the dark. I as much as told you I did not love you."

"Are you a coquette, then?"

"Maybe I am," I answered, with an arrogant toss of my head. "I have enough to make me so," slipped out unawares, but he did not seem to notice the latter speech, for he said:

"I hope not, for my heart is in your keeping; but I love you well enough to wait."

I had pressed his flower to suit my own purpose, never supposing he would ever hear of it, so for an

answer I said: "Good night," and fled to my room. Next morning, after dressing, I did not go into the cabin until the boat had landed. I did not want to be alone with Arthur until new scenes had changed the tenor of our thoughts, after the night's interview on the guards.

I little knew what was coming—that my wish would be fulfilled in so strange a manner. I awaited new scenes, but none so novel as the experience I am about to relate.

The porter came and announced the landing of the boat. I hastened forward, coming out of the state-room, soon meeting Arthur, and taking his arm we descended to the lower deck. It was still quite dark, as it is just before dawn; the torch basket was flaming an uncertain light, the stage-plank had been shoved ashore by the lusty black roustabouts, and the mate was giving boisterous orders when we stepped on it and started to the bank. The far end suddenly dropped with a sway and a bump into the river, throwing Arthur off and *me* on to the edge of the plank, I holding on to him and struggling to maintain my grasp on the stage; the bank had crumbled, and the boat swerving out by the strong current, lowered me with the descent of the stage into the water. I heard the confusion, but could see nothing except the lights above; all was black beneath; the rush of waters seemed to bear us down. I held on with a struggling hope, the waters creeping over me, when I felt myself roughly grasped and became unconscious, later finding myself in my stateroom, chafed and rubbed by some ladies and the chambermaid, who hastened to inform me on my

return to consciousness that I certainly ought to get that nice young man, "for you held to him, honey," which brought the hot blood of confusion to my face, but not unmingled with pleasure and gratitude that we both were saved from so horrible a fate. Word had been sent to the house, informing the family of the accident and rescue, and soon father and mother were aboard, and I, with dry clothing, taken to the carriage and carried home. Arthur, when I next saw him, was his usual self. After his first douche he was enabled to maintain his head above water most of the time, though the strong current would have sucked him beneath the boat had I not in half-unconscious desperation held on to him until the roustabouts caught hands and slid down on the great plank, pulling us out.

. . . . . .

I was glad to get home to see the dear ones there. I tried to amuse Arthur by taking him to visit my girl friends. We went riding, played croquet, joined sometimes by our friends, but indulged in no gayeties during Lent. Notwithstanding, he kept near me with a persistency which could not be baffled, though not officious, and I knew in my inmost soul the man loved me, and that *other*—did he, or did he not?

I tore a hundred flowers to pieces at various times to find this out. "He does" and "he does not" came out even in the long run, and I was none the wiser. Often advising others in moments of confidence, that when one was in doubt as to the desirability of one out of two or more lovers, to accept the one who loved the best—now, had I not better

apply this advice to myself? But I could get Arthur, and did not seem to be able to get Harold. It was not a fair hypothesis, and I concluded to wait and let the Fates decide for me.

Such a dilemma! Oh, would I had been born a widow! I did not desire any one that I did not love; at the same time I did not think I would enjoy the then uncertain position of a maiden lady.

In those days they were not viewed in the same light that they are now—were not called "bachelor girls," and looked upon as something nice to have around, as unmarried women are to-day.

Chapter VIII.

SOME OF PENELOPE'S JOKES.

One morning after breakfast I was sitting outdoors near the orange trees, enjoying their sweet flowers and reading papers, thinking Arthur was riding in the fields with father, as he sometimes did in the morning, when I looked up and saw him coming to join me.

"The flowers are so fragrant they remind me of that bud we were discussing. Now, I want to know all about it. I *must* know before I leave this place, and I am obliged to leave to-morrow. I do not wish to commit any one, but Harold said he thought you a coquette, and I shall have to believe him unless you tell me."

"I should think you would be quite out of breath after such a lengthy speech," I rejoined with a sniff, "and how dare Harold say such things about me?" with tears in my eyes.

Arthur made no reply, and seeing him so cool and quiet, I soon became calmer myself. A prolonged silence, which was getting tiresome, was broken finally by the exceedingly commonplace remark on his part:

"I am waiting patiently." Still no answer.

"Do you not think I have much patience?" he began again.

"I think you have too much. You ought to have gone long ago, particularly as you have such a poor opinion of me. I wish I were an ugly old maid, and

men would quit worrying me; I am sure cats would be nicer," I remarked in an excited tone.

He laughed, but added seriously: "I have not a poor opinion of you, and think too much of you to go before seeing the horizon clear."

I viewed him through half-closed eyelids, and thought how different from Harold. Why did *he* not have some *patience*? Should I yield now and marry this one? Harold was selfish, I thought, and had called me a coquette. This one waited and trusted me in spite of caprices. I could not help admiring his generosity, but how could I be so unwise as to marry him with my heart in such an uncertain state?

"Well," he said after some moments, "have you thought it all out?"

"Would you care to marry me if I did not love you?"

"Yes; you are so womanly I am willing to risk it."

"Suppose I loved another?"

"Do you love another?"

"I do not know whether I do or not, but I am sure I do not love anybody else."

"And that other?"

"Is very angry."

"What about?"

"It is comprehended in one word—jealousy."

"May I ask his name?"

"Harold Page," hardly audible.

"Great goodness!" with a start, "is he mad?"

No answer from me, but I thought, as I said before, Harold was too selfish and proud to make any one happy.

"Then why did you press my bud?"

Did one ever know such persistency, and will I never hear the end of that rose? I raised my drooping eyelids and looked at him in astonishment, lowered them again, for I knew I had to say something to the point, he looked so serious. Then I said quite honestly:

"Because the lady from whom you received your information was a friend of Harold's mother, and I knew she would meet them in Europe, where she was about to go, and I wanted her to let him think that I preferred some one else, never believing it would get to your ears, or that it would make any deep impression on you. It was such a silly act I did not think any but a jealous person like Harold and his mother's friend would attach any importance to it. Will you still be my friend, and believe that I meant no harm and no encouragement?"

"I can but admire your candor, and will be your friend gladly, you can trust me for that."

In a few moments he resumed his questions.

"Why did you save my life, at the risk of your own?"

"I would have done that for anybody."

"Do you think Harold will return?"

"I do not know."

"Would you take him if he did, and sued for forgiveness?"

"I do not know."

"Dear me!" the first sign of impatience, "you do not seem to know anything to-day, but you are very charming, and I must say Harold is not the fellow I took him for."

It was lunch time now, and some one came to tell us; we went into the house and joined the family.

. . . . . .

At the appointed time Arthur left, and I must confess I missed him. Still, I had more time now to give to Louisiana Dixie, one of my chums. Not that the name of Dixie, to my knowledge, was ever thought of at the time of her infancy, but this was a peculiar case in which the mother decided to let her youngest daughter's Christian name be one of her own selection. She said she had known so many girls with family names they did not like. So when Dixie was about ten years old, her mother, Mrs. Bagnell, Miranda's mother too, thought the time had come for her to make a choice. Without any hesitancy, the girl settled on Dixie. The new song of that name came at an opportune time for her, suggesting the idea, and her parents and friends, being very patriotic, acceded with delight.

When she insisted that she had to have two Christian names, and added Louisiana, we all shrieked in wonder.

However, she was christened Louisiana Dixie. Until that time she was called Pet by her intimates, and Miss Pet by others. Her christening was put off till this time, though I am sure her parents would have had this sacrament performed if she had ever been dangerously ill.

I now saw a good deal of my neighbors, for I was a social being. Sometimes I would divert myself with "Aunt Fanny," a servant grown too old to work, her rustic spinning-wheel, and her stories. Her house

of two rooms, which she shared with another colored family, was in the back yard, just across the road from the quarters. All elderly negroes were called aunt and uncle by the younger ones instead of Mr. and Mrs. before the war and for some time after, though after the war they laid claims to surnames; the white people called them aunt and uncle according to the more or less respect they had for them.

A wood fire nearly always burned on her capacious hearth; a black pot hung from the crane in the center. In the forenoon a cabbage and a piece of pork were likely boiling together in the pot for a twelve o'clock dinner; the potato-bread baking in a skillet with a lid, red coals kept above and below it until it was baked. Then "Aunt Fanny" raked out some hot ashes and covered up her ash-cake, which she had prepared and wrapped in two damp cabbage leaves, and cooked it until it was a golden brown.

While the pot was boiling and the other victuals cooking she spun wool (to amuse herself) shorn from my father's Southdowns, for winter stockings; would let me try my hand at spinning, but it was more interesting to watch than to do. During her spinning she told tales of what happened in "ole times," full of ghosts and "speerits."

Aunt Matilda (still more superannuated) sometimes hobbled in, leaning on a stick, to take pot-luck, with a pipe of tobacco between her gums, and tell how "the pertaters whar she come from in Africa were as big as borrels," though she did not mention the size of the barrel; and how my maternal great-grandfather, of Charleston, South Caro-

lina, had such "bootiful" carpets the feet would sink to the ankles.

She was a good old soul. She loved my grandfather, and always cried when she looked at his portrait, which she sometimes asked to see. At his death she was left to my mother, and proved to be a most faithful servant.

At other times I would be aroused from my *dolce far niente* feelings by some pranks of my sister Penelope. She was what one would call a rosy, racy, outdoor girl. When she went hunting with father she would be the first to spy the bird, squirrel, or other game; the first to take it from the pointer as he scrambled out the briars, she rushing ahead for other fields to conquer.

To give you some idea of her jokes, I will tell you what she did to her bashful friend, Celeste La Farge, who was afraid to talk when she sat in the dining-room at dinner with the grown people. During the meal Penelope disappeared while the rest of us were interested in something, sneaked under the table to where Celeste was demurely sitting, and tied her feet to the chair loosely with strings and crept back again, and immediately (before Celeste had time in her quiet way to discover her predicament) invited her to go out and see the rabbits. In the excitement of getting untangled Celeste uttered a hurried exclamation, "Ma foi! qu 'est ce que tu fait? c'est bête!" while Penelope clapped her hands and roared at her success in getting Celeste to say something; and much to Celeste's embarrassment, all eyes were turned on herself ere she had emerged from the strings and fled to the rabbit haunts.

Penelope's favorite diversion was to let down a man (some old clothes stuffed, with a hat on) behind me as I sat on the gallery summer evenings entertaining my friends. It was so deceptive I started every time she let him down.

Now and then she varied it by putting him in a recess near my bed, getting under the bed and pulling a string to make him move. At this age she is still fond of her jokes, and uses a stuffed man in one of her rooms when she is alone at night, to keep the robbers in check. No doubt Mr. Robber would laugh merrily if he ever came along and discovered the hoax.

Chapter IX.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The country now was beautiful with its new foliage, and the air sweet with the wholesome odors of freshly plowed fields and growing things. My greatest diversion at this time was horseback riding. My girl friends often joined me by appointment in the morning, or some friend of the other sex in the afternoon; otherwise I had Sancho put on his Sunday suit and follow behind. He was a saucy fellow. If you gave him an inch he took an ell, but he never spoke of his "maw" and "paw" like so many of the other negroes; it was "mammy" and "pappy," nor did he mention his friends as "gentl'men" and "ladies," as did the others, to help them to realize their freedom.

He was very black and always grinning; the whites of his eyes and his teeth were unusually large; dressed in a gray suit, he resembled a monkey more than a "gentl'man," though according to some these two are not very far apart. He was quick and faithful, a great admirer of his "young Mistis," as he called me, and often made inquiries about "dem dah white folks what sot 'em free."

After the war, public schools sprang up here and there for the negroes, but Sancho did not avail himself of these advantages, as he did not like application. I frequently told him his grammar was atrocious.

"Now, young Mistis," he would say, "tain't no use usin' dem hif'lutin' words to me, deh jess goes in one yeah en comes out t'otheh."

"Well, you can never be a gentleman or a scholar if you do not go to school."

"Dar 'tis aghin, young Mistis, yeh kyan't open dat smart mouf o' yourn 'thout drappin' some fine words. I'll have to go to school to larn some." Then taking breath. "Befo' yeh come back I thought I had 'telligence 'nough, but yo' zample done teach me betteh, en I'd rutheh go to school to you, please marm, en about being er gentl'man I'ze too black fer dat."

He was really a man of the world in some respects without knowing it, as his last remark indicated. A plausible excuse, flavored with a delicate compliment, has helped many a man out. He knew I would not teach him when there were good schools so near, and threw in a compliment to save a scolding for his impudence and laziness.

Picnics were in vogue now on the shady banks of some bayou, where hours were spent in catching crayfish and afterward enjoying the delightful bisque every cook in that region knows so well how to make.

Sometimes a short cut through a canebrake took us to a better fishing spot, instead of following the stream through bushes, brambles, and other undergrowth. This route was a narrow path made through the high wild cane, whose leaves strew the ground, making a clean, dry carpet to tread on; the cane on either side so compact it seems like a gray-green wall. One goes single file, and the stealthy tread associated with Indians seems personified here.

Now, a crayfish is a sly thing. When you think you have him almost on the shore he often wiggles

back into the water—hence Sancho and the net were necessary. Crayfish pinch unless one knows how to manipulate them. They pinched him often, he teased them so much. The excitement of it must have sharpened his wits, for his remarks were unique and to the point.

The only drawback to these picnics was the fact that James Madison, the scullion (who more often than not would sneak off from his mammy in the kitchen and join the party), got to fussing with Sancho, whom he always envied, though admired for his ability to ingratiate himself with those in power. James Madison was something of a naturalist and philosopher, loud-mouthed as well. He was destroying Sancho's chances of getting a bite while fishing together, with his continuous talk. Observing the tadpoles and frogs in the bayou, he asked: "Sancho, how come er frog ain't got no tail?"

Sancho, much disgusted: "I 'specks caze he got so much mouf, jes' like you iz," which would infuriate James Madison, and I would have to put them far apart to keep the peace.

Though my life was so full of pleasure, like most of my girl companions I did some of my plain sewing and sometimes made a party dress, or a visiting dress; frequently rigged up a coquettish hat when I wanted something different. If the maids did not appear I looked after the rooms, and once, when about fourteen, I volunteered to cook the dinner.

As a child I liked the culinary department and hung around Ellen in the kitchen very much, which bothered her no doubt, as she frequently threatened to throw the dish-rag on me if I did not get out of her

way. I found I had learned something, and my dinner was pronounced very nice. Ellen was sick, and Martha was to take her place till she recovered. I had heard that Martha was roguish, and I asked James Madison if it was true.

He said: "Well, marm, I don't know 'zackly about dat, en would'n like to say pintedly, but how'msoever, I iz heard amongst dem what knows dat she iz powerful thrifty."

. . . . . .

About a month after Arthur left, Valerie came up. Like her cousin, she was a decided brunette, more vivacious than he, tall and commanding. The evening before her arrival, Claud Hastings, a young neighbor, and myself were walking toward the levee. I had started out alone, feeling the need of a walk, but meeting him on horseback just outside of the green gate, he dismounted, threw his bridle over one arm, and walked along with me, followed by his mare, that I had noted admiringly.

"What a noble steed you have, Mr. Hastings; surely she ought to have a fitting name," I remarked.

"She has—Diana. I was reading Rob Roy when I bought her, and as Di Vernon is my idea of a woman, with due deference to others," making a low bow as he lifted his hat, "I called my beautiful animal by this name."

"Then you will admire my cousin Valerie. She reminds me very forcibly of our mutual friend Di, for I too have lost my heart to this unusual character." As it happened, Claud had not seen Valerie since she was a child, though he knew Arthur.

"I most certainly shall. When is she coming?"

"To-morrow, and I shall say all manner of nice things in your favor." Looking up, I saw Tony Lewker coming in the big gate. He, too, wished to alight, but it was more than I cared for, so I said:

"We will not trouble you to walk, Mr. Lewker, ride on to the house and father, who is on the gallery, will entertain you while we retrace our steps."

He was a sandy-haired fellow, whose eyes resembled wild violets dipped in buttermilk. He did not mind my sending him ahead—he was accustomed to such summary treatment.

"You dismissed him very gracefully."

"I had not finished what I had to say to you, and did not wish to be interrupted."

"Speaking of your cousin, does she ride?"

"Yes, indeed! she does."

"Then I shall put Di at her service. She is one of the most beautiful pacers I ever saw."

"Oh, that will be nice, how kind you are!"

"It is a selfish kindness. One which deserves no praise," he said naively.

Finally we reached the house, and sure enough there was Tony, talking in a deep voice to father. As I approached he raised his voice to a squeak, assumed a simper, and turned his attention to me, much to father's relief. After he left, father gave a chuckle and remarked that Tony had one voice for the men and another for the ladies.

Now, I believe all ladies admire a deep voice in a man, and if Tony had had any mother-wit he would have perceived this and retained his natural one in addressing them, for he was striving hard to please the girls. His purse was ample and he wanted to

marry badly. I did not tell him that Valerie was expected. He was our (the girls') laughing-stock. I had not a doubt she and I would have considerable merriment at his expense, for I knew it would not be long before he heard of her arrival and dropped in.

There were three of us *we knew* whom Tony would go the rounds with as to courting every year. When I visited his cousin, with whom I sometimes stayed for several days and whom I liked, *I* would be the object of his affections, as politeness in her home and presence required me to keep him a little less distant.

Upon being dismissed with decision by me, he would ask me not to worry over it; would ride some miles and propose to Amentine d'Iberville. Before the words were out of his mouth she vehemently answered "No!" and jumped on her pony before the "hash" (as she called it, being something warmed over) got cold, to retail it to Louisiana Dixie and warn her of his coming, as she was next in routine.

Louisiana Dixie was full of mischief and decided to tell him "yes" on conditions—she would take him if she could do no better. I know how she smiled when she said it, and he, having a high opinion of his wealth, considered this great encouragement.

She did not treat him as cavalierly as formerly, otherwise there was no change in her bearing to him. He grew so conceited he was unbearable, so independent to the rest of us. However, our faces were beaming with smiles at sight of him, thinking of what was coming to him not far hence, and he really began to believe we were all in love with him. Only we three whom he had tried to deceive were in the secret,

and we shrieked with laughter at the very mention of his name when he was not around.

At a certain time Tony had to leave on important business, which favored our project greatly. He was fond of turning a penny—nothing else would have moved him at this time.

During his absence he received some wedding cards from Louisiana Dixie. On leaving he felt flattered when she smilingly asked for his address, and gave it with great gusto. He must have been chagrined when he perceived her modus operandi. Louisiana Dixie married a nice lawyer from New Orleans. Tony did not come to the wedding, however. Amentine and I teased and worried him unmercifully with inuendoes and sarcasms when he afterward came smirking around trying to regain our unwilling notice. He slipped off and married some one in a more distant neighborhood, and who had not heard of his former career. I would not be surprised to learn he had been courting her along with us.

Though we did not miss him, we missed the fun he caused, and mother remarked that she feared we would expire of ennui, but we knew that there would be more fun coming with his return.

Amentine d'Iberville's home was an old French house on one floor, about twelve feet from the ground, except two rooms in the attic, where she put the boys (her brothers) when the house was crowded with guests. A long hall ran through the middle, and there were wings on each side of the house proper. The front gallery was wide and stretched along the façade. Having a sloping roof beneath the dormer windows above made it shady and pleasant enough

for a summer parlor, with easy rattan chairs and cushions about, also a hammock.

On this capacious gallery we danced warm nights. There were large wood fireplaces in this house, with high mantels, andirons of brass, and fenders too, around which we reveled in winter. The dining-room was in the basement. It was a long, high room, with wooden beams overhead painted white, though now dingy with age. In the center, over the middle of the table, was a large wooden fan shaped like the advertisement of a man's top shirt without sleeves, swung on two pivots, one on either side. This fan a small darky pulled during the meal, in warm weather, by a long heavy cord, which kept away flies and served to freshen the atmosphere.

The family had breakfast at nine; those who wished it rose early and took a horseback ride. Lunch was at one, and taken in the bed-rooms just before a siesta. At five dinner was ready, and then a drive, tea, cake, and talk on the lawn about dusk, or in the house later if the weather was bad or cold.

In the yard were hammocks under shade trees, a croquet ground, and another place where we played graces with hoops and sticks when we wanted milder exercise. In the left of the yard was a great oak tree with branches rather low, and over a very stout one a small house of one room was built, with steps leading to it, the latter winding around the trunk. Here Amentine and I would often go when I visited her, and her mother called it the "Magic Tree House," wondering what we did there, such peals of laughter were the rule when there; but that was our secret, not even Louisiana Dixie knew.

Inside we wrote odes to the sun, moon, and stars, the shining river before us, and to people we did not appreciate, and opposite them drew their pictures.

Our mothers made us polite to every one, and this was a way we had of getting even with the world; to divulge this secret would insure a reprimand.

One afternoon, during a house party, before Louisiana Dixie was married, all the guests had gone out, some on horseback, some in buggies, some in open barouche. Amentine and I went to the tree house to follow our usual occupation there, and had just finished what we hoped was a beautiful symphony in words, when Celeste called us to come and look at a litter of new kittens. Down we came, and after inspecting them some time, walked to the front, meeting Tony at the corner. Said he to Amentine, who still had her desk under her arm:

"You seem to have been writing." I noticed a glitter in his eye.

"Yes," I said, "we have been writing to each other's sweethearts," just to make talk.

He grunted, and we went on in the house, followed by him. Next day we were all playing a game with forfeits to redeem, and Tony's turn came. He was requested to stand on one foot behind the door for five minutes. He protested, and said he could entertain us much better by repeating a poem, composed by a new Tennyson who had appeared on earth. We all thought him demented, but agreed to hear the poem, on condition he redeemed the other forfeit in case this proved uninteresting. In this manner we had hoped to get two forfeits from him. He arose with considerable

alacrity from his comfortable seat. In the middle of the room he stood, and with unusual force and energy, in a pompous voice, said:

AN ODE TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

"I look into thy depths of liquid blue,
So well I see the trees all shimmering there,
And hope my life will catch the sunny hue
Which makes thy surface seem so void of care.

"I watch the filmy clouds move on apace
By the sunlight's golden, burning glance,
I note by night, in thy glowing face,
The moonbeams o'er thy ripples dance.

"I count the stars which through thy waters gleam
And twinkle, twinkle all the night
Like sparks let in thy darkened stream—
Thus may my clouds be light, my star as bright.

"Like thy wondrous, mighty flow
I hope my meed of joy shall be.
On thy banks, where many live oaks grow,
I love to sit and have you speak to me

"Of light and life, of thrift and strength,
To sit and gaze upon thy glassy way
And see reflected there in radiant length
The pleasant thoughts I weave from day to day.

"O river fair! whate'er thy charm may be,
Thou seem'st by day a magic mirror lent
To show the best of life to me,
By night—to cheer the burdens sent."

As he finished, there was a silence born of wonder, and he looked at me, then at Amentine, in triumph. She and I exchanged glances, but were too astonished to say anything. It was our latest ode. Louisiana Dixie unconsciously relieved us by calling out:

"Did you compose that yourself, Mr. Lewker?" The others, after Louisiana Dixie's cue, called him the new Tennyson, and rated him not a little. He made no reply; it was rather a warm day, and he, all flushed and perspiring from the effort and accusation (though Dixie told me later it was much better than she ever supposed he could produce), seated himself, and fishing in his pocket for his handkerchief, pulled it out to mop his weeping brow, when a peculiar-looking book fell at his side, observed by none but Amentine and me.

She sitting next to him, the words "Some People We Know" (the title of our ode book) caught her eye. She reached down and put it behind her (for it was the book), then slipped it to me. I was sitting on the other end of the sofa, with a friend between. I slyly put it under my dress, awaiting a fitting opportunity to take it to her room to be locked in her desk, where we always stowed it. In our haste to see the kittens we had left it in the tree house, or dropped it somewhere, though not being aware of it until we saw it fall from Tony's pocket. He never referred to it or the poem, but he surely recognized his picture there, and ode to himself. Repeating the poem was his retaliation, which recoiled on himself.

The company seemed satisfied with his rendering of the poem, or the fun they got out of him concerning it, and did not request him to carry out the other forfeit; the game went on.

During one of Tony's visits, it being a little chilly where we were sitting, and I expressing myself as feeling so, Penelope, who was often hanging around,

scratched a match to light the fire which a servant had set in readiness. He expostulated with her for not calling a servant, in his snobbish way, and she quickly held the burning match to his nostrils, then lighted the fire.

The fumes of sulphur so filled his olfactories and his grandiloquent mind with indignation at her daring, and between it all he presented such a ridiculous figure, with Penelope standing in the doorway roaring at his discomforture, that I was obliged to leave his presence for another room, where I could laugh out my own mirth without encouraging Penelope in her exuberance of spirits.

Another time he thought he would show off his smartness before us by asking Penelope if she had ever seen a *white crow*, and was quite taken aback and struck with admiration of her when she promptly answered:

"No, but I have seen a white rooster crow!" Even the children were imbued with his egotism and tried to take him down.

The morning after Tony's first visit mentioned I arose quite early, called Sancho to bring a basket, and went into the yard to cut some fresh flowers for the vases. I filled one basket and sent for another, whereupon Sancho remarked after his return:

"You mus' think heap o' dem fo'ks wha' comin' to git up dis time o' day to gyutheh flow'rs in de doo when some o' dem colo'd 'omen settin' in de kitchen doin' nothin' jess well git 'em."

"I *do* think much of them, and am selecting them myself to get choice ones, and I want you to keep yourself looking neat to wait on Mr. Arthur and his

friend when they come," for Arthur had decided to come with Valerie and her friend.

"Dat I will," with a snicker, "pertic'ler Mars Arthur, caze he ghin me er dollah when he went 'way las' time."

"What for, pray? Did you beg him for it? If you did I will send you away this minute."

"No, marm. Dat wouldn' be genteel. He done it jess so. I specks bein' how I's yo' servant," rolling his big eyes and showing his white teeth from ear to ear.

"Don't let me hear any more of that," I said angrily, "and you had better stop talking or I shall tell Mr. Arthur not to give you another cent." Total silence after this. Sancho's cupidity was not below that of the rest of his tribe.

All the flowers I wanted being gathered, I returned to the house, spread them on a table, sprinkling them well, and went to my room to make myself presentable for breakfast, intending to arrange them afterward.

About eleven o'clock everything was in readiness; Sancho to open the gates, I with my hat on waiting for the boat, and expecting to hear the whistle every minute, for I was going to meet my guests.

They were obliged to take a slow packet, as the best boats in the dull season were laid up for repairs, or they would have come much earlier in the morning. Now the steam cars go tooting through everybody's fields, and it is only a matter of a few hours.

The carriage waiting at the steps; the horses getting restive; I getting restless, jumped in and told Tazewell (who had returned to us after tasting his

freedom—it must have tasted bad) to drive on and meet the boat, then return, for we saw smoke in the distance.

"How yeh gwine ghit back in time, Miss Patricia, if yeh do dat?" he said.

"Turn just as soon as the boat is in sight," I answered. Sancho got up behind and we drove two miles. Tazewell shouted from the box: "Yondeh de boat!" and turned like a flash. The bend of the river obscured the boats, and they could get right upon one almost without being observed, so we had to put the horses on their mettle to get back in time, which suits a darky better than anything; we reached our landing just as the plank was put out.

I gave Valerie a hearty kiss, and to Arthur and the friend a cordial greeting. Her satchel and parasol I gave to Sancho to hold until we were seated—the cart was there to carry the trunks to the house, for Val had come to stay a long time. We went to the house in great glee. Just before reaching there I told Valerie of the nice friend who would come that evening to meet her.

John Howard (the city friend) did not seem to relish this piece of information much, but it did not matter what John thought on the subject, as Valerie had never encouraged him as a lover.

As we alighted, mother came out on the gallery to meet us, and welcomed the guests in her usual pretty way. Penelope was going to school to our rector now, and had not come in yet. Father came in from the field about this time and took possession of Arthur and John, mother following us upstairs to hear the latest news while we were taking off our hats

and smoothing our hair to go down to the others again.

When we joined them I paid more attention to John, this being his first visit, but found him too serious and distraught to derive much pleasure from it, though he was usually a very agreeable person. I had met him often in New Orleans. I was sorry I had mentioned Claud.

After a little I was relieved, for luncheon was announced, and I took a seat by Arthur and put John by Valerie, which put him in a better humor at once and the conversation became general.

Mother had a delicious menu for us, and after we had all partaken quite freely, as the young and healthy do, I said:

"Come, Val, you must get that essential beauty-sleep," and leaving John and Arthur to their own devices we mounted the stairs to take a nap, but we no sooner touched the couch than we began what proved to be quite an animated conversation. An hour later John and Arthur passed our door on their way to dreamland, and the transom being open we heard Arthur call out:

"This is a mean trick you played on us unsuspecting fellows. Listen to the magpies, John." We merely laughed at them.

About four o'clock we arose to dress for dinner (having talked most of the time after we went to our room). Spying a pink dress in an open trunk, I drew it out, examined it, and knowing it must be becoming recommended it for that evening. To this Valerie assented. I had seen all of her winter things, and rummaged through her trunks to look at the summer

clothes. Occasionally I found one of Madame Olymp's confections, which I would forthwith try on myself. Her creations were considered *par excellence* by the feminine world.

After dinner, in summer we usually went on the front veranda and sat around diverting ourselves with whatever chanced along, when we did not drive. That evening, soon after we had gotten seated, a diversion presented itself in the shape of a handsome cavalier decked out to conquer; his mount, saddle, reins, and costume almost without a flaw.

Dismounting, he tied his mare to the rack, and as he ascended the steps, Arthur met him half way and escorted him up, introducing him to Valerie and John. His blond hair waved just a little, and was a trifle long, soft and silky. His fair mustache had not grown stiff from constant trimming, and was the best groomed I ever saw.

He was over medium height, and was a self-reliant looking being, whose straightforward glance indicated honesty; the upturned corners of his mouth showed a good nature which the prominent chin strengthened just enough to convey the idea that he was a man, for all his fine apparel. A gentle glow mantled Valerie's bonny cheek in the excitement of the meeting, and Claud's (for he it was) blue eyes unconsciously shone with a warmth which indicates true pleasure as they rested on the beautiful Valerie. Some time after nightfall, along about nine o'clock, we asked Valerie to sing. She consenting, we all adjourned to where the piano was.

The sleeping birds, who usually awaken at this time to utter their night vigils, could well have been

jealous of this human songstress, whose warbles surpassed their own. I never heard truer or clearer notes than floated on the night-jasmined air that summer evening.

The pleasure imparted was evinced in each face as her singing proceeded, and a silence as of something lost was felt when her lips closed at the end. Claud sang very well himself, and I suggested that he bring some duets of his own selection and learn them with Valerie. Next day he came, and the next. I might go on saying "the next" many times, but "always" would be a truer word.

However, they eventually became engaged. Claud had never met aunt, she having lived abroad a good deal, but knowing uncle slightly, and being such an intimate friend of ours, this would not stand in the way; but Claud had some fears on the subject, as I presume all true lovers have, and awaited a reply to his letter with much trepidation.

He would have seen uncle personally, but did not like to lose so much of his new-found happiness. John Howard had gone home some time back, disgusted with this turn of affairs. He had never had a chance, but he kept on hoping until fate stared him in the face, like many another man.

Uncle wrote Claud what the Yankees would describe as a very "clever" letter, telling him "that as a son-in-law, as far as he knew, there was no objection, if it was his daughter's choice, but preferred to know him better before disposing of her hand," and stated that he would be up in a few days with aunt to remain a week or more, in which time he hoped to be able to gratify his daughter with a final

consent. Valerie knew her father well enough to know that these set phrases meant yes.

At the end of the week they came, and very soon there was much talk of a trousseau and a bridal tour. In regard to Claud, whose fortune was small, uncle said he "much preferred a man of fine qualities; one who would look after Valerie's means, keep them for her, and make her happy, than one whose integrity was not well known, even though he had more wealth." Valerie told Claud when her father was pleased he always dealt in platitudes; when he was ruffled he was original enough.

Chapter X.

I FEEL LONELY.

One day, soon after our return from Valerie's wedding, I strolled listlessly into the library, where I saw father reading, and placing myself near him, I must have heaved a sigh, for when his voice woke me from my reverie, my ear caught the end of it, and I was not surprised when he said:

"Well, my daughter," putting an arm around me, without looking up, "what is it?"

"I am so lonesome."

"Lonesome!" Then he closed his book, and taking me on his knee asked me to tell him all about it.

"I miss them all so."

"Whom do you mean by 'them'?"

"Valerie, uncle, aunt, and Arthur, of course."

"Arthur last but not least, you little rogue, eh?" said he, pinching my cheek, o'er which a slight flush mantled. I had a bad habit of blushing when any one alluded to my lovers, and the reader need not attribute any importance to this.

"I have no objection to him, Patty, but I do not wish to give you up just as you are getting so companionable. Father thinks there never was such a one except mother."

"When Penelope finishes school my nose will be 'out of joint,'" said I complainingly, ignoring all reference to Arthur.

"Never!" said father, and looking up saw Sancho coming with the mail-bag, making a shuffling sound with his bare feet.

"Shake it good, Sancho," I said. "I am expecting a letter from Miss Valerie."

"En Mars Arthuh, too," grinned he, after which would-be witty remark he absconded.

"It must be evident, Patricia, if that chap notices it," laughed father. Opening my letter from Valerie, I arose to give father a chance to read his mail, and walked out to where I saw Penelope, to give her the news. In the heat of summer Penelope did not have school, and it was so nice to have a half-grown girl to prattle with at times.

Together, at times, we haunted every nook and cranny of the place, she drinking in all I had to tell, and viewing me with wonder and admiration. It seemed better than having a lover, she appeared so innocent and ingenuous, for the mischievous girl she was.

The following winter I again spent with aunt, and was expected to keep up the gayety of the house since Valerie was married, she having no other daughter, or child, for that matter. Arthur and I went out a good deal together with friends—quite as much as we had done the previous winter.

I do not know but what he took it for granted that I belonged to him, but I never hinted it. I remained here until mid-Lent. In the meantime I had seen them all at home, for aunt's house was but another home for mother, and she thought nothing of going down for a week or two when she felt inclined, and so did we all.

The prettiest ball I went to this winter was the Boston Club Ball. Most select it was, and most unique. It was on the second floor. Our promenades between the dances were on the same floor and

were among beds of real dirt with growing plants—these bordered with violets. Large trees were set at pleasing distances, and shrubbery with birds—singing sweetly as they do in spring—kept in tiny cages obscured by the leaves, in a flood of light which almost equaled the sun.

The ladies' dresses—silks and velvets for the dames, tarlatan and Swiss muslin for the younger, adorned with white water lilies from Paris and other fine flowers of French make. Like fairyland it was. . . .

When the soft atmosphere of the unfolding spring fills the heart with kindly feelings for humanity and soothes its harsh chords into repose, one is given to occasional meditation or dreaminess which recalls all, even what has been overlooked in a measure in the hurry of life at other times, and under the trees in the balmy air I was wondering what had become of dear Helen, and had possibly a passing thought of the same nature for Harold, when Penelope brought me a letter and took a seat by my side on a garden bench. The letter was from Helen, I knew by the chirography, and in my haste to read I tore the envelope in every direction.

In it she acknowledged that she recognized in me a true friend, and that she hoped I would allow her the honor to be considered such once more; that Dr. Leigh had told her all when he had asked her to be his wife, and that the future would hold for me a hallowed spot in the corner of her heart, if I would again care to enter there; that an uncle of her future husband, in England, had left him a considerable property in London, which necessitated his presence there, and they had concluded to be married right

soon and go immediately after, proposing to "do" the Continent later; was very urgent that I should be present at the wedding, be bridesmaid, and accompany them to Europe.

"Not until then," said she, "shall I feel that I have gained your entire forgiveness; not until I see it written upon your beautiful countenance."

After Penelope and I had discussed the whole thing in every light, as girls will do, and decided it would be quite the thing, we went in the house and showed the letter to mother.

It was indeed news to me. However, I was delighted that Helen once more had possession of Dr. Leigh's heart, as it was the one thing she coveted. I knew that I would never have suited him half as well, and even if I had seen fit I could never have accepted him while Helen was alive or around. According to my way of thinking, the sight of her would have rekindled the dormant coals each time, and I would eventually have been the poor neglected one. However, I thought I could have esteemed Dr. Leigh more—as being stronger and more trustworthy—had he even acted as Harold was doing, instead of trying to inveigle another's heart into the uncertain meshes of his tangled web; but pride and wounded vanity will often make a man seem cruel, and as I had often been told by my elders that I must take the world as I found it, I decided to take *him* as I found him.

When mother finished reading the letter she seemed to be of the opinion that a trip like this would be delightful for *any one* if I were quite sure I would not be in the way of a newly married couple,

though she added, "you seem to have tact enough to manage that part of it, and since you are so desirous of going we will consult your father."

Father was so well pleased with Ethel's family I felt certain he would be equally impressed with her cousin, and began to "mediate" (a way Penelope had of jokingly perverting the word meditate) upon the pleasure in store for me, and upon the fact that this was the last time for me to be bridesmaid. The saying is that if one wishes to avoid single blessedness she must not stand up the third time in that capacity. I had figured once as Valerie's bridesmaid. This was my last time.

When father came in from his usual morning ride in the fields we held a family council, and he said I might give Helen a favorable reply, which I did immediately, and burst into tears as soon as the letter was off, for I had not realized until the question was settled how far I would be away from them all at home.

After this outburst I became calmer, and was quite ready to leave when the time came. There were many followers to see me off, but father found time and the opportunity to encourage me, and talked so nicely about the trip I put my arms around his neck when I told him good-by at the train in New Orleans, thanking him in my heart for his help. At the other end of the line were both Helen and Dr. Leigh to meet me. At the wedding the bride was prettier than ever, with the light of a new happiness upon her face, and the groom, in spite of all the former naughty remarks about that "heartless being"—the bride—seemed exceedingly happy.

Chapter XI.

THE PRESENTATIONS.

We stayed three months or more in London, after crossing the ocean, then started for the Continent. So much has been said and written on this subject by those who are born with great descriptive ability that I shall refer you to them. But I must tell you that I was extremely thankful for the opportunity to see the wonders and the beautiful places we visited, and that I was much impressed after discussing them with persons of such rare intelligence as Helen and Dr. Leigh.

We took it all so leisurely there was time for the honeymoon, as well as material things. Before leaving America, Dr. Leigh had decided to return to London after "doing the Continent," and to make it his home for a year or two at least, leaving a sister and her little daughter at the home in London until we should return.

It was his uncle's home, and Dr. Leigh took possession of it just as it had been left. A fitting place to receive my noble guests, for as soon as my presence in London was made known, the Duchess of Mannerton hastened to initiate me in the intricacies of London society, and I was sistered by her in a delightful way for the sake of Adelaide and Isabel, she afterward confided to me, but when she saw me, she said, for myself. She asked me then to call her Natale.

Soon after arriving in London, Helen and I made our preparations for the court presentation to Queen Victoria, in the throne-room at Buckingham Palace.

A master was engaged to instruct us in the necessary formalities, as well as the court bow. The latter consists in drawing one foot back, describing a semi-circle with it as far as it will go, and sitting on both feet, so to speak, then bowing forward somewhat, to touch the Queen's hand lightly with your palm in order to raise it to your lips, and rising without awkwardness, backing from her presence in the folds of a long and heavy train, which is no little trouble. Maintaining one's balance is the true secret of doing the bow gracefully.

A court dressmaker had our dresses in charge. The court hairdressers were in such demand Helen and I had our hair dressed the night before, and slept in state on our pillows—or tried to sleep—with silk handkerchiefs tenderly tied over our adorned heads. I thought many times during my restlessness of the old quotation: "Uneasy lies the head," and so forth, and thought it applied to us, though we were not sovereigns.

When we were dressed and everything quite ready, our court trains were thrown over one arm, and after getting in the carriage they were carefully laid on the front seats. Our dresses were of white satin. My train was embroidered with seed pearls in ivy leaf design; the trains of each attached to the shoulder and looped in at the waist to give a slender effect. The usual three white feathers nodded above our heads, and the usual veil floated around our shoulders.

Our dresses were décolleté. One had to get permission to have them otherwise. When quite

settled in the carriage, about noon on a fine May day, we drove off—the way blocked by many a carriage ahead of us, and when we reached the Mall, slowly we went along, with many, many stops, till we neared the Palace gate, guarded by red-coated sentinels. We alighted at the Palace, which sits back from the pavement, with a great court in front, about one o'clock, and went through the entrance hall after a while. There were numerous footmen, pages, and attendants, some attired in the most gorgeous manner. We passed through a great corridor, with a glass dome above, the walls hung with paintings by the most worthy masters. At the left we ascended the grand white marble stairway, the balustrade with heavy scrollwork. At the head of the steps we passed through other gorgeous rooms, and about four or five o'clock, after much pushing and jostling the crowd was so great, we had our trains spread out to perform the great event of our lives—the meeting in state of one of the greatest rulers the world has known.

The introductions began by the master of ceremonies offering his hand to the peeress presenting the ladies, he conducting her before the throne, and both taking a place on either side the dais, after making a profound bow.

When my turn came, my name was shouted out, and I went through the ordeal. The royal family present were grouped on one side of the dais. On the other side of the Queen, below the dais, stood a brilliant array of ladies, displaying gorgeous dresses and jewels, and others whom I took to be ambassadors, diplomats, and attendants. Before reaching the exact stand, I had taken in the situation as well as

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

I could in the great crush. Looking up the while in a pleasant way, I made the downward plunge to the Queen, and leaning over, extending my palm, raised the Queen's gently, barely touching the back of her hand to my lips. On retiring from Royalty I backed with a flourish of my feet beneath my train, to keep from tripping on it, and soon joined Helen, who had preceded me, in another room, going through a different door from the one I entered by.

The Queen's dais was one or more steps from the floor—I could not tell in the hasty glance of only a moment, and if my descriptions are inaccurate, the excitement of the moment, the almost sleepless night owing to my headgear, the great throng of people, and strange customs, could easily have upset the steadiest head.

The experience was worth the trouble, and I did not regret the step, though tired and hungry enough, and teased by Dr. Leigh for going to so much trouble for a few moments' entertainment. I felt gratified in touching the hand of so wonderful a woman and in receiving her pleasant look, though I was too democratic to like the kissing much. Women only like to kiss the hand they love. I did not know her then, but in time felt no distaste for having done so.

Those who know anything about court life are aware that Queen Victoria, after her elaborate dinner, withdrew to the drawing-room and chatted with those assembled, when not otherwise engaged.

I met her once on such an occasion. Natale (whom I had heard was as intimate with one of the princesses as a subject can be with royalty) arranged it for me, as she had done the presentations.

The Queen, seeming interested, in her own sweet way asked me somewhat about the sunny land of my birth—fair Louisiana—the land Audubon, the most capable judge, eulogizes above others.

In reply to her inquiry of Natale how long I would remain in England, the latter said, with a smile, she did not know, but she hoped Lord Dunboigne would persuade me to *live* there—thus alluding to his attentions to me.

Then the Queen turned to me and naively said: "I would like to see more of you, and if your heart is in it would gladly welcome you as a subject." I made a low bow and thanked her, saying I would prefer her as a sovereign to any one I had known. She rejoined that the pleasure would not be altogether on my side.

The life suited me well enough, but cut off from old friends and immediate family associations, with the wide ocean between, one has a feeling of loneliness which takes some of the glamour away from all one does, sees, and receives. But having Helen and Dr. Leigh always with me, and meeting Uncle William's family on the Continent, made me feel somewhat in touch with my other world. Without them I did not like to conceive what it might be unless—as the Queen said—my heart was in it.

Chapter XII.

THE RED PINCUSHION.

When I left Louisiana Amentine gave me a pincushion she had made with the assistance of the Sisters when a schoolgirl at the Sacred Heart Convent, near New Orleans.

It was an exquisite little affair, in pale blue, embroidered in the center with a bouquet of delicate flowers. It sat on a pedestal, and had pale blue fringe falling around.

Wherever I went for any length of time it had a place on my bureau, and one day Natale—catching sight of it—said it reminded her of the convent, and was pleased to see it. She said it almost made her homesick.

A few days after, I saw a carriage coming with her coat of arms emblazoned thereon, from which a footman alighted later with a note, asking if I would send her the cushion, that she wished to show it to Anna, or the Baroness Fachenfant.

Of course I sent it out. Next time Natale came she brought my pincushion with her, and said as she handed it to me:

"Patricia, you ought to have heard Anna when she saw it, and if you can show me how it is done I would like to make a red one for her."

"I do not know," I answered, "but perhaps by examining it very closely I may be able to develop one."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when she urged me to get ready and go with her to select

the material, also to find a place where it could be mounted when ready.

Returning, we met Lord Dunboigne, and pressed him into service. He was a very good hand at sketching, I told Natale, and nothing would do but that he and I should go home with her and assist in the making.

He was to draw the Fachenfant coat of arms for the center, and a pretty wreath around it. *I* was to be critic.

One may wonder why Natale took all this trouble when she could have purchased quite a pretty one, though not so unique. It was because she loved Anna.

The latter was doubtless the richest woman in Europe, and had all things at her command. She had been so kind to Natale, and there had seemed no way to return it; here was the chance.

She bound Lord Dunboigne over to secrecy, wanting it to be a complete surprise.

When the red cushion was finished, in the course of a week or more, she and I took it to the Baroness.

"Oh, thank you!" said she, properly surprised, "it is the very nicest thing you could have done for me, but where did you get it?"—before looking minutely at it, then suddenly she exclaimed:

"Natale, did you have this made for me?"

"No, but I made it myself, mostly," she returned.

"What a dear you are," then she kissed her and continued:

"A little fairy told me I was to get a nice present from you in some such shape, but I never dreamed that you thought enough of me to do it yourself."

We immediately thought Lord Dunboigne had betrayed us, we afterward told each other; however, Natale quickly said:

"What little fairy told you?" and seemed so puzzled the Baroness said she would tell if we both promised to keep it a secret.

"Of course we will," we replied together.

"When I went last to call on Miss Random, a little girl came in to entertain me while waiting, and if Miss Random had kept me waiting long, I might have learned all the family secrets," she laughingly said.

How Bessie had found out was more than we could tell, as we had not seen her around, but we inferred that she had, perhaps, been crawling about under things, unobserved, as small children will do, and overheard.

"Now," said the Baroness, "I have what I hope is a pleasant surprise for you, Natale, though it does not compare with the value of your gift to me," putting an arm around her and presenting her with a beautiful jewel-case—pushing it into the hand of the astonished Natale.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Natale, after opening the box as quietly as her trembling fingers would allow.

"You must pin it right here," said Anna, taking it out and putting it where a brooch is usually placed. It was a handsome diamond pin.

"For me to keep?" chimed in Natale, not sure the Baroness was not jesting.

"Why certainly, my dear; you do not know how pleased I am with my pincushion."

Natale kissed her very sweetly, and rejoined: "I am so happy to think I can give you any pleasure, and this will be such a beautiful reminder of it."

In such manner Natale made friends. She was very charming, and a small favor was done so gracefully it always gave exquisite pleasure.

At a suitable opportunity, Natale showing the pin to Lord Dunboigne, he remarked that "Lady Fachenfant was very generous," and to me later: "That is nothing to what I would do for you if you will allow me the right to put my escutcheon on a pincushion for you."

"Lord Dunboigne, even if I felt disposed, since the war my father has had only a competency, and I would not impoverish him to the extent of settling a large sum on me to help make me a peeress, and it is useless to discuss this matter," added I coldly.

"You are of such great value in my sight, I would gladly settle a large sum on yourself rather than take from yours."

I looked up and saw sincerity in his honest blue eyes.

"Yes," I articulated, "as long as my youth lasts, but when I begin to fade, what then?"

"You will never fade. When the classic features lose their roundness, when the soulful eyes lose their luster, the heart which I see beneath all will have expanded year by year, the bright mind will have developed day by day, and there will still be a beautiful woman whom Lord Dunboigne or any other lord would be proud of."

"Alas! alas!" I ventured, "your dreams are vain. Find one more suited to your needs. I love my country best, and must live there."

And yet, how true he seemed! I wavered for a moment. I looked into an open space, on through as much of fair England as came within my range, and wondered if I would be true to myself, if I would be doing right to accept.

The next moment I had gathered my long skirts around me and fled.

English gardens have winding paths and much shrubbery, giving seclusion. I left him there in the twilight, and never saw him again.

Reaching my room, I threw myself down into a great chair near a window bearing upon this garden I wept bitterly that my heart was cold—frozen in fact by Harold—through no fault of mine. Ugh! how I hated him—I thought. My life, I mused, might have been so bright. All the things I love had been laid at my feet, and I might just as well be a beggar, for all the warmth had been stolen from my heart—all that a woman holds dear.

Why had I promised myself to be good? I was young. I did not know the—not exactly wicked—but careless world then.

The wealth I might acquire by this proposed alliance would bring with it the beautiful things which appealed to the French in my Huguenot blood; the English ancestry made me reconciled to the elevation of being set apart as one of the great ladies in the land, and perhaps it was right, for I *might* and *could* do much good. Why not accept, and show my power? What a sweet revenge! What a great way to prove to him (Harold) that he was wrong!

In vain I thought of the good Bishop who had given his life for the right, in vain I thought of my

dear friend, Mrs. B., who yielded up what was more than a kingdom to her, in the death of her beloved son.

Why could I not make my religion subservient to my life, instead of my life to it, as many others did, who did not let it interfere with the manner of their living? In vain I thought of the many martyrs entombed at the Three Fountains, just outside of Rome.

Not until I turned to the Great Example to whom Satan offered all, did my mind recoil and yield to better things.

In sheer exhaustion I fell asleep, and was awakened later by a kiss on my forehead—some one stroking my hair.

"Helen," I said, "what time is it?" as it dawned on me *where* I was and *why*.

"It is after ten o'clock. Lord Dunboigne came in at dusk to say farewell. He was to leave for the Continent at once. I *understand*, and I feel sorry for him."

I felt sorry for him, too, but more so for myself. He had been dealt fairly with; I had not.

Oh, what a temptation to tear the hearts of men to pieces and trample them under foot, as I knew was in my power! Before falling asleep I had again promised myself to be good, and already the little foxes were running riot.

Chapter XIII.

UNEXPECTED PLEASURES.

One evening after my return to London I was sitting on the ivy-twined porch of the Leighs' residence, when looking up from a book I saw two familiar eyes gazing at me. On meeting mine they fell, and a warm glow enveloped the features, an embarrassment appeared which soon reassured itself, while my whole physiognomy must have resembled the red peony. However, good breeding came to the rescue for both of us, and the owner of the eyes actually came forward and said he was *delighted* to see me, and held out his hand, which I was willing to take, but I certainly intended to make no advances. I may have imagined it, but I thought he pressed my hand more cordially than friendship warranted.

"Why, how are you, Harold?" said Dr. Leigh, coming out with a smile on his face, as though he had met some one he was very fond of and not the least surprised to see. As they were talking very familiarly, much to my astonishment, I disappeared, recalling vividly the day Harold and I were together at Ethel's, and not wishing to seem to thrust myself into his notice, for I remembered how puzzled the eyes looked when they discovered me, and knew they had not come for that purpose. I did not see him again during that visit, but he very soon began to come quite regularly, just as a friend to Dr. Leigh, neither avoiding me nor showing me especial attention, though I never expressed a wish which was not carried out by him, if possible.

One month after we met I was sitting in the garden, and little Bessie, Dr. Leigh's niece, came bounding toward me with a letter in her hand. "Thank you," I said as she handed it to me, and I proceeded to read it. She sat patiently by until I had finished, for she was an unusually well-mannered child, then she said quite seriously:

"Why do you treat such a nice man as Mr. Page so badly?"

"Who said I treated him badly?"

"Mamma thinks so, I know."

"How do you know?"

"Because," twisting about.

"Because what?" I was determined to get at the bottom of this mystery, even if I had to use Bessie. Every one ignored the subject of Harold so plainly I did not like to broach it—here was an opening.

"You will not tell?" said she archly, lowering her voice to a whisper and shaking her little finger at me by way of emphasis. "Mamma will punish me if she knew I 'peated what she said, but she thinks you ought to marry him."

"He does not ask me, Bessie. You would not have me ask *him*, would you?"

"No, that would not be nice [I do not know how she knew about such matters], but mamma says he would if you would let him, and she knows a good bit," shaking her curly head. "She says you will not allow yourself to be alone with him five minutes at a time. There he is now!" with joy, and ran to meet him. When he had taken a seat she jumped into his lap, and looking into his face quite innocently she horrified me by saying in a very persuasive tone:

"Why don't you ask Cousin Patty to marry you?" She called the ladies she liked very much "cousin."

Harold laughed nervously and replied:

"I am afraid she would not have me," trying to appear natural at the same time.

"Oh, yes, she will! But she says you won't ask her."

"Bessie!" I screamed, "how dare you talk so?" rising to my feet and betraying much confusion.

"I would not marry you! I hate you!" I said under my breath, and I dashed into the house without looking up. I was seen no more till dinner.

There he sat at the table when I entered and appeared collected, as I hope I did, but I did not feel so. I could have pinched Bessie for her indiscretion, but there she sat opposite, looking as sweet and innocent as a little violet. That night we were all sitting in the parlor together when Helen made some thin excuse rather early and said "good night." Dr. Leigh soon followed, without any excuse or even saying "good night." Bessie and her mother had already preceded them, and I was still at the piano, having just finished a piece played at Dr. Leigh's (the sly thing!) request, and Harold was sitting near.

I was cornered at last, so I played more, and more yet, as the children say, and the moments went by while I was hoping something would develop to relieve me. Presently Harold requested me to sing, but when he selected a piece full of tender reminiscences I was almost paralyzed. Could I ever get through it becoming the dignity of an offended queen? I noticed a twinkle in his eye, which aroused me in every fiber. I composed myself,

played the prelude, and rejoiced in my strength. I sang the first verse very creditably. At the second the words began to tremble as he drew nearer and I felt his ardent gaze upon my face, his warm breath so near my cheek.

I lost my half-defiant air, my eyelids fell, my face must have matched Aurora's at dawn; I burst into tears and bowed my head upon the keys, sobbing as if my heart would break, that the perfidy of my friends had left me there to face the situation, though I knew it was from the kindness of their hearts.

"What is it that troubles you so?" he gently said, after a little.

"Bessie. I—am—so—homesick."

"What has she to do with your being homesick?"

"She is so naughty."

"What has she done?"

"She made me say ———" what followed was inaudible.

"What did she make you say?"

"That I hated you!" under my breath. The enemy was surrendering.

"Did you not mean it?"

"No," I said, laughing softly, for I did not like to admit it too seriously.

"Tell me how little you hate me, then. Enough to forgive those unkind words and be something dearer than you were before? Men usually ask for ardent love—I am only pleading for a little less *hate*," and he laughed a low, triumphant laugh—then I knew my silence was taken as a favorable sign, for his lips were close to my ear as he murmured his tale of love. . . . How he had striven to forget; how he after-

ward cherished my memory and despaired of ever winning my affections again after discovering his mistake. By this time I had become brave enough to look up and ask with a quizzical smile *when* he had discovered that, so he continued:

"While in London, previous to his marriage, I was very ill, and Dr. Leigh happened to be staying at the same hotel, heard of me and came to see me. He found me in a bad but not exactly dangerous condition, and had me nursed and cared for as kindly as though I had been an old friend or relative. My mother had left me some time before, and I was so much better ere he had an opportunity or thought it advisable to send for her that I never mentioned it at all. Having let fall some words during my delirium concerning yourself in connection with him, he candidly told me, after my recovery, everything as regards his relations with yourself, and I would have returned to America at once but heard you were engaged to Arthur, and feared I had been entirely forgotten. Some time before Arthur had written to me to come back like a sensible man and endeavor to get back the prize I had lost, but I had not heard Dr. Leigh's account. So you see the latter has been the means of reuniting us, though you think little Bessie came near spoiling it all," added he, archly.

And then some happy moments of trust and confidence followed, and we said farewell to the clouded past.

True, it was late, but I wanted to unburden myself to Helen and thank her for her dear delightful ruse to bring us together, and seeing a light in her boudoir I glided in the half-open door, took a seat on the

lounge beside her, and told her I knew she would be gratified, that Harold and I had come to terms, and finished by telling her it was like a change from half moonlight to brilliant sunshine.

"Poor little Bessie," said Helen, "came to me and told me what you said, and wanted to know if she had been very naughty, and if I thought 'Cousin Patty' would tell mamma. You see," continued Helen, "I wanted you and Mr. Page to become friendly again, and Dr. Leigh wrote him, when we got settled here, about our plans, though I had hoped we would meet him on the Continent, as he was traveling around then, for I was much afraid of Lord Dunboigne. It was a great position to decline. Then I thought Mr. Page had been put off long enough. Dr. Leigh would not let either of you know the presence of the other in London, but wished you to meet as if by accident, making the reconciliation more easily accomplished—then when the ice was broken thought a little time would do the rest."

I kissed her good night and went to dream of my happiness. Now that the fates had decided my future, my first thought was of home. Dr. Leigh's sister wished to return to New York, and gladly assented to the proposition to chaperon me across the water. I hoped to find some friends there to chaperon me to New Orleans.

I parted from Helen and Dr. Leigh with many regrets, for they had grown very dear, and Natale too; but her life is so different from ours, I knew after being home for a little it would seem like a dream or a fairy tale. We had rather a quiet voyage, which I enjoyed, as I never get

seasick, and I could not help reflecting that I was taking my tour *before* instead of *after* my marriage.

Circumstances alter cases, however, and this was a peculiar case. Still there was ample opportunity for us to enjoy the pleasures incident to our approaching marriage, and we thought the time passed delightfully on shipboard.

In the silence of the night, however, the following words came to me over and over again, fastening themselves in my brain like barnacles on the side of a ship:

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.

We toss the stoutest ships about upon our feathery crests—
When we collect not in the deep we lap up on the beach.
The housewife quakes to see her man upon our heaving breasts—
Moans the sailor's child, whom our duet with the gale doth reach.

Our domain is vast and deep, it stretches e'en from pole to pole.
Our voice in thundrous tone resounds from distant shore to shore.
All those who ride upon our frenzied, dashing billows bold,
Will call in answer to their name—no more—no more.

When we lash the dark'ning shore, and bend our utmost fury there,
The maid who hath a lover in our way may weep and weep,
May on her bended knees put forth her ardent, earnest prayer.
None but the Great Creator can him save from our dark deep.

We love the lowering clouds—they add vastness to our power;
We love the cannonade above—our tones in concert roar;
It gives us exercise to dash athwart the lighthouse tower
And reconciles us to the silent calm we deem a bore.

We love to laugh and leap all day upon the ocean wide,
We care not for wife nor mother, maid, nor man—not we—not we—
If we have our sport, enjoying arm in arm the highest tide
And toss, o'er swelling waters high, our white caps on the sea.

From New York we continued to New Orleans by rail, and went immediately to aunt's, Harold leaving me there to attend to some business and to find what boat he could catch to go up to the plantation, as he wished to see father, to ask him when he was willing to give me up. I had not written aunt when to expect me, because I wanted to take her by surprise, and she was astonished when I walked in her room unannounced. Still more surprised was she at my engagement. Said that she had wished so much I would marry Arthur—that he would never get over his attachment—that he was one of the few who could love but once, and she wished the news broken gently to him. So I received no congratulations in this quarter.

I wrote to mother—the only one expecting me—to come down and help me get my trousseau; that I was going to be married to a gentleman I met when abroad. I also wrote that it was useless to tell his name, the bearer would do that. Harold was to stop later for my letter, and said he would get off at the White Castle and ride to his own place on my steed. When Arthur came in a little later he was not in the least surprised to see me, and looked as though he had come for that purpose, as he did not usually come in at this time.

Valerie, who was again living with aunt, was spending the day with a friend, and had been sent for. I protested, but aunt said Valerie would never forgive her if she did not. Aunt would not give Valerie up entirely, so she persuaded Claud to leave the plantation and establish himself in the city.

"I am so glad to see you, Patricia; how well you look," said Arthur, shaking both my hands. "Harold

told me you were looking splendid." Then I saw that they had met and that he knew all. What a relief!

"He wants me to be his best man, but I declined." I had never as yet told Harold about Arthur, and having been away so long himself he had no opportunity of observing. No one made any reply to this last remark, so I arose and looked out of the window for a diversion. In the meantime aunt was called away. I put my cheek against the window pane and was lost in thought when I felt some one near me. I looked up. It was Arthur.

"Do not have any misgivings about me, Patricia. My love is such I am happy in seeing you so." Just then Valerie peeped in, and there was no end of chatter, in which Arthur joined.

Mother soon came, and Harold with her. My trousseau was the topic of the day among ourselves and intimate friends. How pleased they were when I casually remarked that we need not trouble about dresses, that I had ordered those from Paris! In passing through this city Helen and I had had some made. I ordered more when I knew I was to be married, which mother said was very thoughtful. But was there ever a girl who was not thoughtful about her trousseau? Father jokingly remarked that he was not sure that he would pay the bills, as he had not been consulted!

. . . . . .

We have been married seven years. I have one little girl and two boys. Little Victoria, the image of myself, Harold, a sturdy little fellow, and Random, the cherub, the baby yet.

Victoria and Arthur are the best of friends, and sometimes there is a passing thought, such as will come to mothers, that Arthur may yet have his dream of bliss realized in Victoria, who could not love him less should she ever know how he loved the mother whom she adores. I have never yet found the voice to tell Harold about Arthur and myself, and of course the family have never mentioned it. Victoria often shakes her finger at Arthur when he has not been to see us for what she thinks a long time, and tells him she is jealous of those city ladies, which piece of information amuses him very much.

"How long are you going to keep me waiting?" he sometimes says in a playful way.

"Until I get my education."

"You had better not keep me waiting too long, I may get tired and marry some one else, who will have me at once." At this sally she will get down from his knee and draw herself up with much dignity and say:

"Very well, sir, I have no objection," and dart away, when he would run after her and catch her; then they would be good friends again.

Valerie and Claud are still happy. I mention this because there seems to be so many unhappy marriages it is well to note some happy ones and consider the reasons.

Ethel married soon after I did, and I hear from her sometimes. Helen and Dr. Leigh are now residing in the North, and I am expecting them to make me a visit soon.

There have been some changes since Ethel explored New Orleans with me, and when I go there to

meet Helen and Dr. Leigh I shall first let them see the comfortable-looking sturdy white marble statue of "Margaret the Good"—I shall call her—the only poor woman in America who has had a statue erected to her. There she sits in the long, flowery, sunny park, near the street-car line, where every one in passing can see her, with one arm around a child.

A solid apple of gold! She was illuminated till all the goodness, all the depth and strength of a life shines in every direction, penetrating the hearts of all who look upon her image.

Being poor, she had no way of helping those to whom her heart went out in sympathy, and started a little bakery, which grew and grew, as good seed always does, and lo! Margaret might have been wealthy, so famous was her bread. Such was not her desire. She spent her surplus in doing good where needed. Every one is endeared to Margaret. No one mentions her other name—she is called simply "Margaret"—all know who is meant; any native passerby can tell you her full history while you view the image of this womanly woman.

. . . . . .

Mother and father are still living at the White Castle. Penelope married Mr. Bagnell's only son, John, who was at the University of Virginia as a student when I was a young lady. They live at the White Castle, to keep mother and father company. Brother Algernon and Miranda are getting to be old married people now. Uncle and Aunt Harcourt come to see us sometimes from New Orleans. Uncle William Random, his wife and girls, are still abroad, and feel at home over there. They have been back

only once to see us. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell enjoy their grandchildren, Miranda and Louisiana Dixie contributing. The latter lives in New Orleans and spends every summer at her old home, and the grandparents keep young under the children's influence.

Don Manuel del Monte is still a good friend and neighbor. Colonel and Mrs. B—— moved away; she dying soon after, he went to live with one of his children.

Leo married one of his New Orleans friends, and seems quite happy, in spite of his once ardent love for Adelaide.

Penelope has always teased Cousin Ran about the youngest Miss Chester (one of three charming English ladies), living at a place they call Stratford, and which they endeavor to make as near like Anne Hathaway's cottage as the grounds and structure will allow. The youngest can repeat pages of Shakespeare's tragedies with an appropriate air, which might have helped her on the stage if she had lived her youth in this great day of personal development. But Cousin Ran declares the nearest he ever came to getting married was when Isabel refused him.

Adelaide and Isabel are leaders in the cities where they live, and I exchange visits with them sometimes.

Celeste La Farge is still coy and bashful, in a measure. Richard, who has not long since returned from abroad, thinks her the dearest creature in the world, but no one will ever know what she thinks of him until Richard announces it. Amentine has not yet met her fate.

I nearly forgot to mention Tony. By the by, he has a lovely wife, but he is as pompous as ever, and

after having been abroad thought he would astonish us with some new ideas a year or so following. He persists in saying that Paris is three years ahead of everywhere else. When his boy was a year old he gave him a birthday dinner, and insisted that the dinner must come off the very hour the youngster came in the world, which was three o'clock in the early morn. Mr. Bagnell said he would go to no such fool thing, even if it *were* à Paris. Cousin Ran remarked that if there were no fools in the world the wise men would have no chance to show off; that he rather liked that sort of thing, and winked at Algernon. They both went, and to tell the truth they both enjoyed Tony, in spite of the ladies' animadversions. From all accounts, the party was quite a success.

Beth still lives in her cabin at the White Castle, but Aunt Fanny and Aunt Matilda have been gathered to their fathers for several years, and some of the family went to the burials. My old mammy followed me to my new home, to look after me—and the children later—but I take care that she has not much to do, and as long as I have a home she shall be carefully looked after. She still loves to read the Bible, but her eyes are getting dim. Once a day I read her a chapter, and explain it to her to the best of my ability. And I trust I shall meet her in the world above, for though she is not as fair as I am, it must be that it is the pure heart that will shine, and make the face radiant in that unknown realm which giveth the peace which passeth understanding.

BOOK THREE.

CHAPTER I.

QUINION'S STORY, TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I do not remember much that took place before this, but when I was about six weeks old, some time in August, Mr. Page took me out of his pocket and laid me on the floor at his right foot after he had seated himself in a rocker on the front gallery, where he always sat summer evenings—it was then dusk. I thought it was a queer place to put me, a stranger, and wondered why he did not show me around to the family or have some other pup to meet me after taking me away from the company of my brothers and sisters.

I soon learned what his idea was. He had seen Victoria, who was a little girl of seven years, coming in the distance, and wanted to hear what she would say on catching sight of me. Mr. Page, I afterward found, took delight in surprising her in this way about one thing and another. He said she was so cute and original—whatever that meant—it was interesting to watch her, and I soon came to be also of the latter opinion. I have a dim recollection of a white gown flitting up the steps and hearing a "Hello, papa!" with a bound toward the person beside me, when it suddenly stopped, and I saw a little girl's head and two bright eyes staring at me with pleasure. Then she forgot her papa, and pick-

ing me up squeezed me so tight I almost holloed; from that hour she held on to me till bedtime, and was so delighted with me Mr. Page said he was glad he brought me.

She even held me on her lap at supper and let me drink some milk out of a saucer which she put at the edge of the table. It was all I could do to keep my paws out of the saucer and turning it over, because both of us were too little to keep it or each other steady, and the black boy who was waiting on the table had to hold it. I am sure he was glad when I was through, for I found that negroes did not like to wait on the pets of the family. When bedtime came the whole family—servants included—tried to get me away from Victoria, but she said "pup" must sleep right in her bed with her. Mrs. Page did not know how many or how few fleas I had on me, as she had not thoroughly inspected me, and being a very clean or neat person, as I soon discovered to my annoyance, compromised with Victoria by saying I might sleep in the bath-room, not far from where Victoria slept.

So a candle was lighted and a search for a suitable box to put me in was begun. Cindy, Mrs. Page's black maid, who slept in a corner of Victoria's room, took from under her pillow a big bunch of keys while Mrs. Page was telling her she thought she would find a box in one of the storerooms in the basement. Then Mrs. Page took another candle and said she was going to the attic, and soon came back with a piece of velvet carpet. Shortly after this my box was ready, and I had risen in my own estimation, seeing how much pains they took to make me comfortable, but

dog-like I wondered if it were not more to gratify Victoria than myself.

After Victoria put me in the box—for she must do it herself—she saw me stowed away in the bath-room and squeezed me a few more times, calling me "s-w-e-e-t little puppy." When the door was shut on me the first thing I did was to try to get out of the box, but the sides were too high; being disappointed and lonely, I began to yelp, and kept it up until near daybreak, when I fell into a doze.

Next morning at breakfast Mr. Page told Victoria the puppy sang so much all night nobody could sleep, and that they would have to put me in one of the outhouses until I was old enough to know better.

Victoria burst into tears and would eat no breakfast, and held on to me so tight I could hardly get my breath—however, relief came. Mr. Page said I was a pointer of fine breed, and if Victoria held on to me continuously like she promised I would either get sick or grow up a "no-count" dog. This remark made me tremble, and it was with great pleasure I heard him say the "novelty" would soon wear off.

I did not know what that meant, but it sounded encouraging. He went to the town near by and returned with the prettiest doll he could find before she would consent to my sleeping in the outhouse. When she parted from me the first night out there you would have thought I was going to be buried, she hugged and kissed me so. She did not seem to be tired of me the next day, but she was much taken up with her new doll, and Mrs. Page and Cindy (colored girl, for I soon observed she did not like to be called "negro," nor did any of her color) undertook to give

me a bath. Cindy scrubbed me well with carbolic soap, taking care none got in my eyes, and wrapped me in a half-dozen old towels which I heard Mrs. Page tell her not to use for any other purpose, so I concluded I was to have some more of those disagreeable drenchings.

I did have some more, but when they seemed to think I had been thoroughly cleaned they let me off for quite a while, and when I got big enough Mr. Page used to take me to the pond where the cattle drank, then to the river when I was full size, and threw sticks in for me to fetch, while little Harry, who was most always along, would clap his hands with glee whenever I caught the stick. That made me know I was doing something fine, and I was mightily pleased when Mr. Page patted me on the head as he took the stick out of my mouth.

Victoria gave me up with great reluctance when her papa persuaded her with sugar-plums, kisses, and honeyed words that it would spoil me to handle me too much, for she soon got tired of the doll and began petting me again. But she was fond of animals, and though I am averse to telling it, she let a horrid bat supersede me in her attentions—I won't say affections. However, I did not believe it was *her* fault, and watched her proceedings with interest. How she ever caught the nasty thing alive I can not tell you, because I do not believe any one knows, but she had it fast. Its wings were pinioned with a doll's skirt and jacket so it could not fly, and she had a doll cup and spoon, feeding it some milk, which it seemed to relish, smacking its lips as it sat perched upon her bureau against a pile of books. The pretty

dolly was lying on the floor. Cindy, passing through the nursery, chided her for being so careless, and glancing in her direction caught sight of what I was just relating.

"La, Victoria, what *is* yeh doin'?" she inquired. I was lying around looking on, for I still loved Victoria, who said:

"Look, Cindy, how it drinks. The doll doesn't drink! I like something live to play with. Doll is so stupid."

Cindy snickered and said: "Victoria, you is too furny," and went off to relate it. Then everybody came to see the performance. She was kind to the bat, but it died soon after she caught it. No doubt it could not get accustomed to such a tame way of living—needed exercise—perhaps to digest all the milk she poured down its throat, but the child never thought of that and no one thought enough of such a nuisance to tell her. She took a guava jelly box—the long kind, covered with some dark stuff—and had a funeral for it, with doll candles lighted, and chanted what she said was a Roman Catholic burial.

Where she ever saw it and heard it is more than I can tell. She must have gone with her mother to some such service and admired it, for she evidently knew what she was doing. She told Harry all about it beforehand, and he hitched me up in a pasteboard box for what Victoria said was a hearse.

After I saw them put the jelly-box in the ground I went there when they were not looking and scratched it up and brought it to Mr. Page, dirt and all. He opened it and laughed all over, for he recognized it was some of Victoria's doings. He threw the whole

thing in the laundry fire, and when Victoria went later to put some flowers on the little grave she found a hole, but no box. She ran to the house and breathlessly told her papa the bat must have gone to Heaven, for she could not find it in the ground where she put it. I did not know what that meant, but she looked so happy I thought it must be something nice. Her papa hugged and kissed her a good deal, and I suspect they were both happy, only I hope he did not squeeze her as tight as she used to do me.

I was rather a clean sort of dog after I had learned it was not nice to come in the house dirty, and I was allowed to lie on a rug in the parlor when anything was going on there, as was the case when Victoria was baptized. The Bishop was there and they had a silver bowl on the table, and when he sprinkled the water on her head she knit her brows and said in an indignant tone:

"You spoilt my pretty dress," for some water got on it. It was a low-neck pink silk. I heard them talking about it. In fact, she told me herself she was going to be christened in a new pink silk.

Though Victoria had quit handling me so much, she played with me a great deal. Her favorite pastime with me was to tie each foot in a piece of newspaper, and while I walked along daintily as though I were treading on eggshells, she and the family would laugh at my awkwardness, so I would bite and pull at the papers until I got them partly off. Then they would laugh more loudly until I got them quite off, when Victoria would pat me on the head and tie some more on if she felt like it. But she liked variety, and seldom did the same thing hand-

running. When she got a little older she was always making candy, which the cook said was "messin' in the kitchen." I did not mind it, but I did not have the dishes to wash nor the floor to wipe up afterward.

Chapter II.

QUINION'S STORY—CONTINUED.

For some time I was simply called pup. Finally Victoria said I must be called Quinion. Now Fanny, the slick greyhound, who was fond of as much show and display as a dog can get out of life, told me she would rather have no name than "*Quinion*," and pronounced it in a very disdainful way. I was ashamed of it myself, but defended it and my dignity by saying I thought Victoria might have heard her papa call it out of a book he was reading to Mrs. Page, that Victoria and all the family had been so kind to me I was willing to put up with any name they agreed on, and that I thought "Fanny" a rather commonplace name at all events. At this she gave a sniff and took her ladyship off.

Like most dogs of her kind she was very superficial—did not stay at home much—was as much at the neighbors' as at our house, and only stayed around when feeding-time came. As to that, she would not have been with us then except that we feed better than others.

Besides me and Fanny there was a black shepherd dog named Niger and an old pointer named Bingo. Fanny said she did not like Niger's name either—it was too suggestive—but Niger and I were good friends, and we turned a deaf ear to Fanny's gibes. He was so nimble I did not keep up with him, for he kept up with the cattle. That was not my business, so I did not try. I reserved myself for the hunting-field, and well do I remember my first hunt. Mr.

Page praised me so I was too amiable to growl once at Fanny's sarcastic sallies, for I could see she thought better of me, and Niger, too, doubled his respect.

I never let on to any of them that I had gotten old Bingo to post me before I set out. He was superannuated, but he had had experience, and that was much to a sensible dog. He was so much older than I, I was willing to abide by his counsel.

I used to hang around the stables at odd times, for I liked horses, and would be as much amused as a dog can be when I saw Archie, the colored hostler, cutting the pigeon-wing in the air. I knew Mrs. Page wanted the carriage and Victoria and Harry wanted their ponies—all at the same time—for Victoria would say:

"Now, Archie, get mine first," and Harry would chime in and say:

"No, Arch, get mine first," then it was that Archie would go up in the air with a double shuffle, more to put them in a good humor than anything else, I imagine. For they would both laugh, and did not seem to care who got the pony first, and would stand chatting with Archie, watching him put the harness on in hitching up the carriage for Mrs. Page.

Then he would saddle the ponies, and away they would go, round and round the circle in the front yard, with the dogs at their heels.

When Victoria and Harry got to be about ten and eight, respectively, they were always in some mischief. They once sneaked into the stable, where the saddles are kept, and taking one, they slipped around behind the hedge enclosing the yard, followed by their little brother, Random, and a pack of

little "niggers," that plantation children always have at their heels to wait on them, and saddled a cow in the pasture, after coaxing her where their mother could not see, with some fodder the pickaninnies had been ordered to bring along.

They girded the saddle on, and all three of the white children got up, though Random had two or three falls trying to scramble up when his turn came. The cow had to be induced to lower herself into a ditch to assist the mount, with all the darkies to the rescue. During the process, Victoria told Random he was such a bother and was so little he ought to have stayed at home, but he said he had as much right to ride a cow as she had.

Everything was ready, and they were in for a ride, when the cow swelled out like everything and burst the girth. This scattered the children on top in every direction, and they falling on the equally surprised darkies looking on, it created quite a scramble, though no one was hurt much.

I was fearful when I saw them get on, for I had never seen a cow ridden in all my life, except in a picture. It takes a thousand of brick to hurt a pickaninny, and I never thought of the pickaninnies sustaining any injury, but Random must have thought he was hurt, for baby-like he began to cry, and Victoria and Harry begged him in one breath to desist, that "mamma would hear us and punish us," when he bawled a little more loudly, till they tried to stop his mouth with their hands. Then a tussle ensued, and they forgot all about the cow and the saddle, trying to pacify Random, promising him barrels of everything they had ever heard of that was good. The saddle

was found in the pasture next day, and the children had to own up and get punished.

Mrs. Page had a lean, gentle cow that was too old for use, and told the children to pet *that* if they *must* have a cow, though they should not try to saddle her. This broke the charm, and Victoria said she thought she would fatten her and sell her to the butcher. She offered Harry a share of the proceeds if he would go to the garden every day and get pumpkins for her. The cow's teeth were so dull she could not open the pumpkins after Harry had brought them, so he had to break them apart, much to his disgust, and declared he would not eat any meat for a month after the sale of "Bo*go*rah Nutmeg," as he called her. Her name was Deborah. Victoria replied that anything fed as high as Deborah (for she had engaged all the kitchen slops and bribed the cook to give her more meal than the cow was worth) ought to be nice eating.

But Harry said "Bogorah" was as lean as ever, and remarked he could never eat leather, and if she did not sell Bogorah pretty soon, Victoria would have to give her to the colored people for a hat-rack. Then Victoria would dart at him and cuff him well, while the wily Harry would roll over on the grass and tell her in a mocking way that her fists were not big enough to hurt a flea. I knew a flea was hard to kill; after biting at them some hours, I find they still hang on.

When Victoria was somewhat larger, yet, at a certain time of the year which she told the cook was Lent, she made cakes and took them to a store in the nearest village, where she left them to be sold, to

make some Easter money, she told the man who was going to sell them for her; and judging from the time she spent on cakes, she must have taken in considerable. I never got any at this time, and I was never forgotten at others. The servants might have taken her cakes to the store, but she preferred to do so herself.

I heard Mr. Page say he believed in religion, and in doing good, but he was afraid Victoria was wearing herself out in her enthusiasm, and he would rather give her the money, but Mrs. Page said Victoria wanted to make it *herself*. Finally Victoria went to New Orleans to school, and only returned for the holidays and summer vacations.

Things went on in this jog-trot sort of a way for three or four years. Victoria and Harry had grown wonderfully, and I had gotten quite old, for a dog, when Victoria began to get ready for the World's Fair. Since then I feel that most of the fun must go with her; am very much afraid I have had my day, and will merge into a very stupid old animal before she returns, for several months is a long time out of an old dog's life. She has not long returned home from school, and I hoped she was here till I died. Fanny, Bingo, and Niger all being dead, I shall have to be more social with the other dogs who have come to replace them from time to time.

BOOK FOUR.

Chapter I.

VICTORIA AT THE FAIR.

A small log of wood was slowly burning, one end on the homely iron dog, the other resting on the hearth of the great brick fireplace in a cabin which stood behind the fig orchard at the White Castle—a fence intervening. It was in the late spring, but when is it that a darky does not enjoy a blaze? The very crackle of the wood inspires comfort.

Elizabeth Flowers (familiarly called "Beth" by the inmates and the whole family connection of the mansion) was reclining in an antiquated wooden rocker, not feeling well this afternoon; a many-colored kerchief on her head, a little red square shawl on her shoulders, over a calico waist. She was eating some wine jelly just brought her by Victoria. Victoria had received her name in memory of England's Queen, and had some of her kindness. "I tell you whut, Miss Victohia, dis iz good," looking at her admiringly and rubbing her thin stomach.

"How yeh does favor ole Marsteh, yeh grandpaw, en I likes to see it. When I wuz a young gal I wuz took, wid Nick, to be sold, en when Marsteh tole de man dat he settle on Nick caze he wuz big en strong, I got down on meh knees en beg him to buy me too. I wuz little en thin en wuzn't strong, but Marsteh tole de man to let me go 'long wid Nick, en I'ze been hyeh eveh since. Nick wuz drownded in de riber, yeh

know, not long ago, but I had many a happy yeah wid him befo' dat, do'h wheneveh Nick sass me I got up en pound him wid meh fists, en he would jess laf', caze I wuz so little. I couldn' hurt him nohow. Miss Victohia, when yeh gits mah'ied dars nothin' like showin' de man yeh has some grit. Nick liked Miss Penelope, caze he say she made such purty rhymes. He would walk pas' de house on pu'pose when he see heh playin' 'roun', wid his net on he shouldeh, goin' fishin, en he'd say:

"'Miss Penelope, whut's de matteh?' den she'd say:

"'De dog stuck his foot in de batteh!' [broad a].

"Nick come frum Fudginia, yeh know, en talk like dem fo'ks, en Miss Penelope would talk dat-away to match him. Some otheh time he'd hollo out:

"'Miss Penelope, how are yeh to-day?' she say:

"'Vehy well, if meh hens would lay.'

"She had a little hen-house under a big tree near her maw's room. Nick he laf' en say:

"'What are yeh goin' to do to-morrow?' [he always said *are* instea of *iz*.] She answer back:

"'Roll yeh in a wheel barrow' [broad a]. At dat Nick he mos' kill hisse'f laffin'—he wuz nigh seben foot high en she no bigger'n dis cheer Ize settin' in. Doh I never could do much at a time, I wuz a good nus' when fo'ks wuz sick, en in slave times I went to de hospital wid de docteh all de time to take his ordehs 'bout people whut wuz sick. De sick people always went to Marsteh fus', en he would feel deir pulse en tell 'em to come to me fur de med'cine. When yeh gran'maw had company en needed mor'n she

already had I used to make nic-nacs [delicacies] fer heh. She en Marsteh wuz mighty good; yeh gran'maw iz yet, but yeh gran'paw iz gone whar de good fo'ks go. Yeh favors yeh gran'paw, en dat ketches meh eye. When yeh gran'paw ceasted yeh wuz mos' too young to remembeh, but he had de bigges' funeral yeh eveh huyd tell on. De high en low, de rich en de po'. En dey tells me he built de bes' part o' de chu'ch whar yeh all goes Sundays, en mos' ob de pars'nage whar de minister's family stay, besides entertainin' all de Bishops en stray ministehs whut come along."

To this monologue Victoria listened with interest. When Beth stopped she reached out her hand for the saucer, as Beth had eaten all the jelly while she was talking, then Victoria said she had to go to the house, as she had an engagement about this time.

She was going to ride with a friend. Victoria, of course, was not living at the White Castle, but she stayed there so much with her grandma and Aunt Penelope that it was like a second home to her. If she could not find the dress she wanted for an occasion at home, it could be found here; the plantations were so near it was little or no trouble to send for anything.

On reaching the house the errand-boy had the mare and habit ready which she had ordered to be sent, and she went up to her mother's old room to make the change. In the meantime her escort had made his appearance, and soon they were cantering off together. Instead of keeping on the river road Victoria after a little turned down a lane which was much frequented and which led to the Bruslé—a

French hamlet a mile or two back, in the heart of the woods, which had been cleared by a fire.

Just ahead was an old-looking, dingy, yellow covered wagon, going very slowly in the middle of the lane. When a little beyond it, Arthur, who was her escort, took in the situation at once, but with his usual thoughtfulness refrained from any comment until after he got out of hearing. Victoria, in her sprightly way, was glancing about, being at the time mentioned absorbed in a hitch in her skirt, and pealed out a merry laugh, crying, "Look! Look!" as she turned square around in her saddle, facing the vehicle.

The driver had his head buried in the depths of a sun-bonnet, kissing a woman inside of it who was sitting beside him, while the poor beast of a horse was allowed to follow his own sweet will, though he hardly looked strong enough to have any.

Hearing the laugh, the head arose from the bonnet with a flush of crimson, displaying a youthful and rather fine face, while the one in the bonnet looked very serious and indicated a settled person. She straightened up, smoothed her hair, and adjusted her headgear. He caught up the reins and pretended to be unconscious of anything but the driving while the equestrians were in sight.

"Who are they, Arthur?" Victoria inquired, as she tried to stifle her laughter when she saw the confusion it wrought.

"They are a newly married couple from the Bruslé. You observe disparity of age makes no difference with them—why should it with us?"

Disparity of age was the plea upon which she had put Arthur off from time to time. Victoria tossed her head, gave her mare a cut and went bounding along until Sylphede (the mare) was so tired she had to stop her, for the sake of giving her a breathing spell. As soon as Arthur caught up, she gayly turned to him and said:

"I am going to the White City for the summer. A Miss Baker has opened a house there, will rent rooms and give breakfast. The Misses Chester have gone in with her, and mamma says I may go with them, when *they* go, to be under *their* care. They and I begged so hard. The latter propose being silent partners, expect to play lady, and have entered into the compact merely to see as much as they can of Chicago and the World's Fair for the least money; though I am sure they are not so rich but what they might like to have a little more."

Arthur rejoined: "They would be unlike the rest of the world if they did not want a little more." At which Victoria smiled and continued:

"Mrs. Fox, a cousin of Miss Baker's, writes that she understands the house is on the lake shore, has a veranda all around on both floors, and is a nice summer resort. That there are grape vines, fruit trees, and a stable for those who wish to use it."

Arthur said: "I think the rent must be quite high, from the description."

"Yes," Victoria replied, "they give two hundred dollars a month for the place, and it is only partly furnished, and Mrs. Fox thinks it ought to be very desirable at that price."

"Have you ever been to Chicago?" asked Arthur.

"No, I have not, and enjoy the prospect of going, as I shall enjoy being there. Of course, I will have a lovely time talking about it afterward. This is a delightful world to those who know how to use it, and if I am given just half a chance I'll know how!"

Arthur looked at her glowing face, and wished she would show him *how*, though he was quite content for the time being.

"Oh, Victoria, you are sweet, fresh, and intelligent, the girl of the period—not that I admire you less, for you brighten one's life—my thoughts were simply reverting to the girl of the past and speculating on the one of the future!"

She went to the Fair with one of the Misses Chester six weeks after it opened; the other two had gone on ahead. Her relations were not yet ready to leave; she wanted to go early and remain late. Nothing unusual happened on the way; they met some friends, and Victoria lost no time in impressing upon them the beauties and comforts of her summer abode; in fact, discoursed so charmingly, the friends decided to accompany her there.

She looked very stylish in her dark blue traveling suit, made à la mode, and following written directions, acted as pioneer to the party.

When nearing the house indicated, she declared they must all have gotten astray, for opposite them stood an unpretentious, jaundiced-colored dwelling, a two-story frame, with a gallery downstairs in front and on one side, and a little plot of grass outside; whose only recommendation, viewing the

place from where they stood, was its cleanliness. No lake in sight.

There was the number in large figures, though, staring them in the face, and they had read the name of the street at the corner. There was nothing to do but to ring the bell. Within all was so refined and tasty that one forgot the exterior. After eating a delicious breakfast, supervised by Miss Baker, the party felt equal to seeing the Fair.

On inquiring privately of Miss Baker, Victoria found it was another house they wanted, but could not secure, which had so many alleged advantages, and Mrs. Fox had gotten things mixed when proclaiming the information to her friends, whose hopes she had raised so high.

The present company, however, said they were being so nicely entertained they were glad they came. As it was, Miss Baker said she had much difficulty in getting *this* house at two hundred dollars a month, and that the "Company," meaning herself and the Misses Chester, had to give security to the parties for six months' rent, and pay one half in advance every month, besides several hundred cash down at the start.

After the easy-going hospitality of the South, where they were so well known, the Misses Chester were very much wiser for being initiated into the progressive management of the West.

They understood the art of entertaining, but little of business. Victoria's faculty for making friends assured her many pleasures. She had, too, a happy knack of knowing what would suit each one, and was amiable enough to put herself out to that end.

Many of us know, and are willing, but have not the energy; while others are indifferent or too selfish to think of other than their own pleasure. A few days after her arrival there was a ring of the front door bell, soon after breakfast.

The Misses Chester were out, upon whom devolved the task of receiving the guests after the servant had ushered them in (as they were usually sitting around), until Miss Baker appeared to make the necessary arrangements about rooms, their prices, and all.

The latter took charge of the dining-room also, and superintended the culinary department. She was never in readiness to appear in public until about eleven o'clock, though she could make herself ready with a little warning, if need be, and the time thus taken would be agreeably passed, as far as the guests were concerned, by the clever Misses Chester. When the bell rang this time, the one servant had been sent out on an errand, for at the beginning of the season the many deposits mentioned already had given rise to a little economy; Mary was cook and everything combined. On observing this, Victoria very amiably offered to remain downstairs after breakfast —if the guests did not go right out—to entertain them until the sisters had tipped around, unnoticed, made the beds, and done other light work.

They belonged to the old régime, and thought it of utmost importance to keep up appearances, as well as obligatory to make an inmate feel he or she was not giving undue trouble. They were so adroit in their movements that no two disappeared at the same time, and none left abruptly. Each elimi-

nated herself so gracefully, and returned so soon after, to give another a chance, that it seemed only an accident they all were not present.

Victoria was equal to her share of the self-imposed management, sustaining the groundwork of the conversation, appealing occasionally to the sister or sisters (who flitted in and out), thus helping to cover the exits and advents.

If the guest or guests would seem a little restless, she would fasten one or more there, as long as she chose, by a song, or several of them if need be, until all the sisters appeared. She had that rare gift which all covet—a fine voice. That particular morning Miss Baker went rushing into the sitting-room, where Victoria was alone, and said:

"What shall I do? No maid to answer the door-bell, my hair in curl-papers, and a young man expected. I know it is *he*." Now Victoria knew of this young man through a friend, so she said in a conciliating tone:

"I would not mind, Miss Baker, he is *only* a boy."

Victoria was about eighteen, the boy the same age. No doubt her superiority arose from the fact of her having associated with Arthur so much in the course of her short existence. However, Miss Baker went to the door and received the young man, for it was he, escorting him up to his room, and returning to Victoria, much excited, said she did not know whether he was laughing at her or at his little room.

When he came down to the parlor Miss Baker had her curls arranged—looking very pretty—and introduced him to "Miss Page." The two were glad to meet—youth covets youth. Meanwhile the Misses

Chester had returned. On hearing Miss Baker's side of the question they concluded she was too attractive a little person to provoke laughter; tripped about, and moved the boy's belongings into a larger room.

He was surprised at the change and began to fear it might be too expensive for his purse, and lay awake wondering what he could have done, or have said, to be considered flushed, or how he could have raised himself in their estimation so quickly.

In the course of next morning, being on good terms with Victoria, he mentioned the change of location to her, whereupon she related the whys and wherefores, at which he was convulsed with laughter. He astonished her by saying it was the remark he had heard her make, "only a boy," that had given rise to the mirth in his face as Miss Baker met him, and that he was still more amused when he saw how young *she* was, judging from her appearance.

"How did you hear what I said?" questioned Victoria.

"The hall door was wide open."

The servant, before going out, had left it open to air the place, and their voices were easily heard. The hall door was watched after this. So he and Victoria were in a cheerful frame of mind when they set out for the Fair grounds, and their jollity was none the less increased when they arrived, at the amazing and ludicrous conversations which floated toward them from time to time, over the usual buzz.

Two hayseeds were examining the fountain in the Court of Honor, and had evidently never read

mythology, nor anything of any sort, possibly. One of them said:

"Look a-yonder, Billy, who ever saw a woman with a tail? and that a fish tail?"

"I wonder, Jim. I tell yo' the're off thar."

Some of the guests said they enjoyed the good company at Miss Baker's as much as they did Jackson Park, and often passed their evenings there.

The porch and steps were so occupied at times Victoria could find no place for a tête-à-tête with a new arrival (many of her friends coming from time to time, and making it their headquarters because she was there). Others came who had not known her before—some who had heard she was there, and wishing to meet her because of the flattering accounts they had heard of her. It was mostly these I have mentioned she saw until she became known in Chicago. However, she was good at resources, and while given to elegance and style, had the tact to adapt herself to circumstances.

One evening, on finding the bench in the side yard occupied, too, she spied the steps leading to the cellar, after searching elsewhere in vain for seats, and plumped herself down on the top step, inviting the "boy" to do likewise. They were both tired after being at the Fair all day.

Coal scuttles, wash-tubs, wash-boards, and other laundry necessaries were lying about below them, in confusion, but they laughed and chatted unconsciously. She said it was not until long after the ludicrous aspect of things happened to strike her. When she told her Aunt Penelope, the latter suggested in a facetious moment that the stable, which

was as yet unoccupied, and which was really there, behind some vines and fruit trees (barren of fruit), be fitted up for Victoria and her numerous admirers.

Among Miss Baker's lodgers was a Mrs. Marsh. The weather being unusually warm about the time of her stay, and she having prolonged her visit beyond the allotted time, her linen gave out shortly before she wished to return home. She feared the clothes might not return in time if she sent them to a laundry. After many suggestions had been made and thwarted as to getting them done up, she suddenly pounced upon the idea of doing them herself. Not that she had ever done this before, "Oh, no!" but people at the Fair did not stand on ceremony, and did things they would have been shocked at in their own homes.

Now, the Misses Chester had never done any washing and ironing, except an occasional handkerchief or something of that sort, but it was put to them in such a pleasant manner by Mrs. Marsh that when they thought of their own accumulation of soiled linen in the clothes basket, and the elder two shrewdly (though oddly enough) guessed they might save a dollar or two, they seemed willing to acquiesce after a little assumed hesitancy, not to be outdone by a guest.

The eldest remarked that it would be fun for them all to do some together, and make a frolic of it. Accordingly two of the Misses Chester and Mrs. Marsh descended to the laundry in the cellar. The third or youngest Miss Chester thought it might spoil her hands, which were really the only pretty features she had in her aesthetic combination, and we do not blame her for that; pretty hands are rare, and Cousin Ran had complimented them.

The others tucked up their dresses washerwoman style, rolled up their sleeves, filled the tubs, and were awkwardly bending over the wash-boards, flushed from the excitement, scrubbing as hard as they knew how, chatting and laughing the while, when the door quietly but quickly opened and "Mr. Marsh" (who had come for his wife unexpectedly) was announced by the Miss Chester whom they thought was taking a nap. She had been out late the night before, and thought she *might* take a nap, she had said.

Mrs. Marsh threw up her hands in dismay and gave a little squeal, while one of the sisters jumped into an empty tub, drawing a wet board over herself which hardly concealed her; the other in her efforts to get behind the opening door stumbled over Mrs. Marsh's tub of suds, which had been set upon a small box to make it higher.

Mr. Marsh surveyed the scene with great composure, adjusting his glasses for the purpose, and remarked that he was glad to see the ladies so industrious and enterprising. When they got Mr. Marsh out finally—the youngest Miss Chester having fled at the very odor of soapsuds—they went seriously to work. Finding it in their inexperience no joke, they pressed Victoria and the youngest sister into service later on.

Victoria was so pleased with the novelty she thought she might as well do up some of *her* clothes—she had only helped to hang the others—but after getting through the washing of her own it had ceased to be amusing. She said she believed she would wear hers rough dry, and they all said in chorus, it was just like Victoria. The youngest Miss Chester

told Victoria she did not approve of so much washing and ironing, and that she introduced Mr. Marsh to show them the incongruity of it. She thought the ladies ought to have been upstairs to receive him, even if they did not know he was coming.

Chapter II.

LOUISIANA DAY.

When Louisiana Day came at the Fair, Victoria and her friend Déséré d'Iberville, Amentine's sister, accompanied by Mrs. Page, who had come with Déséré to see the Fair, set out for the grounds and went at once to the Louisiana building, near which they had met two Chicago young men they knew and who joined them.

After inspecting the curiosities of their native State in company with the others, Victoria and Déséré happened to see through a window about twenty young cadets whom they knew, from Louisiana. On exchanging glances they tripped downstairs, waving an "au revoir" to Mrs. Page and the two young men.

In a few minutes they were the center of attraction in their little party. Soon the band played the tune of Dixie. Such cheering! such raising of hats and caps when the soul-stirring air struck up! To the young folks it was only an inspiring strain to trip "the light fantastic toe," but to Mrs. Page and some older persons, perhaps, it recalled long-ago reminiscences, and a few tears glistened in her still beautiful eyes. Such is life!

The latter now thought it time to lunch, on consulting her watch and her feelings, but she had much difficulty getting the two girls together—while finding one the other quickly disappeared. When she discovered the other the first would be missing, until she grew tired of the fruitless search and sat on a

bench to rest, begging the young men to look for them. They were on their dignity somewhat at the careless treatment of these two butterflies, envied the cadets, and departed reluctantly at her bidding. The extent to which a military suit charms the gentler sex is proverbial, but it is recognized as a fact, and the world ceases to wonder, accepting the situation as a matter of course.

At last the young ladies seemed willing to return to the neglected swains, and Victoria said she would not soon forget Louisiana Day. Déséré was more polite, being French, and refrained from any comment, though each was very gracious to the young friends Mrs. Page had sent, so much so that on leaving the cadets a little throb of elation bubbled up in their hearts and the young ladies were quite forgiven.

Victoria had a refined, oval face and graceful carriage; she conveyed the idea of being remodeled from an old family portrait, and would be distinguished in bearing when she became more mature. Her hair, bordering on gold, was always arranged in the latest mode; her brows were dark, also her eyelashes, which swept her rosy cheeks in a fascinating manner. Her eyes were like dark violets.

Déséré was a brunette, and pale, with liquid eyes, which illuminated her winsome face like the stars do a clear night when there is no moon. Her cherry lips made her dazzling teeth seem more so when they broke into a smile, which was in keeping with her vivacious ways.

À propos of the Louisiana building, Victoria was reminded that she had not examined its contents

thoroughly, and went again with a young doctor who had not yet seen it.

A pretty Acadian girl, from the Opelousas, was showing them how to card, spin, and weave, when Victoria discovered a lump, or what seemed a lump, on an otherwise faultless arm, and with her ready sympathy inquired if it pained. She answered "No," and that she could not imagine what it was; it felt soft and pliable. The doctor examined it, and said *he* knew, and would take it away if she would let him, but fearing it might hurt, she declined in a most captivating manner, thanking him for the offer. She then chatted for some time, and they became quite friendly. Victoria shook hands on parting, and as the girl reached out her hand to the doctor, he caught it in his left hand and gave the lump a sharp blow with a book he had picked up and had ready in his right, while a startled scream escaped her lips.

Instantly the lump disappeared; a smile wreathed her face, and her cry of fear turned to one of gratitude when she noticed it. They exchanged cards, and Victoria still teases him about the charming Acadian.

The inconveniences everybody put up with at the Fair were remarkable, as well as laughable. At Miss Baker's there was even a folding bed in the parlor, so well disguised no one suspected its presence. Behind a screen was a neat little corner for a dressing-room. In this room two of the Misses Chester slept when a guest did not see fit to pay five dollars for it. That was the price for any one who would pay for it, and it had to be kept at its price. They thought

THE PARROT: "VICTORIA, BURN THE LETTER!"

themselves very business-like in adhering to it. It seemed to balance the other losses. Hence these ladies occupied the parlor most of the time.

Three dollars a day covered the expenses of each of the other rooms, for each person in it, but they seldom received more than one dollar a day for each person in it.

Many were disappointed in the harvest they hoped to reap, but the Misses Chester were comfortably off, and it did not matter to them. They thought it was a delightful way to be able to remain so long at the Fair, and put all the money they did not make on each room as so much toward the entertainment of the numerous lodgers, who were mostly old friends, or good friends after being with them a few days.

In the sitting-room Miss Baker and the youngest Miss Chester slept on the folding bed, which, when erect, resembled a bookcase. During the day it was covered with small pieces of bric-a-brac. One wonders at their patience for six long months, each day taking down and replacing these articles, especially as they had to have the room ready for the lodgers, who assembled there in the morning to await breakfast. The other Misses Chester slept in there too, on a folding bed, when they could get their price for the parlor.

Victoria had a room to herself. It was small, and she slept on a folding bed. At home her mother thought they were unhealthy, and would have none in the house. A little washstand and mirror were in her room, which were shared by Miss Baker and Miss Chester number three, as the room adjoined

the sitting-room and was more convenient than going upstairs every morning to the bath-room.

Under the hall stairs there was a long closet, with a door opening into Victoria's room. It was the receptacle for the wardrobe of the five ladies. Their clothes got so mixed at times, the youngest Miss Chester, who was something of a wit, suggested that they make an appeal to the authorities to have the search-light turned on in there.

As for Victoria, she thought it a picnic. Miss Baker playfully called her the decoy duck. The young men always stayed longer than "a few days," as they first intended, when they became acquainted with her. The young people, of both sexes, did not think they were having a good time unless she was along.

Miss Baker told Arthur when he came that she never saw anybody with so many beaux, which made him nervous. He thought she had seen quite enough of the Fair, but she thought he had nothing to do with it, and declared she would finish the summer there. She rode camels, mounted the Ferris Wheel, skimmed along in the launches, and even had time to sit down near the lagoons and quietly drink in all the exhilarating elements of this wonderful place.

It was with some difficulty she got away from an elderly Dahomey lady in that department, such was the impression she made upon her. This fascination was exhibited on *her* part by making faces and motioning to her to return when she started away. Victoria said she was somewhat relieved when she understood what the faces meant. In America we

make faces at those we do not approve of. At the antipodes it seems they do the reverse.

I must mention what befell the youngest Miss Chester the early part of her stay at the Fair. As you remember, Miss Baker gave breakfast, only, to lodgers, taking this responsibility upon herself as a bit of private remuneration, expecting those not connected with the house to take the other meals outside, which most people preferred.

This was all very well for transient guests, but in trying to dispense with the trouble and expense of two or three hot meals every day (which they were accustomed to at home), the family lunch and sometimes dinner were more often served cold. They bore it uncomplainingly, as it was their own affair, but the youngest of the three sisters had been coddled somewhat perhaps, by the elder ones, and in becoming used to the change she succumbed to a spell of sickness. She attributed it to a change of water—no doubt it was everything together.

Such was the fascination of the Fair she would not consider the idea of going home. She consulted a physician and after a time was restored to health, while her sisters watched her more closely and made her more comfortable.

Humanity put up with all sorts of discomforts to visit the beautiful White City, and he or she who has it not in the memory to recall in the future has missed much indeed.

One day, after Victoria had been going the rounds for hours, she threw herself down by the big lion who had lost his tail, and sighed for a drink. Arthur was in the party, and said:

"I'll get it if you will take me with it."

"Très bien," she replied, languidly.

He brought her a large glass brimful, which looked very cool and refreshing, and the jingle of the ice within made her very eager to drink, but holding on to it he leaned over and whispered:

"Do you promise?" while the others, seeing nothing in being offered a drink of water, were diverting themselves with each other or an ever-passing show.

"Do you promise?" he persisted, as she seemed reluctant. Arthur looked determined; there is nothing so enticing as water when one wants it, and the older one grows the more one is apt to appreciate the last noble act of the great Sir Philip Sidney.

Seeing the glass so near and yet so far—"Yes," she said, with a startled look, and her eyes were lowered by reason of his earnest gaze. So like Esau, she sold her birthright, not for a mess of pottage, but for a drink.

Draining the glass to the bottom, and still keeping her eyes lowered in her embarrassment, she saw folded and lying upon the ground what seemed a piece of dirty paper, though bearing a familiar look. Stooping, she picked up what on examination was a two-dollar bill. Showing it around and no one claiming it, she put it in her purse as a souvenir. It was a treasure. It had assisted her to throw off the gaucherie of so unique a proposal.

An unusual proceeding, indeed! but so naturally done that as far as the others were concerned they thought what they heard of it only a little fun, but when Arthur later declared it was his final proposal,

they were sorry they had been cheated out of so much by their own carelessness to details.

So Victoria is captured at last. She does not return home before the appointed time, however. When she does Arthur is around, and thinks he has found his haven of rest.

But lo! a dashing young fellow whom Victoria met at the Fair, much younger than Arthur, comes upon the scene and Victoria begins to flirt; Arthur begins to frown, while the young man, all unconscious, seems happy. He knows nothing of the engagement with Arthur, as Victoria has not seen fit to announce it. Her mother chides in vain.

The truth is, Victoria had seen a ghost of the past. Up in her mother's old room at the White Castle she saw it. It revealed itself to her in the following manner: A letter had slipped behind the bureau drawer many years before—gotten hitched there and there remained. Soon after her return from the Fair she went to the room mentioned to get something, and in her haste to open the drawer gave it a shake; there before her eyes lay this letter, addressed to "Miss Patricia Random," and signed "Your devoted Arthur." We will leave it to the reader to divine whether Victoria read the letter—I never heard. She was dazed. It was an effort not to go about like one in a dream. Oh, Arthur! why were you not honest in this as in all things else? how unwise to leave it for her to find out! You hesitated because you were afraid it might mar your happiness, but "murder will out," as the old saying is.

"Mother, was Arthur ever in love with you?" Victoria inquired a few days after she had discovered

the missive, when they were, or seemingly happened to be, alone together in Mrs. Page's room. The latter had observed that Victoria was not acting naturally, and sought the interview.

Though she wisely knew that Victoria ought to have been informed, she did not wish to interfere with Arthur's judgment, and not knowing what he had ever said to her concerning the matter, or if he had referred to it at all, feared to take her wholly by surprise, and simply said:

"Why do you think so, Victoria?" feeling her way.

"Because I have reason to think so."

"Tell me your reason."

For answer, Victoria approached and threw the letter in her lap. Mrs. Page saw at a glance what the trouble was, tossed the letter into the open grate, where the coals were burning, and started toward Victoria, who had made a dash for it and hastily snatched it from the fire, holding it all charred and crumpled in her hand.

Her mother quietly locked the door to prevent intrusion, and holding out her hands with a loving glance, softly but distinctly said:

"Why, Victoria, are you jealous, *jealous* of your mother, who loves you so? You had better burn the letter."

Victoria did not relent; she tore the letter into a hundred pieces after holding it up in disdain, scattered the bits wherever they chose to fall, and left the room.

"Oh, Victoria! what madness," the mother cried as she picked up carefully each tell-tale fragment. "How like your father in the old days, and Arthur must suffer twice through me? Heaven forbid!"

But Victoria was out of hearing; besides, the turmoil in her heart was too great for speedy lulling. Soon after the flirtation began, and reached an ominous height for Arthur; no one knows where it would have ended, or *how*, if the young man had not received a telegram saying his sister was dangerously ill. He left, of course.

Victoria continued to avoid Arthur, and after the first outburst was very gentle toward her mother, though would allow no conversation on the subject of their difference. She was fitful and restless, no appetite, became thinner each day and finally went to bed with delirium. Her vagaries were such her mother admitted no one but her father, the doctor, and good old Beth, who came from the White Castle to help, and who came in only when anything special was needed. For days Victoria hovered between life and death. The parrot, whose cage hung generally near the family bed-chambers and sometimes in Mrs. Page's room during the day, had been removed out of her hearing, but continually cried:

"How is Victoria?"

"Victoria! burn the letter—the letter—the l-e-t-t-e-r," dragging the last word out.

"Arthur, how is Victoria?—burn the letter," until Arthur, who came every day from the White Castle, where he was staying, got frantic and longed for an opportunity to ask Mrs. Page what the parrot *could* mean.

The parrot said so many silly things he had not heretofore paid much attention to his prattle, but these words haunted him in his present frame of

mind. Seeing her being denied him for the present, Mrs. Page never leaving Victoria for a moment, he kept out of the parrot's way.

At last the fever abated, leaving her the shadow of her former self, lying upon the dainty bed, her face as white as the covers, her eyes without their wonted lustre—her long wavy hair—gone!

Yet there was an exquisite sweetness born of suffering that none had seen in her face before. As she gradually grew stronger, her mother admitted one friend and then another, leaving her alone sometimes for a short while. After the heavy shadow of Victoria's illness had been lifted from her heart and mind, her first thought was of Arthur. Should she not confide in him and beg him to go to foreign parts? Go where Victoria would not see him for two years at least?

Victoria had not asked for him nor expressed any regret at his absence since awakening from her low state, and her mother feared the sight of Arthur would produce a relapse. And the parrot, what would happen when she heard him say: "Victoria, burn the letter!" for he still mixed it up with his other vocabulary at times, so he was sent to the White Castle, where he might learn new things and drop old associations before Victoria saw him again. Mrs. Page thought—If she could only dispose of Arthur in the same way!

Chapter III.

VICTORIA IS HAPPY.

It was the first of December, and Victoria had been sitting up for several days; was looking much better, but with her strength she had lost much of that vitality which characterized her.

It was bleak and windy without; the leaves had fallen from the trees—in fact the "melancholy days had come, the saddest of the year"; a cheerful fire glowed in the ample grate; the room was sweet and cozy; from where she lay upon the luxurious lounge in her soft pink drapery, with a frame of lace about her pure face and snow-drift neck, she could see two kittens playing upon the Wilton rug.

Her eyes tiring of these, she dipped her face in a dish of roses which she took from a table at her side —Arthur's daily gift after the fever left her. She had not been told of it—she may have divined it. Her mother was sitting near, having just dismissed a friend who had peeped in to congratulate Victoria on her narrow escape.

"Who sends these roses, mamma?"

"A dear friend," her mother answered.

"Is it Arthur?" she asked again.

"Yes, my child."

"Now you may tell me about the letter."

"Had you not better wait till you are stronger? It is a simple story and hardly worth mentioning, but to please you, yet it is a long one and may tire you."

"I have waited too long already, mamma."

Then the mother opened her heart to Victoria and displayed the jewels of memory buried there, and she saw her mother and her lover in a new light—a light that never grew dim.

"Can I see him now?" as her mother finished.

"Not now, not now. Let me prepare him a little. Until knowing your wishes I was afraid of mentioning his name to you, afraid to give him any encouragement. It would shock you too greatly to see him before I set the seal of hope upon his face. I never saw such despair."

"Did you tell him of the letter?" Victoria asked.

"You did not ask me to, and you did not heed me, *your mother*, how *could* I?"

While Victoria is lying there, much flushed, and toying with a rose she had just lifted from the many, the mother sat at her writing-desk; wrote a note to Arthur, who had just been dismissed, the servant finding him on the way. See how his face lights up as he reads; it is like taking off rags and putting on velvet robes, bordered with gold. It ran thus:

"Come, I have something pleasant to say to you.

PATRICIA PAGE."

She had not addressed him in her haste, but his name was on the envelope. It surely belonged to him. With a joyous and anxious haste Arthur spurred his horse to a gallop, and returned for a more complete explanation.

Mrs. Page was watching for him, went to meet him, gave him only an outline of particulars, as it was very embarrassing to resurrect that letter, which he had evidently forgotten. They decided it best

for him to write to Victoria before seeing her, and he wasted no time in doing so.

When she awoke from a gentle doze she found the letter near her hand, there being light enough to read by; a shade was up some, and the sun not yet down. She read the letter, and hid it in the folds of her robe.

Softly her mother entered; seeing the letter gone and Victoria awake, asked if she wanted to see Arthur now.

After writing the letter he had tramped the long hall, awaiting his summons to Victoria, whose mother, when finding her asleep, laid the missive near, and told Arthur to wait.

"Lower the shade, mamma; let only the fire-light be here." She was on a decided margin of improvement; she was actually thinking of her looks.

"I am so pale, mamma, so pale; the fire-light is best. Now wait a little, mamma, let me straighten my gown. Are my slippers pretty, and how does my short hair look?"

She thought Victoria looked very lovely, but replied:

"You look as well as can be expected, dear, and your apparel could not be better suited to you; don't keep him waiting so long."

Some of the old coquetry was coming back, and if she felt too sure of herself it might not fare so well with Arthur, who had been patient enough. Finally, Arthur growing bolder with hope, and hearing voices within, put his head in the door and wanted to know how much longer he was to wait. He was admitted.

"How do, Arthur!" was her greeting, "don't you come too near. I am so frail if you touch me I may break," and a laugh bubbled up from between her teeth.

"Oh, Victoria, if you had died it would have killed me," as the door closed on Mrs. Page.

"Kill you, indeed! You did not die when mother told you nay," said she, playfully.

"No, because the fates were preparing some greater joy for me, and must have kept my courage up, but you are the soul of my existence, and when one's soul departs, life is extinct."

"Well said, my brilliant friend," clapping her tiny hands. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Marry me at once, and let me have the honor of bringing the roses to your cheeks; let me help the old glad laugh to ring out on the fortunate air which wafts it o'er my small world."

"What! here in the dark, on a lounge?" and she screamed at the idea. "I thought of having a merry wedding with twenty or more attendants—methough I'd take a wedding trip around the globe, and be presented to my namesake, the Queen of England. Marry here on this couch?"

"Yes, on a couch, now; you need not stand, but I know you can sit, for you have been sitting up ever since I came in."

So Arthur went off to procure the license; the minister was brought, but Victoria insisted he would have to read the ceremony by a candle held near his book; that she wanted as little as possible seen of herself until she had more flesh on her bones. About eight o'clock Victoria was married, in the presence

of as many members of the family as could be gotten together in so short a time.

When the ceremony was over she made them blow the candle out almost before they had signed their names. Arthur now became nurse, which was a happy occupation for him, and as soon as Victoria grew strong enough to walk well, preparations were made for a trip to balmy Florida.

The storms which had just swept the coast were all blown over; the ravages in a measure had been repaired, and beautiful Florida was becoming itself again.

. . . . . .

The mocking-bird had long since begun to sing to its mate; the buds were unfolding their dreamy petals; the trees had resumed their emerald garb, and all nature echoed with the opening notes of Mother Earth.

With this breath of activity came Victoria and Arthur.

"Have you seen Victoria?" was the first query when friends met. "She is looking as beautiful as a dream."

It was not Arthur's intention to keep her in Louisiana during the summer. He had planned to take her around to see the beautiful world she loved and enjoyed so much. She was to keep going until she was ready to settle down with him where his home was—a lovely dwelling in New Orleans for the winter, and a sweet country place on a plantation near her mother at other times, unless she chose to go North, or to a cooler clime.

BOOK FIVE.

CHAPTER I.

SANCHO'S COURTSHIP.

"I'ze gittin' purty ole now! To think I wuz er boy when Miss Patricia wuz mahied, en now seeing heh darteh mahey de vehy man she come nigh maheying hehse'f! Yah! Yah! Yah!"

So spake Sancho, who was sitting in Elizabeth Flowers' (Beth's) house before the same hearth Victoria used to sit by sometimes before she was married, when she—as "Beth" thought—honored her with a visit.

It was just after supper, and the air was laden with the fumes of bacon and other victuals, mingled with a little smoke from a fallen log.

Sancho had been invited to supper, and was wiping his big greasy lips on his sleeve with great satisfaction, as though the "stuff" he ate was mighty good, and James Madison, formerly scullion at the White Castle, just returned after some years' absence in Indiana, where he had acquired much learning, and which after parading among his old associates gave him the name of "Edicated Jim," was peeping through the blinds, as negroes often do when they get a chance. Especially to Liza was he anxious to show his acquirements, who came in his mind as

"Sometimes sugar-cane, sometimes rice,
Sometimes hoe-cake, and evehyting dat's nice."

The foregoing remarks catching his ear, he heard again:

"Whut yeh ta'kin' 'bout, niggeh? he wouldn'a come hyeh so much afteh heh wedden' if he had a lobed Miss Patricia dat away."

Except Sancho and those who did not see fit to put on airs, the colored population were dropping the "Marsteh and Mistis" behind their backs, and often to their faces—calling them Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So, also making a great show of substituting the same more flattering (to them) prefixes when addressing or referring to each other, for uncle and aunt, or for the younger ones no title at all.

Sancho: "Shut yeh mouf, Chicken Lice, I'ze libed at de house 'fo' you, en I knows whut I'ze ta'kin' 'bout, do'h I do 'low dat he done git oveh it, en seems to be took mo' wid Miss Victohia dan he eveh wuz wid heh maw."

At the words "Chicken Lice," Liza flew up like an enraged hen, and scarcely gave him time to finish his sentence when she struck him a stinging box on the ear for applying such an "epitaph," as "Edicated Jim" would say, to her.

Sancho had been courting her for some time, and she possibly had an inward spark for him, but as yet it lay smoldering in some hidden recess of her heart. Jim felt elated when he heard her once say: "Sancho has too much mouf." It was true, he thought, both as to size and utterance, though Jim envied him the touch of her hand when she smacked his jaw.

Up from the bayous which form a network over a certain portion of the State, the Dagoes (Italian or

Spanish fruit venders) come with great baskets of tropical fruits to sell. Liza was o'er fond of the luscious stuff when a child—I do not know that she has gotten over it yet—and danced with glee when she spied a Dago trudging along with his heavy burden, whether she had a picayune or not to buy any with. The Dagoes got to knowing her, and called her name in their Italian patois "Chichita Lice" (Little Liza), and if the white folks took "heap o' fruit" and gave them "big money" Little Liza received a banana for "lagniappe."

Penelope Random, being full of droll wit, dubbed her "Chicken Lice," but while Liza looked upon it as "Miss Penelope's" fun, and always smiled when she addressed her by this name, she frowned ominously if any one else attempted it. Now, Liza was quite good looking, having a slight figure and a quick, bright way, seeming younger than she was, for she had pretty short black curls hanging around her face, looped back gracefully, with delicate features and small hands. Neither was she as dark as most negroes are. She was a few years younger than Penelope.

She was Beth's (Elizabeth, now known as Mrs. Flowers in colored circles) granddaughter, and stood high in the estimation of the colored gentry. Mrs. Flowers had a horse and buggy. Mrs. Flowers had this, and Mrs. Flowers had that, which other darkies did not have, therefore she and her family were set on a hill to be worshiped.

Jim was born a little nearer the edge of the war than Sancho, and was therefore better born according to negro notions, and having taken a trip farther

North, which he procured on a steamboat, and where he sought an education, felt Sancho to be easily vanquished where Liza was concerned. Later, however, he thought he was one of those fellows who could perhaps write better than he could talk, for he let many a chance slip, when Sancho would put in his big wit, making Liza laugh, and think Sancho so funny, Jim felt like killing him.

"Niggeh talk," Jim commented. "I'ze edicated." Yet bitterly doubting its value, he heard so much of the other kind. He thought maybe it was useless to try to talk like a book—Liza did not appreciate it—and he often wished he was in Sancho's shoes, though they were "full o' holes" he told Liza with a superior air, "caze you see it takes er whole cow, or thereabouts, to shoe him, which iz hard on er stingy niggeh's pockets."

Jim knows so much more than I do concerning the ins and outs of this story, I shall let him finish it in his own way.

"Once upon er time I had de inside track ob Sancho, but he wuz always er niggeh fer sneakin' aroun' de white folks en gittin' on de right side ob 'em. Caze befo' I wuz edicated I asked Miss Penelope to write me er letteh to Liza, en she writ so many insultin' things in dat letteh, dat I knowed nothin' 'bout caze de words wuz so big, I jess made up meh min' to git some book-l'arnen, en I worked hard fer er fac'. You see, Miss Penelope wuz on Sancho's side ez well ez all de white fo'ks, which counts fer much, en she writ dataway so Liza would make game o' me, and signed meh name 'Turkey

Foot.' Now, whut sort ob er name iz dat, I'd like to know, even if I iz er niggeh? Den, too, Sancho has rubbed up 'g'inst de white folks mor'n I iz, en has ketched some ob deir ways, which iz better'n being edicated, I believe, anyhow.

"It looked to me like Sancho wuz goin' to Mrs. Flowers' purty often, en I mightily 'spected he wuz goin' to have er weddin' hisse'f 'bout Chris'mas. Now, if I wuz er mean fellow I'd a laid him low, but I jess knowed if Liza didn' have me, Phoene Johnson would.

"Howsomever, I kep' an eye on Sancho, en held on to Liza till I knowed de truth. In an evil hour I decided to make Sancho jealous, if I could do no mo', so I goes to de big stable at de White Castle, afteh stealin' de keys frum undeh de hostleh's pilleh, en I takes out de family hoss en buggy en hitches 'em up outside de gate ob de lane, en walks oveh to Mrs. Flowers' en asks Miss Liza to take er drive wid me. She iz er little supprised at firs' en looks at Sancho, who iz scowlin' mightily en seems to scorn de idee, but Liza presently says 'Yes,' en gits ready.

"When we gits out on de gallery I tell heh we will have to walk er little ways, fer I wuz afraid Sancho wid his sharp eyes would know de rig, and give me away to de white folks, so we walks to whar de rig wuz en gits in, en we takes er long drive, en jess as Liza wuz a gittin' out de buggy, at de same place whar we started frum, she says to me:

"'Jim!' in er sharp voice, 'whut yeh been doin'? Dis hoss en buggy come out dat stable, en yeh knows it!'

"'Shoo! Shoo! Liza,' I said in er whisper, 'it iz so dark, how can anybody tell?'

"Liza: 'Caze yeh so perticleh 'bout hitchin' it hyeh.'

"I wuz awful skyud, but stood meh groun' en said:

"'I wuz only afraid Sancho might run off wid it if he saw it. You know Sancho don' like me.'

"Liza: 'Sancho ain't ez mean ez you.'

"Dis wuz all I got fer meh com'liment, but the poet says 'de course ob true lobe neveh did run smooth,' en it don't. Afteh I walked home wid Liza, I went back ez fas' ez I could to put dat hoss en buggy away, en wuz mos' skyud out ob meh life when I saw de whole thing clean out o' sight. I scratched meh head, den I looked in de stable whar I left de keys in de doo', I wuz in such er hurry to git wid Liza, en would you b'lieve it, dar de hoss wuz in de vehy stall I took it frum; den I went to see 'bout de buggy, en *it* wuz in its place, too! I scratched meh cran'um aghin to make sure I wuz not dreamin' en ez sure ez yeh iz born, I thought I wuz somebody else, en neveh did fin' out 'bout it, but when I come to my senses I thought ob dat rascal, Sancho, en he looked mighty knowin' sometimes.

"Lateh on, we colored people had er ball, en Liza had been so mean to me since we took dat drive, I thought I'd show her she wan't de only gal in de worl', so I sat wid Miss Phoene Johnson all de evenin', en mus' er been mighty sweet on heh, fer de nex' night when two ob us wuz walking along ez men does, Phoene's brother caught up wid us, en says to me:

"'What air yeh intentions, sah?'

"I said 'Meh intentions air good, sah,' fer he wuz er big niggeh.

"'Den take dis fer yeh trouble!' en he hauled off en I fell on de groun', en when I come to, he en de udder man wuz out o' sight. En Liza, she threw heh apern over her head en laugh en laugh de nex' time I went to see heh; I lef' de house, I wuz so mad, en said I neveh would go back aghin. But Liza wuz dat enticin' even when she wuz *mean* dat I jess *had* to go back.

Chapter II.

HIS MARRIAGE.

"Sancho wuz er biggeh man dan I wuz, en wuz makin' mo' money dan I wuz, en wheneveh he passed me he would rattle some o' dat money in his pocket —he wuz dat aggravatin'—I felt like hittin' him evehy time.

"But as I said befo', he wuz er biggeh man dan me en I did not try, fer feah Liza would laugh at me some mo'. I saw she wuz gittin' sweet on Sancho. I knowed he wuz foolin' heh when he wuz tellin' heh 'bout de ribbons en things he wuz gwine to buy fer heh. He had already ghin heh er ring wid er big red seal in it, en she wuz wearin' it, en I knowed if he ghin heh much mo' he wouldn' have any money lef' in his pocket to rattle at me, en dat wouldn' suit him.

"Liza would not tell me who ghin heh de ring, but I wuz peepin' through de shuttehs, as I iz heard 'all iz fair in love en war,' en I saw him put it on heh fingeh.

"Things got to lookin' mighty s'picious along 'bout dis time, en afteh Miss Victohia got mahied I act'ally heard dem talkin' 'bout follerin' in heh foot-steps, when Liza ought to have been mos' dar when Miss Victohia wuz born. Howsomever, I knowed dey had made up deir min's when I see de spoons flyin' in de pans en de egg beateh whiskin' up in de air. De whole plantation wuz excited, en would you b'lieve it? 'Miss' [Mrs. Random] ghin Liza a weddin' dress en veil, I b'lieve dey called it tarl'ton, caze she said Liza wuz always so nice when anybody

wuz sick in de family. I wish I had er foun' er way to 'ave been nice to de family when dey wuz sick, but dat iz neitheh hyeh nor dar. I opened my eyes when Miss Nelly made er big weddin' cake, fer she seldom stirred herse'f to cook fer nobody, leastways er colored pu'son. Miss Penelope, whut I calls Miss Nelly, fer short.

"With er bigerty way—like a niggeh does when she iz putin' on airs—Liza informed me she wuz to be mahied in de 'white fo'ks' dinin'-room, and dat I wuz too mean to come. I thought so mehse'f.

"Sancho he held his head so high I wuz afred his neck would git dat stiff he couldn' say his prayers no mo'. I neveh made any remarks upon his conduc' do'h, fer de copy-book says 'Discretion iz de betteh part ob valor,' en I thought it might be hyeh. But it did rile me to see Sancho's airs, and I hoped I would lib to git even wid him, but Sancho iz so sly, no fox, not even Bro' Rabbit, could git even wid him, so I thought I'd leave de plantation whar he wuz high-cock-a-lorum right den.

"De upshot ob it wuz meh cu'osity wuz so great I had to wait to see de weddin'. It wuz between Chris'mas en New Yeah, fer Sancho wuz so shrewd, ez I have time en aghin obserbed, he thought he mout git his Chris'mas presents en de weddin' presents too, en Liza wuz in cahoot wid him, I know.

"Sancho thought he looked very swell in his blue jeans pants, er white shirt wid de bosom all showin' en buttoned right up de front wid red buttons, en er bought collah en cravat. He had on one o' dose cutaway coats one ob de family at de big house had ghin him, dat might 'ave looked rusty if dey had been

mahied in de daytime, en I wuz pleased to see dat yaller cravat set off his black skin en made him look blacker.

"Ez sure ez I'ze alive he had er ring, en de 'Piscopal ministeh mahied him en Liza wid it. If she did not mahy me, Liza did look lovely, to do her justice, but if she had knowed I wuz peepin' through de blin's at her she might 'ave looked real ugly.

"Howsomeveh, dey stood at de een ob de dinin'-room towa'ds de kitchen and de whole family dat wuz at home witnessed de scene. Es soon ez dey wuz spliced Miss Nelly set de cake down befo' 'em to cut fer er ring, wid her own han's, en ez sho ez yeh iz born Sancho (niggeh-like) got in his slice de ring out de cake.

"Did you eveh see such luck in all yo' life, when dar wuz so many otheh colored pu'sons present cuttin'—ob co'se de white fo'ks did'n cut—it fairly outdone me.

"Den Marsteh's oldes' son-in-law, Mr. Harold Page, who had stepped in to see de weddin', made er speech in which he tol' Sancho dat dey both had been faithful to de whol' family, en dat er pu'se had been made up among 'em fer him en Liza to begin on. I wuz tremblin' in meh boots fer feah Sancho would git too int'mate wid de white fo'ks en let out on me 'bout de hoss en buggy, if he knowed, but he did not appeah to be ez mean ez dat, do'h he wuz mean ernuff, en I neveh got caught; do'h I heard soon afteh we took de drive dat 'Miss' [Mrs. Random] thought de hoss vehy tiud next day, and Uncle George blamed hisse'f fer leavin' de keys in de do', ez he thought, fer afteh seein' de hoss en buggy disappeah so quick I

wuz afraid ob dem keys, en I lef' 'em in de do'. Dis wuz de las' I saw ob Sancho en his bride.

"I lef' de plantation dat night en de State soon afteh, wid my wounded feelin's, en iz now workin' in Indiana fer de press, whar I hopes to still fuh'deh improve meh edication, as I have nothin' else to fall back on, en I often wish I wuz back on de plan'tation.

"Dey am de onliest fo'ks I ever seed dat knows how to live. Fo'ks may wondeh how I heard all dat went on at de weddin' when I wuz not present, but I had de windeh up er inch er so. It was er long windeh and reached to de gallery flo', en I wuz dat int'rested I did not min' de col' out dar, but I got mighty tiud lyin' on meh stomach to ketch de voices, en wuz mos' afred deir feet would git col' en dey would look 'bout to see whar de air come frum en ketch me, but dey wuz too absorb'd. I got clean off de place widout bein' diskivered, tra, la, la! en I danced off wid er double shuffle when I got on de groun'."

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